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Sri Ujjvala-Nilamani

Chapter 1 Varieties of Heroes

Invoking Auspiciousness

All glories to the eternal Supreme Personality of Godhead. His holy name attracts those expert at relishing transcendental mellows. His transcendental qualities eternally increase the bliss of His devotees. His transcendental form brings a great festival of happiness to His devotees.

Because of its confidential nature, the madhura-rasa was only briefly mentioned in the description of the primary rasas presented in the previous book (*Bhakti-rasamrta-sindhu*). That *madhura-rasa*, the king of all mellows of devotional service, is therefore described in this book in great detail.

Madhura-rasa is made even more relishable when accompanied by the ecstatic sentiments *vibhava*, *anubhava*, *sattvika-bhava*, and *sancari-bhava*, which will all be described in this book. The learned devotees call this mellow *madhura-rasa* because it is the sweetest (*madhura*) of all mellows of devotional service.

Vibhava (the causes of ecstasy): *Alambana* (the basic causes): Lord Kṛṣṇa and His dear devotees are the basic causes of ecstasy.

Sri Kṛṣṇa

Sri Kṛṣṇa's nature as an *alambana* is described in the following statement of Vaisnava literature, where Purnamasi says to Radharani:

"The beauty and splendor of Sri Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet has eclipsed many billions of cupids. The artistic dancing of His sidelong glances has charmed the gopis' hearts. His form is like a glittering new rain-cloud. He is an ocean of great transcendental pastimes. He is the supreme good fortune of all beautiful young girls in the three worlds. I pray that this Sri Kṛṣṇa become the cause of the great happiness in Your heart."

The qualities of Sri Kṛṣṇa may be enumerated in the following list: He is: 1. Very handsome and charming; 2. Sweet; 3. Endowed with all transcendental qualities; 4. Strong; 5. A fresh youth; 6. Eloquent; 7. A pleasing talker; 8. Intelligent; 9. Brilliant; 10. Grave; 11. Expert; 12. Clever; 13. Happy; 14. Grateful; 15. Skillful; 16. Controlled by love; 17. An ocean of profoundness; 18. The best; 19. Famous; 20. Charming to all women; 21. Eternally new and fresh; 22. His dear

flute music, personal beauty, and transcendental pastimes are all superexcellent and cannot be compared to anything else. These are some of Sri Krsna's many transcendental qualities manifested in the mellow of conjugal love. These and many others have already been elaborately described in the previous book.

The four aspects of Lord Krsna's personality (*dhirodatta*, *dhira-lalita*, *dhira-prasanta*, and *dhiroddhata*) have been described in the previous book. Two other aspects of His personality: *pati* (husband), and *upapati* (paramour) are also very famous.

The feature *pati* (husband) is defined as he who takes the hand of a girl in marriage.

Lord Krsna as *pati* is described in the following statement of Vaisnava literature: "Powerful Krsna defeated Rukmi in battle and then took Rukmini with Him to Dvaraka. As the citizens of Dvaraka celebrated a great festival, lotus-eyed Krsna took Rukmini's hand in marriage."

"After Krsna had already married Rukmini, the princess of Vidarbha, He performed the pastimes of marrying Satyabhama. He was initiated in the marriage sacrifice, and, very slowly, and with elaborate religious ritual, gave great wealth as *daksina* to the priest Narada."

This *pati*-feature is also described in the following statement, where the Vraja-gopis pray to Goddess Durga:

"O Katyayani, O Maha-maya, O great *yogini*, O controller of the universe, O goddess, I offer my respectful obeisances unto you. I request You: please give me the cowherd Nanda's son Krsna as my husband."

When the young girls of Gokula desired in this way, some of them actually attained Krsna as their husband. The scripture *Madhava-mahatmya* confirms that before Krsna married Rukmini, these gopis celebrated a great festival of marrying Krsna.

Now Lord Krsna's feature of *upapati* (paramour) will be discussed. The wise define *upapati* as a man who transgresses religious principles by becoming the lover of someone else's wife.

"When Krsna arrived in Radharani's courtyard for Their rendezvous, His tinkling ornaments sounded like the cooing of cuckoos and other birds. Krsna suddenly heard the door open, and He also heard the continual jingling sounds of conch-shell bracelets. When He heard the arrogant Jarati call out, 'Who is there? Who is there?' He became pained at heart. Krsna spent that entire night hiding in a tree in the corner of Radharani's courtyard."

This love of the paramour is the most attractive feature of conjugal love.

This is confirmed by the following statement of Bharata Muni: 'That amorous love which is forbidden by religious principles, which requires that the lovers keep their relationship a **secret**, and which provides many **obstacles** for the lovers' meeting, provides the most intense conjugal happiness for them.'

This love of a paramour is very abominable for a material lover, but it is not so **for Lord Krsna**, who descended into this world to taste the sweet nectar of this transcendental pastime.

Krsna's attachment to the conjugal mellow is described in the following statement of Bilvamangala Thakura: "Let me take shelter of Krsna, the shelter of all the worlds. His transcendental body resembles the form of a human being. He decorated with a peacock-feather. The mellow of transcendental conjugal love is His most cherished treasure."

The pati and upapati may be further divided into four types: 1. The faithful lover; 2. The expert lover; 3. The cheating lover; 4. The bold and arrogant lover. Cheating and boldness are especially appropriate for the upapati, and they are also appropriate during dancing. None of these features are inappropriate for Krsna. They all find their place in the great variety of His transcendental pastimes.

When a lover is so intensely attached to his beloved that he never desires any other woman, just as Lord Ramacandra was attached to Sita-devi, then that lover is called faithful. Krsna's faithfulness to Radharani is very famous. He never looked at or thought of any other woman.

Krsna's faithfulness to Radharani is confirmed by the following statement of Vaisnava literature, where Vrnda-devi says to Radharani: "None of the splendidly beautiful vraja-gopis expert at the art of kissing, have become the amorous lovers of Krsna, the king of the gopas. O slender-waisted Radharani, You are the crest-jewel of all pious girls. Except for You, I have never seen Krsna even glance at any other girl."

Krsna's **faithfulness to Radharani in the dhirodatta aspect of His personality is described in the following statement** of Vaisnava literature: "One time the lotus-eyed gopis waiting at the rendezvous tried to lure Krsna by expertly reciting from the corners of their eyes various artistic nandi verses from the introduction to the romantic drama of their friendship with Him. Krsna simply ignored their sidelong glances. He did not slacken from His intense earnestness to meet Radharani and enjoy transcendental pastimes with Her in the land of Vraja."

Krsna's **faithfulness in the dhira-lalita aspect of His personality is described in the following statement** of Vaisnava literature: "Krsna is no longer enjoying pastimes with His parents out of deep affection. Instead He is now decorating the forests on the Yamuna's shore, enjoying pastimes with Radharani."

Krsna's **faithfulness in the dhira-prasanta aspect of His personality is described in the following statement** of Vaisnava literature, where Visakha says to Radharani: "O doe-eyed Radharani, Krsna is so full of love for You that to see You He has now come here disguised as a brahmana priest of the sun-god. How is it possible that He has suddenly attained all the qualities of a brahmana? Look! His intelligence has become very expert at discriminating the fine points of philosophy and literature! His glance emits tolerance and patience! His words are very meek and humble! His whole body radiates the splendid gravity of a great philosopher!"

Krsna's **faithfulness in the dhiroddhata aspect of His personality is described in the following statement** of Vaisnava literature, where Krsna says to Lalita: "O saintly, fair-complexioned Lalita, free from all duplicity and the spiritual master of those filled with saintly qualities, please tell Me, now that My mind glows with love for your friend Radharani, and does not desire any other girl, even for a moment, and even during dream when I dream at night, why have all My good qualities left Me, and why does this concealed jealousy rise within Me?"

Daksina: A lover who pretends to love his mistress with respect and awe, even though within his mind he thinks of another girl, is known as *daksina* (an **insincere lover**).

Nandimukhi says to Candravali: "O Candravali, you speak the truth. It is easy to see no duplicity has ever been seen in Krsna. He is not cheating you. Pure-hearted Krsna loves you at every moment, even when He is asleep and dreaming. My dear humble friend, please do not believe the lies you have heard from these envious, back-biting, scandal-loving, gossip-monger *gopis*."

A *daksina* lover may treat many mistresses with equal indifference.

This aspect of the *daksina* lover is described in the following statement from Dasa-rupaka:

"O Krsna, O king of Dvaraka, Your wife, the princess of Kuntalesvara has just taken her bath and she is waiting to receive You, and some of Your other wives, the sisters of Maharaja Anga are also waiting for You. Queen Rukmini, who has spent all night playing dice only to meet defeat at the hands of Kamala, is deeply in love with You. I have now called all Your beautiful wives from the inner apartments, and they are also eager to receive You. Although wherever You go two or three beautiful wives are yearning for Your embrace, You placidly ignore all of them."

This *daksina* quality of Krsna is also described in the following statement of Vaisnava literature, where Kundalata says to Nandimukhi: "Padma is splashing waves of amorous glances at Krsna. Kamala is suggestively moving her limbs before Krsna. Tara is beginning to uncover her shoulders. Sukesi is scratching her ear. Saibya has placed her hand in her undergarment. In this way all these *gopis* are all simultaneously calling for their lover Krsna. Look! Krsna's mind has

become distracted and He is ignoring all of them!"

Satha (a cheater): A lover who speaks sweet words glorifying her when she is present, and then repeatedly blasphemes her behind her back is called satha (a cheater) by the wise.

"Nandimukhi said to Syama: Last night Krsna called out in His sleep: O Pali! when Syama heard this her face turned white. She sighed. The three Yamas (three hours) of that springtime night passed for her as slowly as many thousands of yamas.

Padma to Krsna: O Krsna, in secluded forest grove I found Your splendid golden garment suspiciously marked with the black mascara of some gopi. O Krsna, give up trying to prove Your innocence. Your guilt is already proven.

Daksa: When the hero is not cautious to hide from his mistress the signs of his enjoying with other young girls, and when he is expert at lying his way out of the accusations levelled against him, he is called dhrsta (a bold lover).

Krsna to Syama-gopi: O Syama, these are not the scratch-marks of some passionate rival, they are merely lines of red kumkuma drawn on My body. Do not think these are smudges of red lace from the cosmetics of some other gopi. These are merely smudges of red chalk from Govardhana Hill. Do not think these are smudges of black mascara from some other lover. They are merely My own tilaka markings drawn in musk. O My young girl, why do you see everything in the opposite way?

The various features of the amorous hero Krsna may be considered in the following way: First, there are the four features of *Dhironadatta*, *Dhira-lalita*, *Dhira-prasanta*, and *dhiroddhata*. Each of these may be again divided in three ways, as *purna* (perfect) *purnatara* (more perfect), and *purnatama* (most perfect). In this way there are 12 features. These 12 features may again be divided into *pati* (husband), and *upapati* (paramour). In this way there are 24 features. **These 24 features** may again be divided into *anukula*, *daksina*, *satha*, and *dhrsta*. In this way there are 96 features of the amorous hero Krsna. Other features. Where the amorous hero is a gross rascal, are not present in the personality of Krsna. This fact is also confirmed by the opinion of Bharata Muni.

Chapter 2

Male Friends Who Assist in the Arrangements of Krsna's Pastimes with the Gopis

The *sahayas* (male helpers) may be divided into five groups: 1. *cetaka*; 2. *vita*; 3. *vidusaka*; 4. *pitha-marda*; and 5. *priya-narma-sakha*.

Cleverness at speaking joking words, eternal love and friendship for Krsna, expertness at judging what is proper at different places and times, ability to pacify the gopis when they become angry, and great learning in the art of chanting secret mantras, are some of the personal qualities of the *sahayas*.

Ceta: The *cetas* are expert at arranging Krsna's rendezvous with the gopis. The *cetas* can be trusted with secret missions. They are bold, arrogant, and witty. Bhangura and Bhrngara are the leaders of Krsna's ceta friends in Gokula.

"My queen, I have just seen a very wonderful, unprecedented event. even though the season is now autumn, I have seen nearby a madhava-creeper blossoming with many flowers." By this tricky pun, the ceta showed Radharani the pathway to the place where Krsna was staying nearby.

Vita: The *vitās* are expert valets who dress Krsna. They are mischievous, clever conversationalist, and learned scholars in the scriptures describing the art of love. Kadara and Bharatibandhu are the leaders of the *vitās*.

Kadara to Syama-gopi: Krsna is now playing His flute, and with it's soft, sweet sound He is breaking the peaceful composure of all young girls in the universe. He will not be inclined to stop this pastime to sport with you. My dear friend Syama, I am the friend of your friend Krsna. Again and again I beg you with sweet words: do not try to interrupt Krsna's flute-playing. this is His wish. No doe-eyed gopi in Vraja will dare to transgress His order."

Vidusaka: The *vidusaka* has a voracious appetite, and is fond of quarreling. His bodily features, garments, and words are all very unusual. He is an expert comedian. Vasanta is the leader of the *vidusakas*. Madhumangala is the famous *vidusaka* described in the play *Vidagdha-Madhava*.

Something of the role of the *vidusaka* may be seen in the following statement where Madhumangala instructs Krsna in a certain tactic to cure Radharani of Her arrogant pride. Madhumangala said: My dear Krsna, You should say to proud Radharani: the king of Gokula has now arrived on His celestial chariot. He is very eager to see Me. Before I go off with him, You should bid Me farewell by happily showering the flowers of Your smiling lips upon Me. I beg You, please fulfill My desire at once. My dear proud girl, only those reddened with jealousy will not give the charity of their lips on the occasion of this important religious ritual.

Also Vasanta gives similar advice to cure the arrogant Radharani. He says: O Krsna, just say to Radharani: O Radharani, Your worshipable deity, the sun-god, respectfully bowed down before Me and eagerly gave Me this splendid lotus flower. Your refusal to accept this flower has angered him and made him leave the earth. O proud girl, why have You no respect for My words?

Pitha-marda: The qualities of the *pitha-marda* is the *nayaka's* constant, affectionate companion. Sridama may be given as the example of a *pitha-marda*.

Seeing the cowherd boy wrestler Govardhana challenge Krsna, the pitha-mardas advice him in the following words: With the sole exception of Candravali all the people of Vraja have come here to the sandy banks of the Yamuna to see Krsna's pastimes, that astonish the entire universe. O foolish wrestler Govardhana, we are the closest friends of Krsna. The words we speak are solely for your benefit. Take our advice, and do not touch this Krsna, the lifter of Govardhana Hill.

One day Sridama saw Candravali traversing the forest in what seemed to be a nefarious mission. He narrated this to Candravali's sister Bharundi, who answered him in the following words: My dear Sridama, your concern and respect is very encouraging to me. It comes to me just like the mercy of the goddess Durga is bestowed on even the most fallen of women. My sister Candravali was walking in the forest carrying kunkuma and a flower-garland in her hand only so that she might offer these articles to the deity of the goddess Durga. My only feat in this regard is that wicked persons might see her, misunderstand her mission, and gossip about her imagined misdeeds.

Priya-narma-sakha: The priya-narma-sakhas know the most confidential secrets of Krsna's pastimes with the gopis. Their love for Krsna is almost as intense as the gopi's love. Of all the gopas they are Krsna's closest friends. In Gokula Subala and Arjuna are the leaders of the priya-narma-sakhas.

Subala is described in the following statement where Rupa-manjari says to her gopi-friend: Then, when this gopi quarreled with Krsna and left Him, Subala met her, satisfied her with his words, and convinced her to return and enjoy amorous pastimes with Krsna in the forest-cottage. After Their pastimes were concluded, and Krsna rested His perspiring body on His beloved's breast, Subala fanned Him. What service is this Subala not qualified to perform?

Ujjvala says to Subala: The gopis lick the beauty of Krsna with their restless sidelong glances. They wrap their arms around Him and press their breasts to His chest, and without any restraint they happily drink the nectra of His lips. O friend, do you know the gopis' history? Do you know what austerities they performed in order to attain this supreme good fortune?

Four kinds of gopia-freinds help to make arrangements for Krsna's amorous pastimes with the gopis. They are the: 1. ceta; 2. kinkara; 3. pitha-marda; and 4. vira friends of the Lord. **Many gopi-messengers also help to arrange for the Lord's amorous pastimes.** For the most part they will be described in the chapter on the gopis, but to a certain extent, as it is appropriate, they may be described now for the understanding of the readers, learned in transcendental mellows.



Krsna may also personally arrange for His pastimes with the gopis, where Visakha says to Radharani: **Madhava's sidelong glances** is a wonderfully expert magician. Even though You are very pure of heart, this magician has woven a spell over You, stunned You, and filled You with wonder.

Krsna's flute may also carry His messages to the gopis: May the sweet sound of Krsna's flute, His authorized messenger, be glorified, for it expertly releases Radharani from Her shyness and attracts Her from Her home to the forest.

Apta-duti (gopi-messengers): Vira and Vrnda are the leaders of Krsna's gopi-messengers. **Vira speaks with arrogance and pride, and Vrnda speaks very sweetly.**

Vira to Radharani: Don't turn from me! Proud girl, hear my words! Charming, beautiful young girl, go to meet Krsna, the lifter of Govardhana Hill. Do not run from Him with anger!

One day Vrnda approached one of the gopis, offered respectful obeisances to her, and asked her the following question: My dear beautiful gopi, your eyes are as restless and graceful as two khanjana birds. I beg you: please answer my question. What are these dangerous snakes of your eyebrows? Krsna was bitten by them. Stunned by their poison He now wanders aimlessly in the forest. Even now He has not been able to enter the village of Vraja.

The gopi-messengers headed by Vira are extraordinary associates of Krsna. Other gopi-associates (silpa-karini, daivajna, and lingini) of the divine couple will be described further on.

Chapter 3

Lord Krsna's Amorous Lovers

The gopis have personal qualities similar to those of Lord Krsna Himself. They are filled with the sweet opulence of great and intense love for Krsna. I offer my respectful obeisances to the gopis. They are filled with the most sublime transcendental sweetness. They are the crest jewels of those who have performed pious activities. They have carefully studied under their tutor youthfulness, and they have displayed their skill in amorous pastimes before Lord Krsna.

The amorous lovers of Krsna are said to be divided into two groups: 1. **svakiya (those married to Lord Krsna); and 2. parakiya (those married to others).**

Svakiya: Those girls who have accepted Lord Krsna's hand in marriage, who diligently abide by His orders, and are faithful to Him, are said to be svakiya.

Lord Krsna's queens are very devoted to their husband. They carefully traverse the auspicious path of religious principles, and they happily follow the orders of their elders and superiors. Day after day they faithfully serve their beloved husband at home with great chastity. I pray these queens of Lord Krsna may bestow great transcendental happiness upon you.

Lord Krsna to Queen Rukmini: My dear honored wife, although I have

thousands of wives, I do not think that any one of them can love Me more than you. The practical proof of your extraordinary position is that you had never seen Me before your marriage; you had simply heard about Me from a third person, and still your faith in Me was so fixed that even in the presence of many qualified, rich and beautiful men of the royal order, you did not select any one of them as your husband, but insisted on having Me.

It is very well known that Lord Krsna, the hero of the Yadu dynasty, had 16,108 wives at Dvaraka.

Each queen had thousands of girl friends and maidservants. The friends were equal to the queens in beauty and personal qualities, but the maidservants were a little inferior.

Of all these queens Rukmini, Satyabhama, Jambavati, Kalindi, Saibya, Bhadra, Kausalya, and Madri were the eight most qualified.

Of all these queens Rukmini and Satyabhama are said to be the best. Rukmini is exalted because of her transcendental opulence, and Satyabhama is exalted because of her extreme good fortune.

Rukmini, the daughter of King Bhismaka, had the greatest opulence in Lord Krsna's palace, but Satyabhama was the most fortunate of Lord Krsna's wives.

Lord Krsna to Rukmini: My queen, of all My 16,000 wives none is more dear to Me than you. You are as dear to Me as My own life-breath.

Both Rukmini and Satyabhama have hundreds of thousands of friends and maidservants, who are all full of love for them.

The young girls of Gokula were very eager to get Lord Krsna as their husband, although the circumstances of their lives never allowed them to love Him in the svakiya-rasa (married Love).

The gopi's intense love for Krsna may be seen in the following statement where, while Krsna was staying in Mathura, one gopi in Vrndavana spoke the following words to her friend: If Krsna does not return here to enjoy pastimes with us, then what does it matter that Vraja's saintly queen Yasoda is always affectionate like a mother to me? What does it matter to me that the gopis all love me more than their own life's breath? What does it matter that Vrndavana-forest is more glorious than the forest of Vaikuntha? What value do these things have if we cannot enjoy pastimes with peacock-feather-crowned Krsna? To attain Him as our husband we dutifully worshipped the goddess Uma.

It is true that Krsna married the gopis by the Gandharva rite. However, because their marriage was kept a secret, their love could not openly admitted. Parakiya: Those women who, with great love offer themselves to Krsna without caring for religious principles, and without caring what happens to them in this

world or the next, are known as the parakiya lovers of Krsna.

Even though the gopis were so much in love with Krsna that they jumped over the path of religious principles to become His lovers, Arundhati and the other great chaste women offer them all respect and worship. Even though the gopis are country girls living in the rural area of Vrndavana-forest, the slight fragrance of their sweetness has dissolved the great beauty and opulence of the goddess of fortune. The exalted position of the gopis is very rare in the three worlds. I pray that these gopi-friends of Krsna may grant transcendental happiness to you.

The parakiya lovers of Krsna may be divided into two groups: 1. kanyaka (unmarried girls), and 2. parodha (the wives of others). For the most part these parakiya lovers are residents of the Vrajabhumi ruled by King Nanda. The secret love of these parakiya devotees brings great transcendental bliss to Krsna, the king of Gokula.

The gopis' methods of attracting Krsna are described in the following statement where Lord Siva says: Contrariness, playing hard-to-get, and repulsing the lover's advances are the three ultimate-weapons of cupid employed by women.

When the doe-eyed gopi play hard-to-get and reject their lover Krsna's advances, this makes Krsna's heart become intensely attached to them.

What were the other pastimes enjoyed by Krsna and the gopis? These were all personally described by the great sage Srila Sukadeva Gosvami in the Paramahansa-samhita (Srimad-Bhagavatam).

He said in Tenth Canto: Even though He was the self-sufficient Supreme Personality of Godhead, Krsna enjoyed the pastime of the rasa-dance with the gopis.

Those who desire auspiciousness should engage in the devotional service of Krsna, but they should not try to imitate the activities of Krsna. This is the conclusion of the devotional scriptures. Those who are attached to liberation, religious principles, and similar auspicious goals do follow the saintly path chalked out by Lord Ramacandra and the other incarnations of the Personality of Godhead. These devotees never follow the example set by Ravana and other demons.

An individual spirit-soul, who is not the Supreme Personality of Godhead, should never try to imitate the actions of Krsna, even in his thoughts. If he foolishly tried to do this it will be the same as if he tries to imitate Lord Siva by drinking the poison produced from the ocean of milk.

That one should not try to imitate the Lord, but simply try to carry out His order is also described in Srimad-Bhagavatam: Krsna manifests His eternal humanlike form and performs His pastimes to show mercy to the devotees. Having heard such pastimes, one should engage in service to Him. Krsna

personally glorified the gopis with the following words from His own mouth.

When the gopis were overwhelmed with dissatisfaction due to Krsna's absence from the rasa-lila, Krsna returned to them and told them: My dear gopis, our meeting is certainly free from all material contamination. I must admit that in many lives it would be impossible for Me to repay My debt to you because you have cut off the bondage of family life just to search for Me. Consequently I am unable to repay you. Therefore please be satisfied with your honest activities in this regard.

Uddhava, the best of all devotees of the Lord, glorified the gopis in the following eloquent words:

The gopis of Vrndavana have given up the association of their husbands, sons and other family members, who are very difficult to give up, and they have forsaken the path of chastity to take shelter of the lotus feet of Mukunda, Krsna, which one should search for by Vedic knowledge. Oh, let me be fortunate enough to be one of the bushes, creepers or herbs in Vrndavana because the gopis trample them and bless them with the dust of their lotus feet.

When the gopis went to associate with Krsna, Yogamaya presented duplicates of the gopis' forms before their husbands. In this way the husbands thought their wives were always with them, and they never became jealous of Krsna.

Bewildered by the Lord's yogamaya potency, the vrajavasis who serve the gopis' so-called husbands thought their wives were staying by their side. They did not know that their wives had gone to Krsna, and therefore they were not jealous of Krsna.

Kanyaka (unmarried Gopis): The young unmarried gopis were still under the protection of their parents. They were absorbed in childhood games with their friends. They were shy and possessed all the charm of youthful innocence.

These young girls, headed by the gopi Dhanya, devotedly followed an austere vow to please the goddess Durga and get Krsna as their husband. Krsna later fulfilled their desire, and in this way they became the dear lovers of Krsna.

My dear friend, you are only a tiny child, intently playing in the dust without even a shirt. You are so young that your cowherd father has not even begun to search for your future husband. Even though you are so young, now that you hear the warbling sounds of peacock-feather crowned Krsna in Vrndavana forest, you are trembling, and your eyes are rolling about in ecstatic love.

Parodha (the wives of others): The cowherds' wives who have not yet borne children, and who constantly yearn to enjoy amorous pastimes with Krsna are called parodha. They are the dear lovers of Krsna.

Padma to Candravali: Impelled by curiosity, and wishing to collect flowers to

offer to goddess Katyayani, you entered deep into the belly of this thick forest. Why have you done this? My friend, your breasts now bear the scratch-marks of the forest-thorns, and your sister-in-law is now staring at these marks, fearing that perhaps they are the scratches of Krsna.

These gopis are described with the intense sweetness of their great pure love for Krsna. With their beauty, opulence, and transcendental virtues they surpass even the goddess Laksmi-devi and her followers.

When Sri Krsna was dancing with the gopis in the rasa-lila, the gopis were embraced by the arms of the Lord. This transcendental favor was never bestowed upon the goddess of fortune or the other consorts in the spiritual world. Indeed, never was such a thing even imagined by the most beautiful girls in the heavenly planets whose bodily luster and aroma resemble the lotus flower. And what to speak of worldly women who are very beautiful according to the material estimation?

The gopis may be divided into three groups: 1. Those who attained perfection by engaging in devotional service; 2. Demigoddesses from the higher material planets who descended to the earth in the form of gopis; and 3. Those who are eternally the gopi lovers of Krsna.

Sadhana-para (Those who became gopis by engaging in devotional service): These gopis may again in turn be divided into two groups: 1. Yauthiki (Those who were part of a group whose members all became gopis); and 2. ayauthiki (Those who became gopis singly).

Yauthikis (Those who were parts of a group whose members all became gopis): The yauthikis were members of a group which jointly engaged in devotional service. These yauthikis may be further divided into two groups: 1. Munis (sages); 2. Upanisads (Personified Upanisads).

Munis (Sages): The munis are described in the following statement of Padma Purana: In ancient times a group of sages worshipped Gopala for a long time without attaining the object of their spiritual desire. Eventually they saw Lord Ramacandra, and the sight of His transcendental beauty awakened intense attraction within them. They yearned to attain Lord Ramacandra as their husband, and as a result of this yearning they eventually took birth as gopis in the land of Vraja.

In the Brhad-Vamana Purana another famous passage explains that some other sages attained spiritual perfection, and were thus able to enter the Lord's rasa-dance during His manifest earthly pastimes.

Personified Upanisads: When all the great, deeply perceptive Personified Upanisads saw the supreme, unequalled good fortune of the gopis, they became struck with wonder. The Upanisads faithfully performed austerities to become like the gopis, and eventually they took birth as gopis in the land of Vraja. This

famous history is recounted in both the Puranas and Upanisads.

Ayauthiki gopis: Those who sincerely follow the regulative practices of devotional service with love for Kṛṣṇa and yearn to become His gopi-associates, take birth at various times, one-by-one, or in groups of two or three, in the land of Vraja. These ayauthiki-gopis may be divided into two groups: 1. **pracina**; and 2. **nava**. **Pracina gopis:** After engaging in devotional practices for a long time, the pracina gopis take birth in the same area where the Lord's eternally dear liberated gopis have incarnated. **Nava gopis:** After a relatively short time spent in devotional practices the nava-gopis take birth in the wombs of human, demigoddess, or other mothers, and then after that birth they are able to take birth as gopis in the land of Vraja.

Devī (Demigoddesses): When Kṛṣṇa incarnates on the heavenly planets by His partial expansion in order to please the demigods, His eternally dear, liberated gopi-associates also appear with Him by their partial expansions as demigoddesses. Those residents of the heavenly planets who are able to understand the real identity of these demigoddesses become able to take birth in Vrajabhūmi as the gopi friends of these liberated gopis.

Nitya-priya (The Eternally Dear, Liberated Gopis): Radharāṇī and Candravālī are the leaders of the nitya-priya gopis. The nitya-priya gopis are transcendental reservoirs of eternal beauty, expertise, and all other spiritual qualities, just like Kṛṣṇa.

I worship Govinda, the primeval Lord, who resides in His own realm, Goloka, with Radha, who resembles His own spiritual figure and who embodies the ecstatic potency (hlādinī). Their companions are Her confidants, who embody extensions of Her bodily form and who are imbued and permeated with ever-blissful spiritual rasa.

The names of some of the most important gopis mentioned in the Vedic scriptures are: Radha, Candravālī, Viśakhā, Lalitā, Syamā, Padmā, Saibya, Bhadrā, Vicitrā, Gopālī; Dhanisthā, and Palikā. Candravālī is also known as Somabhā, Radha is known as Gandharvā, and Lalitā is known as Anuradhā. Somabhā, Gandharvā, and Anuradhā are not different gopis. In addition to the gopis mentioned in the scriptures, there are other gopis, who although not mentioned in the original scriptures, are famous in the community of Vaiṣṇavas. Some of these important gopis are: Khanjanakṣī- Manoramā; Mangalā, Vimalā, Līlā, Kṛṣṇā, Sārī, Viśaradā, Taravālī, Cakorakṣī, Sankarī, and Kunkumā. In this way there are hundreds of groups of beautiful-eyebrowed gopis, and in each group there are hundreds and thousands of charming girls.

The gopis whose names are listed here, beginning with Radha, proceeding through Viśakhā, Lalitā, Padmā, Saibya, and others, and ending with Kunkumā, are all leaders of groups of gopis. Among them the eight closest friends of Radharāṇī, who are headed by Lalitā, are especially fortunate. Although these eight gopis are the leaders of many other gopis, because they are very greedy to earn

Srimati Radharani's love, they always serve Her and try to please Her in every way possible.

Chapter 4

Srimati Radharani

In all respects Radha and Candravali are the best of all the gopis. Each of them has a group of followers numbering millions of doe-eyed gopis. On the shore of the Yamuna Kṛṣṇa enjoyed the rasa dance with these two and many hundreds of millions of other gopis. This rasa dance is very famous.

Among the gopis of Vṛndavana, Srimati Radharani and another gopi are considered chief. However, when we compare the gopis, it appears that Srimati Radharani is most important because Her real feature expresses the highest ecstasy of love. The ecstasy of love experienced by the other gopis cannot be compared to that of Srimati Radharani.

Srimati Radharani is glorified in all Vedic literatures. In the Gopala-tapani Upaniṣad, Uttara-khaṇḍa, She is addressed by the name Gandharvā. In the Rg-veda-pariṣiṣṭa She is addressed by the name Radhā and described as the companion of Madhava. In the Padma Purāṇa Devaṛṣi Narada narrates Her glories.

Just as Srimati Radharani is dear to Lord Viṣṇu, so Her lake, Radhā-kunda, is also dear to Him. Of all the gopis, Srimati Radharani is the most dear to Lord Viṣṇu.

Srimati Radharani is Lord Kṛṣṇa's hladinī-sakti (pleasure potency), the best of all His potencies. She is the form of ecstatic love for Lord Kṛṣṇa. All this is described in the Tantras. She wears 16 kinds of ornaments and 12 kinds of ornaments.

Kṛṣṇa to Radharani: My dear Radharani, Your curling locks of hair, long, restless eyes, firm breasts, slender waist, shyly bowed head, creeperlike arms, and jewellike fingernails are all exquisitely beautiful. The jubilant festival of Your beauty makes all the three worlds tremble with transcendental bliss.

Srimati Radharani's 16 ornaments are described as follow: 1. Srimati Radharani is nicely bathed; 2. The tip of Her nose is decorated with a glittering jewel; 3. She wears exquisite blue garments; 4. She wears a charming belt; 5. Her braids are nicely tied; 6. She wears beautiful earrings; 7. Her transcendental body is anointed with fragrant sandalwood paste; 8. Her hair is decorated with flowers; 9. She wears a flower garland; 10. She holds a lotus flower in Her hand; 11. She chews betel-nuts; 12. Her chin is decorated with bunches of flowers drawn with many musk dots; 13. Her eyes are attractively anointed with black mascara; 14. Her limbs are decorated with colorful designs and pictures; 15. Her feet are splendidly decorated with red lac; 16. She wears graceful tilaka marking. These are the 16 decorations on the transcendental form of Srimati Radharani.

The **12 ornaments** of Srimati Radharani are as follow: Srimati Radharani wears the following ornaments, all fashioned from gold: 1. a splendid jewelled crown; 2. earrings; 3. a belt; 4. a niska; 5. a pair of cakri-salakas; 6. bracelets; 7. a kantha-bhusa; 8. finger-rings; 9. jewel necklaces that look like strings of stars; 10. armlets; 11. millions of jewelled ankle-bells; 12. splendid toe-rings. These ornaments decorating Srimati Radharani's transcendental form appear like a great host of shining suns.

Srimati radharani's **twenty-five chief transcendental qualities** are: 1. She is very sweet; 2. She is always freshly youthful; 3. Her eyes are restless; 4. She smiles brightly; 5. She has beautiful, auspicious lines; 6. She makes Krsna happy with Her bodily aroma; 7. She is very expert in singing; 8. Her speech is charming; 9. She is very expert in joking and speaking pleasantly; 10. She is very humble and meek; 11. She is always full of mercy; 12. She is cunning; 13. She is expert in executing Her duties; 14. She is shy; 15. She is always respectful; 16. She is always calm; 17. She is always grave; 18. She is expert in enjoining life; 19. She is situated at the topmost level of ecstatic love; 20. She is the reservoir of loving affairs in Gokula; 21. She is the most famous of submissive devotees; 22. She is very affectionate to elderly people; 23. She is very submissive to the love of Her friends; 24. She is the chief gopi; 25. She always keeps krsna under Her control. In short, Srimati Radharani possesses unlimited transcendental qualities of form, mind, and words, just as Krsna does.

In this way **four kinds of transcendental qualities** are described as being present in Srimati Radharani, the queen of Vrndavana. In this explanation the word "madhura" means beautiful, navyam means the middle of adolescence, saubhagya-rekha means the auspicious markings of a crescent-moon and other figures on Srimati Radharani's lotus feet and the other parts of Her body, maryada means never wavering from the path of saintliness, lajja and sila mean shyness and good character, and chairya means the ability to tolerate suffering. These transcendental qualities are all manifested on Srimati Radharani and they may be clearly seen in Her. Their fullest expression cannot be seen on anyone else.

Madhura (Sweetness): Srimati Radharani's sweetness is described in the following statement where Paurnamasi says: The beauty of Radharani's eyes forcibly devours the beauty of newly grown blue lotus flower, and the beauty of Her face surpasses that of an entire forest of fully blossomed lotuses. Her bodily luster seems to place even gold in a painful situation. Thus the wonderful, unprecedented beauty of Radharani is awakening in Vrndavana.

Nava-vayah (Fresh Youthfulness): The gopi messengers say to Radharani: O slender-waisted Radharani, You are now well equipped for amorous battle. Your hips are Your war-chariot, Your breasts two Sudarsana cakras, Your eyebrows two opulent bows, and Your eyes two swift arrows. Cupid has now placed Krsna, the master of the surabhi cows, as the general of the opposing army. General Krsna is now fighting on the battlefield of Your body. Even though You were so confident of victory, He has soundly defeated You, and He is now plundering the regal opulence of Your transcendental body. He is carrying off Your wealth as the

victor'sspoils.

Calapangi (Restless Eyes): Krsna to Radharani: Mi dear moon-facedRadharani, has the lightning flash learned from Your sidelong glance the art of moving swiftly, or has Your sidelong glance learned this from the lightning flash? I think Your sidelong glance must be the teacher, and the lightning flash is it's student. Your glance is so swift that it has even captured My own quickly moving mind.

Ujjvala-smita (Brightly Smiling): Visakha says to Radharani: Now that He has seen on the moon of Your face the line of Your lips, from which flows the nectar of Your smile, the most handsome cakora bird Krsna suddenly flies into the air, excited with transcendental bliss.

Caru-saubhagya-rekhadya (Beautiful, Auspicious Lines): Madhumangala says to Krsna: O Krsna, O killer of Aghasura, be cheerful! Look! Here are footprints bearing the lines of the earring, creeper, flower, bracelet, and crescent-moon. These must be Radharani's footprints. These footprints proclaim that this is the place where Radharani is hiding.

She Makes Krsna Happy With Her Bodily Aroma: Tungavidya says to Radharani: My dear queen of Vrndavana, O beloved of Madhava, do not uselessly try to hide among these blossoming creepers. My friend, the intoxicating fragrance of Your transcendental body will disclose Your hiding place to Krsna, the king of the bumble-bees. He will find You, violently capture You, and forcibly drink the nectar of Your lips. Therefore, what is the use of trying to hide from Him?

Expert in Singing: Vrnda-devi says to Radharani: O Radharani, please give a wonderful festival of vocal music in the fifth mode, that attracts all the deer. Do not worry, Your irritable husband will not be able to see Krsna running to find the source of this singing.

Charming Speech: Krsna to Radharani: O beautiful-faced Radharani, what sweetness is present in the words from Your mouth? This sweetness has filled the cuckoo with despair, and made the sweetest nectar completely useless by comparison.

Expert at Joking and Speaking Pleasantly: Radharani to Krsna: My dear Krsna, are You the teacher of Your flute, or is the flute the teacher and You the student? I cannot tell, for You both act in the same way. You both perform no activity other than to steal away the religious principles of respectable young girls.

Radharani to Krsna: O Lord who makes piety prosper, whose saintliness is very famous, and who has become eternally purified by the auspicious worship of the chaste gopis' breasts, please be kind to Me. I have carefully bathed for the worship of the sun-god. Please don't touch, don't touch My body now.

Humble and Meek: Nandimukhi to Krsna: Everyone in Gokula knows how Radharani's superiors knit their eyebrows and forbid Her to see You. Although She humbly complies with all their demands, as soon as She sees a single surabhi cow in the evening, She at once leaves Her place and runs to see You.

Radharani to Her gopi friends: In the pastimes of My quarrel with Krsna I repeatedly offended the Lord, and for this reason I have now become famous as Radha. O slender-waisted gopi-friend, because of the fragrant flower blossoms of mercy given to Me by you gopis, Krsna has again accepted Me. There is not other cause for His accepting Me other than your mercy.

Full of Mercy: Vrnda-devi to Paurnameśvī: Seeing a calf whose mouth was pierced by a sharp straw, Radharani felt very unhappy. With tears in Her eyes, She at once dressed the calf's wound with red kunkuma. Expert: Radharani is the original teacher of the art of drawing pictures in colorful mineral pigments. Her mind is beautifully decorated with expertise in the art of cooking. In the battle of speaking clever, witty words She bewilders even Krsna, and even Brhaspati, the guru of the demigods. She is the most learned scholar in the science of stringing flower-garlands. In reciting poems She is more expert than the parrots. In the pastimes of gambling She defeats even the unconquerable Krsna. She is expert at the arts of transcendental amorous pastimes. Her intelligence shines with all varieties of knowledge.

Cunning: Krsna to Madhumangalā: When Jātila suddenly arrived, Radharani said, O My friend, My favorite pearl-necklace has broken. Let me find the scattered pearls. On this pretext She was able to dispatch many charming, loving glances to Me from the corner of Her eyes as She pretended to search for the pearls while Jātila looked on.

Shy: Radharani addresses Her own shyness in the following words: Although it is very difficult to see Krsna, the prince of Vraja, He has come to this secluded place, and He appears to be filled with longings. O friend, please withdraw now so that I may uncover My face for a moment and send a sidelong glance at Krsna.

Respectful: Syama: My friend, You look very thin and pale. If the catāki bird of Radharani refuses to eat, She will certainly give up the living condition. Radharani: The catāki bird of Radharani will not accept any nourishment except for the nectar rain of the dark cloud of Krsna.

Radharani to Vrnda-devi: Even though Vraja's Queen Yasoda is calling Me, I cannot come now. My superiors have forbidden Me to go. It is not auspicious for Me to disrespect their order.

An elderly gopi approaches Radharani with a message from Krsna: O Radharani, You have not noticed that tonight is the full moon night of the month of Śravana, a time when all one's desires may be easily fulfilled. Mukunda desires now to shower You with all transcendental nectar. My child, please take this opportunity and consent to meet with Him. This advice I give You is the proper course of action.

for You to take. After hearing these words, Radharani, the daughter of the sun-god's friend Vrsabhanu, declined to go to the rendezvous, and instead sent Citra-gopi in Her place.

Calm: Purnamasi to Nandimukhi: Padma spoke many lies trying to implicate Radharani. Abhimanyu's mother Jatila brought a flower-garland supposedly given to Radharani by Krsna and later stolen by a monkey. The affectionate child Saibya brought a jasmine flower supposedly given to Radharani by Krsna. Hearing all this evidence, Radharani's husband Abhimanyu became furious, and he bitterly rebuked his wife. Look! Radharani is very tolerant of all this abuse. She does not reply to Her accusers, but simply stands, calm and silent.

Grave: Rupa-manjari to her friend: In this midst of this ferocious quarrel Radharani remained very sober, calm and cheerful. My friend, this exalted virtue is very rare.

Expert at Enjoying Life: Radharani dispatches many darting glances from the corners of Her playfully crooked, glistening eyes. The creepers of Her eyebrows dance happily. Her face is illumined by the moonlight of Her jasmine flower smile. Glittering earrings swing on Her cheeks. Every halfword She speaks is an incutable, powerful mantra to invoke the presence of Cupid. With all these features She has enchanted Krsna. With the waves of Her cheerful playfulness She has swept away His heart.

Situated at the Topmost Level of Ecstatic Love: Radharani cried a great monsoon of tears that doubled the water in the Yamuna, and made Her appear like a candrakanta jewel melting in the moonlight. She stuttered, the syllables breaking in Her throat. The hairs of Her body stood up, making Her appear like a kadamba tree. The sound of Krsna's flute made Her appear like a plantain tree tossed about in a hurricane.

The Reservoir of Loving Affairs in Gokula: Queen Yasoda says: The creator Brahma must have fashioned Radharani out of transcendental love. Whenever we vrajavasi see Her our hearts become filled with love for Her.

Her Fame Shines in All the Universe: Purnamasi to Radharani: O beautiful Radhaani, the moonlight of Your fame makes the blue lotus flower of this universe blossom with appreciation. Shining on the ear of the queen of the demigods, Saci-devi, it appears like a white jasmine flower there. That moonlight makes the vegetation of the hairs of the bodily hairs of Lord Brahma's wife Savitri sprout with joy. That moonlight makes the candrakanta jewel earrings of the devotees' ears melt in ecstasy. That moonlight fills the goddess of fortune, Laksmi-devi, with terror.

She is Very Affectionate to Elderly People: Mother Yasoda to Radharani: You are not Kirtida's daughter. You are my daughter. What I say is true. The sight of Your face keeps me alive. When I look into Your face I see the face of my own son.

Krsna. O Radharani, why have You suddenly become so embarrassed?

Very Submissive to the Love of Her Friends: Radharani in the midst of a violent quarrel with Krsna, speaks the following words to Vrnda-devi: O Vrnda, I am always controlled by the love of My gopi-friends. O friend Vrnda, please ask this cowerd prince Krsna why He is troubling Me. With great fear He should at once flee the homes of respectable girls like Me. Does He not know the power of My friend Lalita?

The Chief Gopi: Krsna to Radharani: My dear girl with the fascinating eyes, even if I am attacked by many beautiful-eyebrowed girls who are expert archers with their restless, crooked sidelong glances, how can I find happiness for even a moment without You? I cannot. I am just like the sky. Even if the moonlight and all the stars try to illuminate the sky, it never becomes really bright until it is filled with the sunlight. In the same way it is not possible for Me to become bright with happiness without You. Neither Candravali, Tara, or their friends can make Me happy, without the presence of Radharani, the beautiful daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu. She **Always Keeps Krsna Under Her Control**: Krsna says: My dear Radharani, here are the flowers untouched by bumble-bees, the many whole peacock feathers, and the new blossoms as splendid as the rising sun. I have collected all this according to Your order. I am Your menial servant. Please order Me. What else would You like Me to bring You?

Srimari Radharani's beautiful-eyebrowed friends are the best of all the gopis. They are decorated with all transcendental virtues. Their beauty, grace and charm completely attracts Krsna.

The gopi-friends of Radharani, the queen of Vrndavana, may be divided into five groups: 1. sakhis (friends); 2. nitya-sakhis (eternal friends); 3. prana-sakhis (friends as dear as life); 4. priya-sakhis (dear friends); and 5. parama-prestha-sakhis (most dear friends). Among the sakhis the most prominent are Kusumika, Vindhya, and Dhanistha. Among the nitya-sakhis the most prominent are Kasturi and Mani-manjari. Among the prana-sakhis the most prominent are Sasimukhi, Vasanti, and Lasika. The priya-sakhis have spiritual forms closely resembling that of Radharani. Most prominent among the priya-sakhis are Kurangaksi, Sumadhya, Madanalasa, kamala, Madhuri, Manjukesi, Kandarpa-sundari, Madhavi, Malati, Kamalata, and Sasikala. Among the parama-prestha-sakhis the most prominent are Lalita, Visakha, Citra, Campakalata, Tungavidya, Indulekha, Rangadevi, and Sudevi. These eight gopis are the leaders of all the other gopis. In whatever time, place or circumstance these gopis are placed, their most exalted and intense love for the transcendental divine couple, Sri Sri Radha-Krsna is always very easy to see.

Chapter 5

Varieties of Heroines

In this way gopis are divided into many groups, with three, four, five, six, seven,

eight, or more members.

At the beginning of the rasa-dance those gopis who were already married were not stopped by their husbands when they left home to meet Krsna. Only those gopis who still had some small trace of material desire were stopped by their husbands and superiors.

The lotus-eyed gopis of Gokula descended to this material world to enjoy amorous pastimes with Krsna, the crest jewel of those expert at relishing transcendental mellows, and the enemy of King Kamsa. Except for those gopis, learned scholars and philosophers do not consider amorous affairs between a married woman and a paramour to be good or auspicious.

Unaware that Krsna is the Supreme Personality of Godhead, the vraja-gopis thought He was the human son of Vraja's King Nanda. This firm conviction of the gopis was the symptom of their great love for Him, a symptom rarely manifested even for the most saintly devotees.

Once Sri Krsna playfully manifested Himself as Narayana with four victorious hands and a very beautiful form. When the gopis saw this exalted form, however, their ecstatic feeling abated. A learned scholar, therefore, cannot understand the gopis' ecstatic feelings, which are firmly centered upon the original form of Krsna as the son of Nanda Maharaja. The wonderful feeling of the gopis in ecstatic parama-rasa with Krsna constitute the greatest mystery of spiritual life.

Sometimes Krsna playfully manifests a four-armed form as a joke, but then, impelled by love for Radharani, the queen of Vrndavana, He again resumes His two-armed form.

prior to the rasa dance, Krsna hid Himself in a grove just to have fun. When the gopis came, their eyes resembling those of deer, by His sharp intelligence He exhibited His beautiful four-armed form to hide Himself. But when Radharani came there, Krsna could not maintain His four arms in Her presence. This is the wonderful glory of Her love.

Prostitutes do not participate in the Krsna's amorous pastimes, although they may be able to perceive a pale reflection of those pastimes. The sole exception is the Kubja, who developed ecstatic love for Krsna, and was thus able to participate in amorous pastimes with Him in the mellow of parakiya-rasa.

Common prostitutes are simply interested in taking the money of others. They do not dislike rogues who have no good qualities, and they do not like saintly persons, who have all good qualities. The realm in which these prostitutes move is the perverted reflection of conjugal love. They cannot understand the original feature of conjugal love.

Heroines may be divided into two categories: 1. svakiya (married to the hero); and 2. parodha (married to someone else, the paramour becoming the hero).

These two kinds of heroines may again be divided into three categories: 1. **mugdha** (a charming innocent girl); 2. **madhya** (a girl in midway between **mugdha** and **pragalbha**); 3. **pragalbha** (a mature, clever, arrogant woman expert at controlling her lover). Some authors claim that the last three categories apply only to svakiya heroines and not to **parodha** heroines. The saintly poet Jayadeva Gosvami disagrees with them, and in his book, *Gita-govinda*, gives examples of the **parodha** heroines in the last three categories.

All different kinds of heroines are present in the two divisions **svakiya** and **parodha**. Many examples may be cited to demonstrate this.

Mugdha: The qualities of the **mugdha** heroine are: 1. **nava-vayah** (she is a young girl); 2. **nava-kama** (she is inexperienced in loving affairs); 3. **ratau vama** (in loving affairs she acts in a contrary manner); 4. **sakhi-vasa** (she is controlled by her friends); 5. **rata-cestasya** (in loving affairs she becomes very shy and makes a great endeavor to conceal her actions. This increases her charm); 6. **krtaparadhe dayite** (when her lover insults her, her eyes become stopped with tears); 7. **priyapriyoktau asakta** (she is fond of talking both sweetly and bitterly); 8. **mane vimukhi** (when her jealousy is aroused she spurns her lover). **nava-vayah** (youthfulness): Krsna seeing Visakha from a distance, speaks the following words: The winter season of Visakha's childhood has now ended, and the springtime of her adolescence has entered. The glistening lotus flowers of her eyes have now blossomed, and the nectar moon of her face shines very brightly.

A **gopi** addresses the personified childhood of **Radharani**: O evening darkness of childhood, O my friend, please leave at once the planet of **Radharani's** transcendental form, for the victorious sun of adolescence is now rising above the eastern mountains of **Radharani's** breasts. Look! This sun makes the stars of **Radharani's** eyes flicker with unsteadiness. This sun makes the lotus flower of **Radharani's** face blossom with a smile. This sun is now brightly illuminating the blue sky of Krsna.

Nava-kama (She is Inexperienced in Loving Affairs): **Nandimukhi** to **Dhanya**: My child, I think you are now celebrating the amorous festival of Krsna, the killer of **Kamsa**. I think your intently listening with bowed head, and your jubilantly stringing these flower garlands are simply a ruse to conceal that festival. My friend, please tell me: what is this new happiness that has just now entered your heart?

Ratau Vama (In Loving affairs she acts in a contrary manner): **Dhanya**, stopped by Krsna in the **dana-keli** pastime, speaks the following words: I am only a little girl. You should not joke with me in this way. O Krsna, who wears a crown of peacock feathers. please do not block my path. Look! Many intelligent and clever **gopis**, their eyebrows knitted with anger, are now patrolling this shore of the **Yamuna**.

Krsna to Subala: Now I am absorbed in remembering **Radharani**. I remember

one time I chanced to meet Her on the Yamuna's beach. As soon as She saw Me She began to flee. When I caught Her and grasped Her hand in mine, and smiled, Her eyes moved like restless khandana birds, and She stuttered: Le Le Let go go off My hand.

Sakhi-vasa (she is controlled by her friends): One time Radha and Krsna met in Vrndavana forest. Krsna forcibly pulled Radharani to Him and embraced Her. When Lalita saw this, she forcibly pulled Radharani away from Krsna. Radharani docily obeyed Lalita's command. Lalita then spoke the following words to Krsna: My dear prince of Vraja, You are so hard and harsh. I will not give this delicate girl to You. What respectable person would voluntarily place a newly blossomed lotus flower in the trunk of a great regal elephant?

One time Dhanya proudly fashioned a flower garland for Krsna. As she was trying it on to see whether it was the right size, another gopi came on the scene. This gopi frowned at Dhanya, thinking she had made a garland for herself and not for Krsna. Dhanya then became afraid, and spoke the following words: Friend, I am not going to wear this garland of jasmine flower. Why do you continue to knit your eyebrows in this fearsome way? Here, I shall now place this garland in this basket, where I keep Krsna's ornaments. If you are

Part is missing ??

with me, what would I do if that lightning bolt Vrnda were to see me?

Sa-vrinda-rata (she is very shy in loving affairs): One time, early in morning, Krsna said to Subala: Syama stood at the door of the forest grove cottage. Although eager to enjoy pastimes with Me, she was so overwhelmed with shyness that she could barely take two or three steps inside. Her creeperlike limbs trembled, as if tossed by many waves, and she staggered as she walked. I repeatedly assured her with the sweet fragrance of many affectionate, friendly words, and it was only after a long time that I finally convinced her to sit on the edge of the bed. This enchanting, doe-eyed Syama has charmed My heart.

Rosa-krta-baspa mauna (When her lover insults her, she becomes silent and tears flow from her eyes): One time, after Dhanya was gravely insulted by Krsna, her gopi-friend approached Him and spoke the following words: My dear uncivilized fool expert at the topmost perfection of offending others, how will my pure-heated friend, whom You gravely wounded, be able to make You a reply? O snake who lives in this forest of kadamba trees, do not try to cheat me. It was You who made the tears stream down my friend's face. Mane vimukhi (when her jealousy is aroused she spurns her lover): Two kinds of gopis spurn Krsna when they become jealous of Him: 1. Mrdvi (the gopi who retains a sweet demeanor); 2. Aksama (the gopi who becomes angry and intolerant).

Mrdvi: Dhanya-gopi, in the midst of a protracted jealous quarrel with Krsna, spoke the following words to her gopi-friends: When I try to flee from Krsna my feet insist on taking me to meet Him. When I try to angrily knit my eyebrows at

Krsna, my eyes rebel. They earnestly yearn to gaze at Him, and they distract me from my resolve. When I try to rebuke Him with harsh words, my wretched tongue deliberately speaks sweetly to Him. O my friends, what shall I do? My mind, limbs, and senses have all rebelled against me.

Aksama: One gopi said: The sight of Krsna arouses the most intense jealous anger within the hearts of the lotus-eyed gopis. When the two syllables mana (jealous anger) enter the courtyard of my ear, my heart begins to tremble.

Madhya (the middle gopi): The madhya heroine is situated in the age where she leaves adolescence and maturity is just beginning to manifest. She is timid in amorous pastimes, just as the mugdha heroine. Sometimes her words show some signs of arrogance. She is eager to enjoy amorous pastimes up to the limit of fainting from conjugal bliss. In jealous anger she is sometimes gentle and sometimes harsh.

Samana-lajja-madana (timid in amorous pastimes, just like the mugdha heroine): When thirsty Krsna gazed at Radharani with blossoming lotus eyes, She bowed Her head, covered Her smile, and pretended to look elsewhere while actually placing Her eyes upon Him. In this way Radharani delighted Krsna.

Prodyat-tarunya-salini (situated in the age where youthful maturity is just beginning to manifest): Krsna to Radharani: My dear Radharani, the movement of Your eyebrows have gobbled up the splendor of cupid's bow. Your thighs laugh at the beauty of plantain trees, and Your breasts are like two playful cakora birds. You are the crest jewel of all beautiful young girls.

Kincit-pragalbhokti (sometimes her words show some signs of arrogance): Radharani to bee: O Krsna's black bumble-bee, O bee intoxicated by the fragrance of the lotus flower of My face, why do you obstruct Me as I try to serve My husband? O softly buzzing bee, if you are so thirsty you should go to that other grove over there, where there are many splendid white flowers on the punnaga trees.

Mohanta-surata-ksama (eager to enjoy amorous pastimes up to the point of fainting from conjugal bliss): One time Subala asked Krsna: You seem absorbed in thought. What are You thinking? Krsna answered in the following words: I am remembering a certain gopi. As We both enjoyed amorous pastimes in bed at night, she became covered with perspiration. Her eyes closed shut, her hair became dishevelled, the creepers of her arms became weak, and her mind became so filled with happiness that she was unable to remember anything other than our pastimes.

Mane komala (gentle in jealous anger): Even though cheated by Krsna, Radharani says to Lalita: O Krsna, You are My life and soul. For how long must I remain apart from You? O Lalita, O My beautiful and fortunate friend, I cannot remain angry with Krsna for a long time. Come here. Let us both go to the grove by the Yamuna's shore. On the pretext of picking some flowers, there I may again

meet Krsna.

Mane karkasa (harsh in jealous anger): Visakha to Radharani: My dear Radharani, why do You uselessly wither Your limbs with these blasts of jealous pride? Why do you become angry when You hear the good advice of Your dear friends? Your lover Krsna is now pining away in despair in a forest-cottage. Go to Him. For a moment let Your merciful sidelong glance present itself before Him.

jealous anger may be divided into three categories: 1. dhira (gentle); 2. adhira (harsh); and 3. ubhaya (a mixture of gentleness and harshness). Dhira quality in the Madhya Heroine: When the madhya heroine manifests the dhira (gentle in jealous anger) quality, she speaks crooked, offensive, biting satires aimed at her lover.

Once Radharani waited all night to meet Her lover Krsna at the rendezvous. She finally saw Him in the morning. Noticing the marks of His unfaithfulness clearly visible on His body, She addressed Him in the following saracastic words: My Lord, I think these smudges of black mascara and red lac, and these moonlightlike scratch-marks very nicely match the blue and red color-scheme already present on Your body. Therefore I say these decorations are very nice. However My dear Lord of the surabhi cows, I think it is still not right for You to come here alone without Your assembly of gopi-mistresses.

Adhira quality in the Madhya heroine: When the madhya heroine manifests the adhira (harsh in jealous anger) quality, she angrily rejects her lover with many harsh words.

Radharani, discovering Krsna's unfaithfulness, angrily addresses Him: My dear Krsna, this necklace You wear has certainly been the companion of the raised breasts of a great host of girls, and it is now engaged in glorifying Your nighttime pastimes with them. O rake whose mind has been stolen by the gopis, O garralous bell-ringer of a host of lies, leave here at once. It is not proper for You to stay here.

Ubhaya quality in the Madhya heroine: When the madhya heroine manifests the ubhaya (when both gentle and harsh responses are present in her jealous anger) quality, she sheds tears as she speaks crooked words to her lover.

Jealous Radharani addresses Krsna with the following sarcasms: My dear prince of the cowherds, do not cry. Go! Go! The queen of Your heart may still give up her anger. Try again. Decorate her feet with Your crown, flower-garland, and red lac. She may still forgive You.

Go at once to the queen who can fulfill Your desires! Continually serve her and attain her mercy! In this way You will become happy. Place the red lac from her feet on Your head. Make Your mouth glisten with the remnants of betel-nuts chewed by her. Decorate Your neck with the spotless flower-garland that has become the friend of her flower-bud breasts.

Of these three kinds of heroines, the madhya heroine possesses all the most exalted virtues in the nectar of transcendental mellows. This is because the madhya heroine incorporates the virtues of both mugdha and pragalbha.

Pragalbha (a mature, clever, arrogant woman expert at controlling the lover): The pragalbha heroine is 1. purna-tarunya (situated in the stage of fully manifested youthfulness); 2. madandha (blinded by passion); 3. uru-ratotsuka (filled with yearnings to enjoy amorous pastimes); 4. bhuri-bhavodgamabhijna (the simultaneous presence of many symptoms of ecstasy); 5. rasenakranta-vallabha (able to overwhelm her lover with the nectar of transcendental mellows); 6. ati-praudhokti (her words are those of a mature, proud woman); 7. ati-praudha-cesta (her actions are those of a mature, proud woman); 8. mane catyanta-karkasa (in jealous anger she is extremely harsh and bitter).

Purna-tarunya: Krsna addresses Candravali: My dear candravali, your breasts eclipse the charm of the frontal lobes on the elephant Airavata. Your broad hips steal away the beauty of the Yamuna's shore. Your eyes challenge the graceful motions of the restless saphari fishes. O Candravali, the sweet nectar of your youthfulness shines with great splendor.

Madandha: Candravali to Bhadra: O golden-complexioned Bhadra, after all our gopi-friends had left that charming grove, Acyuta brought me to the bed and gazed at me for a long time with the passionate desire to enjoy with me. At that moment my consciousness became washed away by the rising wave of my ecstatic happiness. What happened after that I do not know.

uru-ratotsuka: Mangala to gopi-friend: O gopi-friend, my heart yearns to enjoy increasingly bold amorous pastimes with Krsna, where I press my entire body, down to my toes, against His body, and where in the course of our embraces my peacock-feather ornament falls away, my gunja-necklace breaks, the bracelets slip from my wrists, and my voice coos with conjugal bliss.

Bhuri-bhavodgamabhijna: A gopi to Syama: You are now moving the shackles of your crooked sidelong glances, and you are also moving the creepers of your eyebrows. Your face is decorated with the flower-bud of a very meaningful smile, and your bodily hairs are standing up in ecstasy. You stay in this forest grove for a long time, playing the lute. My beautiful-limbed friend, I think that you desire to capture and bind the black deer of Krsna.

Rasakranta-vallabha: Mangala to Krsna: O Krsna, look at these beautiful flowers in the forest. Please pick them, make splendid ornaments from them, and then decorate my body with those ornaments. In this way the trumpet of my good fortune will loudly play among the young gopis.

Ati-praudhokti: Once Krsna hid in Syama's house. When she detected Him she was simultaneously jubilant and afraid. She addressed Him in the following arrogant words: O Krsna, O cheater hiding behind this heap of cow-dung, why do You uselessly beg me in this way? Go away! Formerly You were more expert

atricking the gopis, as when You frightened them in an old boat. Where is that expertize now? (One time Krsna took the gopis for a ride in an old boat. When the boat began to rock dangerously in a storm, Krsna extorted various amorous favors from the frightened gopis in return for their rescue).

Ati-praudha-cesta: One time, after enjoying amorous pastimes with Krsna, Candravali became ashamed. Padma noticed this. Krsna then spoke to Padma the following fanciful explanation of Candravali's feelings of guilt: My friend, when your friend Candravali and I were engaged in our festive amorous battle, the necklace on her breasts danced. During that dancing, the restless hero who was the chief pearl on that necklace repeatedly jumped up and many times kicked my peaceful, saintly kaustubha jewel. Your friend Candravali is now embarrassed for that offense.

Mane tyanta-karkasa: Bakilamala addresses Syama, who has just spurned Krsna out of jealous anger: Your garland of malati flowers has just now wilted and fallen on the ground. O beautiful Syama, Krsna waits at the door, depressed. If you throw away this night in sleep, you will make all your friends weep. In this state of jealous anger what has happened to your ever-fresh sweetness? I cannot see it.

The jealous anger of the pragalbha heroine may be divided into three types: 1. dhira (gentle); 2. adhira (harsh); and 3. dhdhiradhira (both gentle and harsh).

Dhira-pragalbha: The dhira-pragalbha feature may again be divided into two parts: 1. udaste surate dhira (the heroine who becomes uninterested in enjoying amorous pastimes with her lover); and 2. savahittha sadara (the heroine who pretends to treat her lover with respect, while she actually burns with jealousy).

Udaste Surate: Krsna: Give Me some of these betel-nuts. Bhadra: Have You worshipped Goddess Durga today? Krsna: No, I have not. Bhadra: Then You cannot taste these betel-nuts. Krsna: Let Me give you something, then. Please take this flower-garland I have made with My own hand. Bhadra: I cannot take it. My husband will surely see Your workmanship in the garland, and know that You have made it. The king if Vraja is now calling me. Excuse me, I must go at once. Not hearing Krsna call her, Bhadra quickly left. In this way, with civilized politeness, Bhadra demonstrated her jealous anger at Krsna.

Pali to Krsna: My dear Krsna, I cannot place Your nice, beautiful garland around my neck for I have accepted a very severe vow of austerity to never wear flower-garlands. I also cannot speak to You, for the very harsh brahmanas have ordered me to observe a vow of silence. Ah Krsna, what girl on this earth could voluntarily leave You, if her mother-in-law were not repeatedly calling for her. In this way, with civilized politeness, Pali revealed her deep, jealous anger at Krsna.

Krsna to Candravali: My dear Candravali, do not push My hand away from your breasts. Do not turn away your face when I try to repeatedly kiss your lips. Do not pull away your body when I embrace it. How is it that you have become so angry with Me?

Adhira-pragalbha: In the adhira feature of jealous anger, the pragalbha heroine angrily attacks her lover with abusive language.

Gauri describes to Krsna the revenge-oriented practical joke perpetrated on Him by the jealous-angery gopis: O Krsna, O enemy of Kamsa, we are quite bewildered. We do not know how to do this thing properly. Who shall offer our respectful obeisances to our dear friend Syama, who is expert in all these things. O Krsna, we have tied this garland of malli flowers around Your neck, but yet Your eyes are now filled with fear and anger, and you appear discomfited by the many bumble-bees in the garland and by the lotus flowers that repeatedly strike Your ears.

Dhiradhira-pragalbha: When the heroine manifests both dhira and adhira qualities in jealous anger, she is said to be dhiradhira.

Mangala to Krsna: O Krsna, I will not talk with You because I am strictly following a religious vow of silence. In my heart there is not the slightest scent of anger towards You. O Krsna, O killer of Agha, please flee this place at once. The gopis have a cunning plan to capture You. They yearn to bind You with a rope of flowers and make You their prisoner.

A gopi to her friend: When Krsna prayed and appealed to her, Mangala insulted Him. The creepers of her eyebrows became so violently knitted they pulled the lotus flower from her ear. Although she yearned to strike Him with that flower, she simply said, Go! Get out of here! and turned from Him with contempt.

Of all the youthful gopis some are naturally arrogant. These arrogant gopis are known as pragalbhas.

Both madhya and pragalbha heroines are divided into two categories: greater and lesser, according to the intensity of the love they bear for the hero.

Vrnda to Nandimukhi: Seeing that Tara was about to fall asleep, Krsna affectionately and playfully placed flower pollen in the corners of her eyes to keep her awake. In the same way Tara affectionately fanned Krsna with a cooling palm-leaf fan in order to make Him fall asleep.

Vrnda to Paurnameśi: Seeing His two mistresses, Gauri and Syama, gambling at dice, Krsna, glanced at Gauri with rolling eyes and moving eyebrows, and offered Himself as a slave for three days, as the prize for the winner. True to His word, Krsna gave Himself to Syama, the mischievous victor.

The gopis may be divided into different groups. Some gopis are jyestha (situated in the topmost stage of love for Krsna), and some are apeksiki (full of hope for attaining Krsna).

The number of girls in these two groups is so great that they cannot be counted. The mugdhas may be divided into kanyas (unmarried girls), sviya (those

married to Krsna), and anyodha (those married to others).

The mugdha and madhya heroines are divided into six categories and the madhya and praudha heroines are divided into twelve categories.

The mugdhas are divided into three groups: kanyas (unmarried young girls); sviyas (Krsna's wives); and parodhas (the wives of others). In this way Krsna's lovers may be divided into 15 groups.

All these heroines may again be divided into the following eight categories: 1. abhisarika (a girl who meets her lover at the rendezvous); 2. vasasajja (a girl who carefully dresses herself in nice garments and ornaments to receive her lover); 3. uthanthita (a girl longing for her absent lover); 4. khndita (a girl who finds that her lover is unfaithful); 5. vipralabdha (a girl cheated by her lover. She waits for him at the rendezvous, but he never arrives); 6. kalahantarita (a girl separated from her lover because of a quarrel); 7. prosita-preyasi (a girl whose lover is living far away); and 8. svadhina-bhartṛka (a domineering girl who controls her lover).

Abhisarika: A girl who meets her lover or arranges that he meet her at the place of rendezvous or known as abhisarika. The abhisarika may be considered in two features: When the girl travels on a moonlit night (jyotsni), and when she travels on a dark, moonless night (tamasi). The abhisarika wears garments suitable for a journey. To silence her tinkling ornaments she timidly unties them. Accompanied by a single affectionate gopi-friend, the abhisarika goes to meet her lover.

Abhisarayitṛi: Radharani to Visakha: Krsna does not know how My heart suffers with love for Him. O My friend, please go to Him, expertly appeal to Him on My behalf, and affectionately bring Him here to meet Me before this wretched moon kisses the horizon and robs Me of My life-breath.

Jyotsni: Visakha to Radharani: O beautiful Radharani, the great circle of the moon is now filling the forest of Vrndavana with bright moonlight. Krsna, the son of Vraja's king Nanda has now marked the path You have taken and He is about to follow it. You are nicely dressed in a white silk sari, and You are anointed with camphor and sandalwood,. Will You not now place Your two beautiful lotus feet on this path that leads to Krsna?

Tamasi: Lalita to Radharani: Their limbs completely covered by blue saris, these saintly gopis are now travelling through this kadamba forest on this dark, moonless night to meet Krsna, the enemy of Bakasura. O my friend Radharani, the sharp blades of the lightning effulgence of Your transcendental body are now piercing the thick darkness that is Your ally. In this way Your brilliant bodily luster has now become Your enemy.

Vasasajja: A girl who decorated her body and home to attract her lover is called vasasajja.

The **vasasajja** yearns to enjoy amorous pastimes with Krsna. She gazes at the path, waiting for Krsna's arrival. She enjoys telling her friends about her pastimes with Krsna. She continually looks for the arrival of Krsna's messenger. These are some of the activities of the vasasajja.

Rupa-manjari to a *gopi*-friend: When Radharani sees the conjugal pastime grove with its beautiful couch of flowers, and when She sees Her own transcendental form nicely decorated, She begins to smile. repeatedly meditating on Her association with Krsna, Her heart becomes intoxicated by amorous desires.

Utkanthita: A girl who longs for her absent lover who has neither offended her or quarrelled with her, is called a virahotkanthita heroine by those learned in the features of ecstatic love. This heroine suffers within her heart, trembles, weeps, becomes listless, and proposes various theories to explain why her lover has not come to meet her. These are some of the activities of the utkanthita heroine.

Candravali to her *gopi*-friend: O moonfaced friend, is Krsna now bound by the ropes of Radharani's sidelong glances, or has He now begun a war with the powerful enemies of the demigods? Alas, it is already the eighth day of krsna-paksa, the moon is now rising in the east, and the prince of Vraja does not remember me.

The three conditions mentioned after vasasajja, share some common features, In them the heroine is completely dependent on her lover, and she longs for him in his absence.

Khandita: When a lover does not arrive at the appointed rendezvous to meet his beloved, but instead spends the time enjoying with a different girl, later, at sunrise, he may chance to meet the girl he cheated, displaying the clear signs of his amorous adventures. The cheated girls are known as khandita. She may become angry, sigh, or become silent. these are some of her responses.

Bakulamala to her friend: Krsna's head and arms were smudged with red lac, and His chest was marked with kunkuma from embracing the breasts of some girl. In some places His body carried the impressions of earring or finger-rings. His garland of flowers had wilted, and His eyes were like two flower-buds rolling about. When Syama saw Him appear in this way at sunrise, she became angry within her heart, and on her lips she observed the vow of silence followed by great sages.

Vipralabdha: A girl whose dear lover fails, because of the hand of destiny, to keep his appointment with her, and who is thus very unhappy at heart, is called vipralabdha by the wise. The vipralabdha heroine manifests despair, anxiety, anguish, weeping, fainting, and singing. these are some of the ways she responds to her situation.

Radharani to Visakha: The moon has now left the sky and returned to the heavenly planets. O friend, this Krsna, the lover of the goddess of fortune, has cheated us. What shall we do now? Please instruct us. After speaking these words, doe-eyed Radharani fainted.

Kalahantarita: A girl who quarrels with her lover, and even when he falls at her feet and begs her to forgive him in front of all her friends, angrily rejects him, only to suffer afterwards, is called kalahantarita. she feels great remorse and suffering, becomes listless, sighs, and talks nonsense. These are some of her symptoms.

Radharani: I have thrown far away all the garlands presented to Me by this Krsna, the enemy of Kesi. I have not allowed his sweet words of supplication to enter My ears. When He offers obeisances to Me I refuse to see His peacock-feather crown resting on the ground before Me. All His endeavors are as effective as a meal buried deep underground.

Prosita-bhartrka: A girl whose lover has gone to a distant country is known as prosita-bhartrka. she praises her absent lover, is weak, dispirited, emaciated, unable to sleep, miserable, unsteady, stunned, and filled with anxieties. These are some of her qualities.

Radharani to Lalita: Krsna is now happily enjoying transcendental pastimes in Mathura without Me. He is happy, but for Me this springtime brings pain at every step and from every direction. Alas, My enemy, the impossible hope that perhaps He may return, has become a great obstacle that does not allow Me to fulfill My desire to kill myself. Where can I find shelter from this enemy.

Svadhina-bhartrka: A girl who controls her lover is called svadhina-bhartrka. Her activities include picking flowers and enjoying pastimes with her lover in the forest of Vrndavana and the water of the Yamuna.

Vrnda to Paurnameśi: Krsna happily paints incomparably beautiful designs and pictures on Radharani's full breasts. On both Her ears He places blue lotus flowers so fragrant they attract the bees, and on Her braid He playfully places another delicate lotus flower. In this way Krsna obediently pleases Radharani for along time.

Radharani said: Krsna, please draw some nice pictures on My breasts and cheeks. Decorate My hips with a sash, twine a garland of flowers in My braids, and decorate My hands and feet with bracelets and anklets of lotus petals. When Krsna heard all these orders, He obediently carried them out with great pleasure.

Radharani cannot tolerate even a moment's separation from Her lover Krsna. Because She becomes completely controlled by His great love, She is known as Madhavi, the lover of Madhava.

The svadhina-bhartrka, vasasajja, and abhisarika heroines are cheerful at heart

and decorated with nice ornaments, The other five heroines are despondent and not decorated with any ornaments.

Their heart filled with anxieties, these five heroines rest their hand against their left cheek. Among the heroines in all eight categories there are three divisions: 1. *kanistha* (beginners); 2. *madhyama* (intermediate); and 3. *uttama* (the most exalted).

In this way there are gradations of love (culminating in the *uttama* heroine) felt by the heroines for their beloved Krsna, the prince of Vraja. Under all circumstances Krsna exactly reciprocated the love their bear for Him.

Uttama: Radharani is described as the topmost *uttama* heroine in the following statement, where Krsna says to Subala: Radharani will renounce everything if that will make Me happy for a moment. Even if I torment Her with suffering She never becomes angry with Me in Her heart. If She hears the rumor, even if it is untrue, that I am slightly unhappy, Her heart cracks. With these transcendental good qualities Radharani shines as the best of all the beautiful-eyed gopis

Madhyama: A *gopi* to Ranga-devi: Have you worshipped Krsna with great respect only to become wounded at heat by Him? Is that the reason you have so suddenly left? O ranga-devi, your limbs are trembling as if tossed by waves. O my friend, this is not the symptom of a beautiful girl's love for her lover.

Kanistha: Vrnda to a *gopi*: A moment ago you were jubilantly praising this fierce rainstorm, saying that because of it no one would travel, and therefore you could very easily go to your rendezvous with Krsna, the slayer of demons. My dear eager girl, please tell me, then, now that a little baby cloud is yawning with a few thunderbolts, you have suddenly become reluctant to travel to the forest-grove?

In this way we have divided the heroines into groups of five and ten. The various subdivisions and interactions of these groups give us 120 different kinds of heroines. When the eight features beginning with *utkanthita*, and the three features beginning with *uttama*, are added, there are 360 different kinds of heroines. This is the description of the learned devotees.

Just as Krsna manifests the consciousness of all the different kinds of heros, in the same way Radharani manifests the different kinds of consciousness of most of the different kinds of heroines.

Chapter 6

Varieties of Leaders of the Gopis (*yuthesvari-bheda*)

Now the leaders of the gopis will be described. Some act as Srimati Radharani's friends, some are neutrals, and some rivals.

The beautiful-eyebrowed girls of Gokula may be divided into three groups: 1. *adhika* (the most fortunate and qualified); 2. *sama* (those whose good fortune and qualifications place them in an intermediate position); and 3. *laghu* (those not as fortunate and qualified as the others).

Each of these groups may again be subdivided into three sub-groups: 1. *prakhara* (a harsh girl); 2. *madhya* (a girl whose qualities place her midway between the *prakhara* and *mrdivi*); and 3. *mrdivi* (a girl whose disposition is sweet and gentle). The *prakhara* speaks arrogantly, and in argument she is almost always victorious. The *mrdivi* is completely free from arrogance, and the *madhya* is partly arrogant and partly sweet.

Each of the groups of *adhika*, *sama*, and *laghu* heroines may again be subdivided into 1. *atyantiki* (eternally the most elevated); and 2. *apekshiki* (those aspiring for that position).

atyantiki-adhika: A girl who is superior to others, and to whom no one is equal or superior, is known as *atyantika-adhika*. the *madhya* heroine Srimati Radharani is the topmost *atyantika-adhika*, for there is no girl like Her in the land of vraja.

Syamala: Bhadra may speak fickle, charming words, Pali may blossom with happiness, Vimala may abandon all shyness, Syama may become proud, and even Candravali may strut about with her head raised high, only so long as the mantra Radha does not enter their ears.

Out of many leaders of the *gopis* one may aspire for the most elevated love of Krsna. Such a heroine, better than the others, is given the name *apekshiki-adhika*.

Adhika-prakhara: A *gopi* to her friend: Her comes the serpent-king Krsna slithering down govardhana Hill. My dear beautiful friend, since you do not know the mantra to tame Him, you and your frightened friends should immediately flee from this place. however, since I am an expert snake-charmer who travels around this forest of Vrndavana, I shall now weave a magical spell and bring this Krsna-snake under my control.

Adhika-madhya: One of the *yuthesvaris* to a *gopi*: My friends saw you on the sunset of the full-moon day! Why do you angrily and cleverly try to deceive me? Rascal, I shall now imprison you and your friends in my house. The king of this forest-grove, who waits for you on the path will see that He has been tricked by you, just as someone may become tricked into thinking that a rope is a snake.

adhika-mrdivi: One of the *yuthesvaris* says to her *hopi*-friend: Please do not bow your head and go far away with all your friends. Look at me. Dear friend, I love you. The flower garland you won by defeating Krsna, the demon-crusher, in the gambling match, and which you now wear in your hair, I carefully fashioned with all the artistic skill I could gather.

Just as the two kinds of *adhika* (most exalted) *yuthesvaris* were divided into three groups, the two kinds of *sama yuthesvaris* and *laghu yuthesvaris* are also divided into three groups in the same way.

Sama-prakhara: One time Krsna chastised a certain *gopi* for picking flowers in Vrndavana forest. When that *gopi* became very frightened by His words, one of the *yuthesvaris* spoke to her: Do you not have a friend by your side? Why do you tremble at heart? Is it because of this Krsna? My dear friend, I am accompanied by many intelligent *gopis*, and strength is very formidable. I shall now stand before you, and raise my arms to defend you from this Krsna.

Sama-madhy: conversation between two *yuthesvari gopis*: First *yuthesvari*: Don't touch me! Your forehead is marked with mineral pigment smudges from Krsna's body, second *yuthesvari*: Why do you touch me? the mistress of a snake should keep her distance. First: To hell with you! You are the mistress of a snake. Your body carries the marks of your enjoyment with your snake-lover. Second: Your friends are all snakes that have sloughed their skins and slithered from the holes of Krsna's flute.

mrdivi: One time Krsna sent Lilavati to chastise and humble Tara, whom He considered overly proud. Tara's response to Lilavati's harsh criticisms was very gentle and mild. She said: How can your friend Tara deny your words? O Lilavati, I swear, you are my life and soul. O auspicious, fair-complexioned friend, one thing I beg you: Please instruct your cowherd friend Krsna that, although it is proper for Him to deal with me in this way, He should not abuse others who are honest, simple folk in this fashion.

A *prakhara yuthesvari*, noticing a *sama-mrdvi yuthesvari* entering the forest at sunset, became suspicious, and bitterly accused her of going to meet Krsna. The *mrdivi yuthesvari* defended herself by saying that she was merely going to the shore of the Yamuna to worship the goddess Durga, according to her mother-in-law's instruction. The following exchange ensued: *Mrdivi yuthesvari*: My mother-in-law has sent me here with my friend. Why are you whispering these terrible accusations? *Prakhara yuthesvari*: I am mistaken. I thought you had disobeyed your mother-in-law's order. Now that it is sunset, I shall go with you and your friend to the shore of the Yamuna, and worship the goddess Durga.

The *laghu yuthesvaris* may first be divided into two groups: 1. *apeksiki* (those aspiring for perfection); and 2. *atyantiki* (those who have attained perfection).

Among leaders of the *gopis* those who are in a lesser position are known as *apeksiki-laghu*.

Laghu-prakhara: A *laghu-prakhara yuthesvari* arrogantly criticizes her friend: O fickle thief who lurks in this forest of Vrndavana, are you very happy to peacefully sit by the shore of the Yamuna now that you have tightly bound me with this

exaggerated glorification of Krsna? You have not only tied me up, but now you have stolen the great wealth of my peaceful composure and forcibly snatched from me the great opulence of my shy modesty. My friend, you have robbed me and made me very unhappy.

Laghu-madhya: A gopi says to Candravali: Radharani, the daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu, knows a magic potion to bring Krsna under Her control. At this moment She is entering the pathway of the eyes of Her ever new and fresh lover, Vraja's Prince Krsna. It is very easy to see how kind and polite She is to Him, and how cruel and hard to you. O queen Candravali, who can describe the misfortune of us tormented persons?

Laghu-mrdvi: A yuthesvari friend of Radharani says to her friend: Look at the golden moon of Candravali who fills the shore of the Yamuna with a beautiful splendor. My friends, if we chance to see the wonderful cakora bird of Krsna, let us flee at once. (The cakora bird is nourished by drinking the light of the moon.)

Because Krsna is absorbed in gazing at the moonlike Candravali He is compared to this bird. In this verse Radharani's friends say they cannot bear to see Krsna gazing at Candravali. They will flee at once to avoid seeing this terrible sight.

Among the yuthesvaris the *atyantiki-laghu yuthesvari* is in the lowest position. The *mrdvi* feature is especially suitable for her character.

One of the *laghu-mrdvi* yuthesvaris addresses her friend: Krsna has been invited to two places this evening. All my friends have mercifully invited Him to meet me in a secluded forest grove, and at the same time my parents have invited Him to dinner. This has created a very embarrassing situation for me. O goddesses of Vrndavana, please stay here a while. Beautify my home with your presence, and please mercifully cover my embarrassment when Krsna arrives.

In this way the yuthesvaris are divided into three groups: 1. *adhika* (the most exalted); 2. *sama* (those of intermediate status); and 3. *laghu* (those of lowest status). Each of these three groups is again divided in three. In this way the number of groups becomes nine. The groups are again divided in two parts: 1. *atyantika*, or situated in perfection; and 2. *apeksiki*, or aspiring for perfection.

Chapter 7

Varieties of Messengers (*Duti-bheda*)

Some gopis assist Lord Krsna by carrying messages. Situated in the various stages of ecstatic love, beginning with *purva-raga* (preliminary attraction), these

messenger-gopis yearn to associate with Lord Kṛṣṇa. They may be divided into two groups: 1. *svayam-duti*; and 2. *apta-duti*. They will be described in this chapter.

Svayam-duti (A messenger who acts on her own volition): A *gopi* who is filled with varieties of ecstatic love whose intense enthusiasm overwhelmed her natural shyness, and who thus, on her own volition carries messages for Lord Kṛṣṇa and His lovers, is described in the *smṛti-sāstras* as *svayam-duti*.

The *svayam-dutis* are again divided into three groups: 1. *vacika*; 2. *angika*; and 3. *caksusa*.

Vacika (verbal messages): Verbal messages are divided into two types: 1. *śabda-vyangya* (where a hidden meaning, secret message is concealed in the sounds of the words); and 2. *artha-vyangya* (where a secret message is concealed in the meaning of the words). these may again be divided in two ways: 1. *kṛṣṇa-visaya*; and 2. *purahstha-visaya*.

Kṛṣṇa-visaya may be divided into two ways: 1. *saksat* (direct); and 2. *vyapadesa* (by a trick).

Saksat: The *saksat* message may assume various forms, such as: 1. *garva* (the proud message); 2. *aksepa* (scolding); and 3. *yacna* (an appeal).

Garva-sabdottha-vyangya (the proud message where the words themselves conceal hidden meanings): Rādhārāṇī to Kṛṣṇa: My dear Madhava, by association with Lalitā I have become very proud, and now I am confident that I am the crest-jewel of all chaste, saintly girls. For Your own good, therefore, I tell you: Do not become a snakelike rake who tries to make advances to Me on this pathway. (My dear madhava, I am always present in the thoughts of the chaste, saintly *gopis*, and therefore playful ecstatic love has filled Me with great pride. I have become very proud because the charming hero Kṛṣṇa is so attached to Me. For Your own good, therefore, I tell You: Do not act like a snake; do not act like a debauchee; and do not try to embrace me.

Garva-arthottha-vyangya (a proud message where the hidden message is contained not in the words, but in the meaning): Syāmā to Kṛṣṇa: My dear Kṛṣṇa, whose limbs are dark like a tamala tree, why do You throw these charming sidelong glances at us? I am Syāmā, famous as the guru of all pious, chaste girls in all three worlds. If I try to even lightly bind these doe-like *gopis* with Your sidelong glance, they will become furious, surround You, and violently attack You from all direction.

Aksepa-sabdottha-vyangya (a rebuke with words that conceal a hidden meaning): A *gopi* says to Kṛṣṇa: O rascal of Vraja, do not block my path. Turn Your eyes to the horizon and look at the big clouds that have already covered the splendor of the crescent moon. O crooked cheater, my fine beautiful, effulgent red bodice is already wet with rain drops. It is becoming ruined.

O rascal of Vraja, do not block my path, turn Your eyes to my uncovered thighs and breasts decorated with scratch-marks. My splendidly beautiful, youthful body nicely decorated with a glistening bodice, has now become stunned and pale with intense ecstatic love for You.

Aksepa-arhottha-vyangya (a rebuke where a secret message is concealed in the meaning): A gopi says to Krsna: Thief! In my presence You are stealing many fragrant, fresh, blossoming jasmine flowers from this kadamba forest. If You try to steal my splendid necklace, who will protect me? The village of Vraja is far away, and we are alone in this uninhabited forest.

Yaena (an appeal): This kind of message is divided into two kinds: 1. **svartha** (with a direct meaning); and 2. **parartha** (with a hidden meaning).

Svartha-yaena: Radharani to Krsna: O Krsna, I yearn to get some nice flowers. I am now standing behind a beautiful flowering creeper. Please decorate Me with some of its sumana flowers.

O Krsna, by searching for flowers in Your company I have become filled with amorous desires. I am a charming girl embraced by the blossoming creeper of transcendental beauty. Please satisfy My desires and make Me happy. After Radharani had spoken these words, Krsna took the flowers He had collected and placed them in Her bodice.

Radharani to Krsna: this snake-filled Vrndavana forest is not very safe. Because I neglected to offer flowers to the goddess Katyayani, I am afraid I will be punished by one of these snakes. O Krsna, O Lord who played on the raised hoods of the snake-king Kaliya, I am surrendered to You, I have full faith and trust in You. Please be kind to Me and give me a mantra to counteract the poison of snake-bites. (In this allegory the snakes and poison refer to the amorous desires in Radharani's heart. In this way these words contain a concealed invitation to Krsna. In response to this request Krsna whispered a mantra into Radharani's ear. at that time He took the opportunity to kiss Her cheek, and after that He touched Her bodice as the *daksina*).

Radharani: My dear Krsna, You are glorified as the best of all famous men, and You traverse this dense, creeper-filled forest simply to protect the people staying here. O Krsna, O best of the Yadus, please be kind to us. Please be merciful, and show us the path through the forest. We women take shelter of You for we do not know the path that will bring us again to Vraja Village.

Parartha-yacna: A gopi addresses Krsna: When my friend once drank the fresh nectar of Your flute music with the cupped hands of her ears, her mind became very light and she at once fainted. Since then she has become very pale and constantly afflicted with a grave and mysterious disease. She thinks that You are the expert Dhanvantari who can cure her.

A gopi says: O Krsna, O killer of the Madhu demon, I come to You with a

message from a dear friend who faithfully loves You. Please try to understand her love for You. she is a cakora bird and she considers Your face to be like the moon. If tonight she does not get the opportunity to drink the moonlight of Your face she will die. her death will cause me great pain.

Vyapadesa (a trick): when words are employed to deceive the hearer, the device is called vyapadesa.

A *gopi* to Krsna: O elephant blinded with intoxication, why do You leave this celestial Ganges River, glistening with nectarean beauty, and filled with blue lotus flowers and sweetly cooing, intoxicated swans? Why have You taken shelter of this dark, muddied Karmanasa River?

O hero who carries a lotus flower. This is the best of all girls on earth. She glistening with the great nectar of beauty, she speaks like a sweetly cooing, intoxicated swan, her breasts are decorated with musk, and she is very eager to enjoy amorous pastimes with You. O her blinded by folly, why do You ignore her and wallow in the mud of inaction?

A *gopi* to Krsna: My dear melodious cuckoo bird, why do You wander about Vrndavana forest, ignoring this sweet mango blossom so young that even the bumble-bees remain unaware of it's charming fragrance.

When one pretends to talk to another person, even though the words are actually intended for Lord Krsna who is standing by the speaker and hearing every word, such statements are called *purahstha-visaya*.

A *gopi*, in the presence of Krsna, addresses a malati creeper in the following words: O Malati creeper, the bumble-bees call you, wishing to collect the honey of your flowers. For myself I earnestly wish to take a beautiful flower from this fragrant punnaga tree.

O Malati creeper, the bumble-bees call you, wishing to collect the honey of your flowers. For myself, I passionately long to attain this Supreme Personality of godhead, the best of males, decorated with many beautiful, fragrant flowers.

A *gopi*, in Krsna's presence, addresses govardhana Hill: O Govardhana Hill, you are decorated with many creepers bearing beautiful flowers unpicked by anyone, and you are the home of many peaceful, confident birds. I wish to wander on your slope. Please tell me how I may easily do that.

A *gopi*, accidentally meeting Krsna in the forest: This Krsna, the Prince of Vraja, is famous for breaking the chastity of pious girls, and I am a delicate girl, unable to resist Him, even with words. Exhausted from walking, and lost in this impenetrable jungle of creepers, I have now stumbled on that Krsna.

angika: These messages consist of: 1. *anguli-sphotanam* (cracking the fingers); 2. *vyaja-sambhramady-anga-samvrti* (pretending to hastily cover the body); 3. *pada*

bhu-lekhanam (writing on the ground with the toes); 4. *karna-kanduti* (scratching the ears); 5. *tilaka-kriya* (applying *tilaka*); 6. *vesa-kriya* (garments) 7. *bhruvor dhuti* (moving the eyebrows); 8. *sekhyam aslesa-tadane* (embracing, and also chastising a gopi-friend); 9. *damso 'dharasya* (biting the lips); 10. *haradi-gumphā* (stringing necklaces and garlands); 11. *mandana-sinjutam* (making the ornaments tinkle); 12. *dor-muladi-prakatanam* (uncovering the shoulders or other parts of the body); 13. *krsna-namabhilekhanam* (writing Lord Krsna's name); and 14. *tarau lataya yoga* (twining a creeper around a tree). These are some of the *angika*-messages the *gopis* send to Lord Krsna.

Cracking the fingers: Krsna to Subala: Beautiful-eyed Visakha, the best of all chaste and saintly girls, then began to crack her fingernails. Even though I was greatly fatigued, this activity enchanted Me and broke My mind into pieces.

Pretending to be very concerned to cover the limbs of the body: Krsna to subala: As she stood before Me this doe-eyed young gopi repeatedly covered her face and breasts with her sari. I think her heart is sorely wounded by the arrows of cupid.

Scratching the ground with the toe: Krsna to Subala: As soon as I arrived, this beautiful *vraja-gopi* began to scratch beautiful designs on the ground with her big toe. These designs contained the edicts of cupid, and as I read them I found My mind tightly bound with ropes and forcibly thrown into the valley between the two mountains of this gopi's breasts.

This lotus-eyed *vraja-gopi* scratched her ear with the tips of her red fingernails. as she scratched, the bangles on her wrist tinkled and her gold earrings playfully moved to and fro. I am now meditating on her ear-scratching.

Kundavali to Krsna: O Krsna decorated with a crown of peacock feathers, as soon as Gandharvika (Radharani) saw You, She at once began to happily decorate Her face, as beautiful as the autumn moon, with splendid *tilaka* dots of red *sindura*. As her hand, as splendid as a yellow *bandhuka* flower, applied the *tilaka* dots, Her earring swung to and fro. Her red *tilaka* dots looked just like the love for You that has newly sprouted in Her heart, and is now beginning to push it's new shoots onto the surface of Her transcendental body.

As she stood before Krsna, lotus-eyed Pali beamed with happiness as she playfully and suggestively placed an earring of nectar-filled *lavanga* flowers on her ear.

Vrnda to Visakha: My dear Visakha, why do you move the cupid's Longbows of your eyebrows in this frightening manner? What has made you so unhappy? After all, with the chains of the beauty of your moonlike face you have just chained up the maddened, ichor-scented elephant of Krsna.

Rupa-manjari to rati-manjari: Look! With a passionate sidelong glance Citra greets Krsna, who has just entered the pathway of her eyes. Her moving golden bracelets tinkling, for a long time she suggestively embraces a gopi-friend, pressing her to her own, round firm breasts.

Sakhi-tadanam: Subala to Krsna: visakha has fixed her mind on conquering You. She now directs the lightning bolts of her restless sidelong glances at Your lotus feet, and she repeatedly strikes a gopi-friend with a cluster of flower.

Adhara-damsa: Syama to Lalita: Now that vraja's Prince Krsna has entered the pathway of her eyes, your moon-faced gopi-friend has become maddened with passion. Look! She is now biting her lips as if she has become angry with a friend.

Haradi-gumpha: Krsna to subala: Who is this blossoming lotus-eyed girl? By gazing at Me from the corners of her eyes she has stolen the jewel of My heart, and placed it in the center of the necklace of pearls she strings.

Mandana-sanjitam: Krsna to Subala: Seeing Me from far away, Syama moves so that her clashing golden bracelets make a tumultuous tinkling sound. I think these bracelets are actually reciting the royal edicts of the monarch Cupid.

Dor-mula-prakatanam: Krsna to Syama: My dear beautiful and auspicious Syama, in this forest of Vrndavana there are many splendid creepers bearing many sweet fruits at their tendrils' ends, but of all these creepers, the braceleted creepers of your arms are especially wonderful, for at their roots (your breasts) they bear two glistening fruits that delight the black cuckoo bird of Krsna.

Krsna-namabhilekhanam: Krsna to Vrnda: O Vrnda, by writing My name in red kunkuma paste on the pages of her cheeks, your gopi-friend has sent Me a very clear message of her intentions.

Tarau Lataya yogah: Krsna addresses the cowherd boy Arjuna: O Arjuna, when I saw the beautiful form of this lotus-eyed vraja-gopi, I became overwhelmed with passion. At that moment, by suggestively wrapping a golden yuthi creeper around a dark tamala tree, she made me mad with happiness.

Caksusa: Erotic signals sent from the eyes are divided into the following varieties: 1. *netra-smita* (smiling eyes); 2. *ardha-mudra* (half-closed eyes); 3. *netranta-bhrama* (roving sidelong glances); 4. *kunane* (eyes turned away); 5. *saciksa* (tilting the neck and glancing); 6. *vama-drk-preksa* (crooked glances); 7. *kataksa* (sidelong glances).

Netra-smitan: one evening, when Radharani saw Krsna returning from the pasturing ground with the boys and cows, her eyes burst into a smile of great happiness. Seeing this, Syama, wishing to tease her friend, addressed Her: On fickle Radharani, I know very well that when You saw Krsna Your eyes became filled with amorous desire, which You craftily concealed by covering it with this smile upon Your eyes.

Netrardha-mudra: As Radharani gazed at Krsna with half-closed eyes, Her friend Kundavali jokingly addressed Her: Poets say that Krsna's face is the sky and His eyes the sun and moon. My friend, is this not the reason the lotus flowers of Your eyes are half-closed as You gaze upon them. (the lotus flower blossoms in sunlight and contracts in moonlight).

Netranta-bhrama: Vrnda to Syama: Mukunda has now lost interest in the playful duel between the bulls. His mind is no longer fixed on happily playing with His gopa-friends. O Syama, by glancing at you He has become stunned like a tamala tree. How have you become able to make your sidelong glances dance in this wonderful way?

Netranta-kunanam: Nandimukhi to Paurnameśi: As Syama was walking on the Yamuna's shore, Prince Krsna entered the pathway of her eyes. Astonished and embarrassed, she turned away from Him but then furtively glanced at Him from the corner of her eyes.

Sacikṣa: Krsna to subala: At the Yamuna's shore doe-eyed Radharani tilted Her neck and glanced at Me with dancing eyes. In this way She severely wounded My heart with the sharp point of cupid's arrow.

Vama-drk-prekṣa: One time Lalita noticed on Radharani's body the clear symptoms of Her enjoying amorous pastimes with Krsna. Lalita then addressed Her: My dear Radharani, you appear to be helplessly tossed about by the moon-agitated tidal waves of happiness moving in the dark nectar ocean of Krsna. In a very excited condition You have repeatedly drunk the nectar of that ocean with the cupped hands of Your crooked eyes. In this way You have become a great pitcher filled with that transcendental nectar.

Kataksa: The pupils of the eyes may move with wonderful, expert quickness, going from place to place. Glances from the corners of such eyes are called *kataksa*.

Either a *gopi*-messenger, or Krsna Himself, addresses Radharani: O golden-complexioned Gandharvika, the enchanting bumble-bees of the pupils of Your eyes dart to and fro, repeatedly resting on the lotus flower in Krsna's ear. The pastimes of this bumble-bee have agitated the mind of Krsna and made Him completely forget everything, even His own self. Now where is His talking about Your lotuslike *gopi* rivals? Now where is His talking about Padma's friend Candravali? He has forgotten them all.

In this way we have given a brief glimpse of the numberless kinds of messages sent by the *gopis*, and also, when appropriate, by Lord Krsna, the enemy of the Agha demon. Those learned in the mellows of transcendental love explain that these messages are outward manifestations of the internal ecstatic love of the *gopis*.

Dutī (the *gopi*-messengers): The *gopi*-messengers are very trustworthy, and can be

depended on implicitly, even if their own lives are placed in danger. They are affectionate and eloquent.

These beautiful-eyebrowed gopis are divided into three categories: 1. *amitartha*; 2. *nisrstartha*; 3. *aptra-hari* (letter-carriers).

Amitartha: A *gopi* who, from one or two symptoms can understand the love of Krsna and a certain *gopi*, and who then proceeds to voluntarily arrange for their meeting, is called *amitartha*.

A *gopi* to Krsna: O killer of the Baka demon, I could see the message of love written on Your mononlike face, and I could also see Radharani futilely carry the armor of Her modesty that had been broken to pieces by the arrows of Your sidelong glances. I could understand by seeing. I did not need a verbal explanation.

Nisrstartha: A *gopi*-messenger who, shunning many complicated strategies, with a single logical argument is able to unite Lord Krsna and His *gopi*-beloved, is called *nisrstartha*.

A *gopi* addresses Krsna: O crusher of Aghasura, the transcendental virtues of Radharani are like a host of splendid priceless jewels that have no equal in all the three worlds lie on me! I am a fool for trying to describe these jewels to You, whose heart is as hard as diamond.

patra-hari: A *gopi*-messenger who carries letters between the youthful divine couple is called *patra-hari*.

A *gopi* to Krsna: O mukunda, please hear this message You lotus-eyed *vraja-gopi* friend gave me in a secluded place. She says to You: O rascal, why did You disturb me as I was enjoying the jubilant festival of deep sleep? Was this right or proper?

The *gopi*-messengers in Vraja may also be considered in the following way: 1. *slipa-kari*; 2. *daivajna*; 3. *lingini*; 4. *paricarika*; 5. *dhatreyi*; 6. *vana-devi*; and 7. *sakhi*.

Silpakari (an artist): A *gopi* to Krsna: The *gopis* then said to me, You are a second Visvakarma, appearing in a female form. Please quickly draw a picture of the most handsome man you know in this world. Requested in this way, I drew a picture of You. When Citra saw You in the picture, she became struck with wonder, and the eyes of all the other *gopis* also became filled with wonder.

Daivajna (an astrologer): A *gopi* sent by Radharani read Krsna's horoscope: At the time of Your birth the auspicious star Rohini was resting in Vrsabha. The calculation of Your horoscope makes me very happy. O Krsna, whose form is like a dark rain-cloud, I predict that you will become illuminated by a lightning flash and a full moon with wonderfully beautiful eyebrows. (Radharani's).

Lingini (an ascetic): A gopi-messenger who dresses like an ascetic, as Paurnameśi does, is called lingini.

Paurnameśi to Radharani: Honest daughter, do not become upset. I am an old ascetic expert at reciting mystic charms. I shall become Your messenger and the Prince of Vraja will be brought under Your dominion.

paricarika (Maid-servants): Lavanga-manjari and Bhanumati are the leaders of the paricarika gopi-messengers.

Lavanga-manjari to Radharani: Attracted by the jewels of Your transcendental qualities, Kṛṣṇa has left the other gopis and appeared before Your eyes. O my queen, please tell me: what else may this maid-servant do for You?

Dhatreyi (the Daughter of Radharani's nurse): A gopi to Kṛṣṇa: My mother nursed Radharani in Her childhood, and we are just like two sisters. My dear Kṛṣṇa, I have come here to tell You something very wonderful. Although Radharani's complexion is generally as splendid as gold, now that She is pining with love for You She has become thin and pale, just like the white crescent moon.

Vana-devi (a forest-demi-goddess): A gopi, sent by Vrnda to break Radharani's strong pride: I was born as a demi-goddess in this forest. Out of love for You I have appeared to You at different times as Your sister, mother-in-law, gopi-friend, and sister-in-law. Now please lift your neck. Be kind, move Your eyebrows and send various amorous signals to Kṛṣṇa. In this way Kṛṣṇa, the elephant of the cowherd boys, will transform Your breasts into the bulging frontal lobes of His elephant-beloved.

Sakhi (the friend who becomes a messenger): Without any duplicity the sakhis have more love for each other than for their own selves. They are fully worthy of each others complete trust, and they are equal in age, appearance, and other attributes.

Visakha describes the pitiful condition of lovesick Radharani to Kṛṣṇa: I don't lament for my dear friend Radharani, who is now on the verge of death, mortally wounded by the waves of the sharpened arrows of Your glances. I only lament that when She finally dies and goes to the incomparable supreme destination, the eyes of this entire material world will become useless for the lack of being able to see Her.

Messages are divided into two kinds: 1. *vacya* (where the meaning is presented in a straightforward way); 2. *vyangya* (where the message contains a hidden meaning).

Vacya: Tungavidya to Radharani: Curse me, hit me, rebuke me, throw me outside or attack me many times, still my mind does not waver from its resolve. I shall now go to bring Kṛṣṇa here. My friend, I speak the truth, a gopi who will not work to see You reunited with Kṛṣṇa, lives in vain. It is better for her to simply

give up her breath and die at once.

Vyangya: A *sakhi* to Radharani: My friend, I can guess that You desire to be anointed with fragrant krsnaguru sandalwood paste. I shall now go to the market to purchase it.

My friend, I can guess that You desire to be anointed with the fragrant *aguru* scent known as Krsna. I shall now go to that amorous hero and bring Him to You.

A *gopi* to Radharani: My child, why are You so thirsty? Listen and I shall tell You of a place You may visit to relieve Your thirst. My dear cakori bird, at this moment the splendid, pure, reddish moon waits for You on the eastern horizon.

Krsne vacyam: Visakha to Krsna: Radharani is the most beautiful girl in all the three worlds. After Brahma had created Her, He became struck with wonder at Her unprecedented beauty. My dear Krsna, this Radharani has sent me with a message for You.

vyangyam: Two kinds of vyangya messages are sent by Lord Krsna: 1. *priya-purah* (directly spoken to the *gopi*-beloved); and 2. *priya-pascata* (given to the *gopi*-beloved in an indirect way). These messages may again be divided into two kinds: 1. *saksat*; and 2. *vyapadesa*.

Visakha, in the presence of Radharani, speaks to Krsna: O Madhava, this peahen is very difficult to please. She will not come near me. Please be kind and quickly take her with Your hand.

Visakha, in the presence of Her *gopi*-friend, speaks to Krsna: O Krsna, many young girls in Vraja are eager to enjoy pastimes with You. Unlike them, my envious friend here is not at all agitated with the desire to enjoy with You. In fact, when she sees You, the spiritual master of all rogues and cheaters, she becomes very angry. Look, she is now quickly placing many *ardha-candra* arrows of angry sidelong glances on the long bows of her eyebrows.

Visakha, in the presence of Krsna and His *gopi*-beloved: O *kadamba*-tree, O favorite of Balarama, this splendid and fragrant madhavi creeper has now left its hard dhava tree. Does she not approach you now, yearning to take shelter of You?

O Krsna, O dear friend of Balarama, this splendid, fragrant *gopi*, who has conquered Your heart, has now left her harsh husband. Does she not approach You now, yearning to take shelter of You?

A *gopi* says to Krsna: O Mukunda, You are eternally fond of the *surabhi* cows and You are splendidly decorated with the glistening Kaustubha jewel. Camapakalata is glorified by all the beautiful and charming *gopis*, and she is both fragrant and splendid. O Krsna as splendid as a dark rain-cloud, You do not appear very handsome or glorious without the company of the new-lightning-flash-like Campakalata.

Lalita to bumble-bee: My dear bumble-bee, north of this lofty mountain is a great lake. On the shore of that lake is a large forest, and in the midst of that forest is a charming cottage of creepers. At the door of that cottage is a blossoming *malati* creeper (Radharani) that fills every direction with a delightful fragrance. My dear bumble-bee, that *malati*-creeper is now gazing at the path waiting for you to arrive.

The heroine may ask her friend to deliver the message to Krsna in a particular way. These different ways are now described in the following explanation.

The heroine may ask that the message may be delivered in one of the two ways: 1. *kriya-sadhya* (an activity); 2. *vacika* (a verbal request).

Kriya-sadhya: Nandimukhi to Purnamasi: Slender Radharani stares at a new rain-cloud in the sky, and stretched to embrace it. Is it that, without speaking a word, She is giving her gopi-friend a message to deliver to Krsna.

Briefly hearing the sound of Krsna's flute, slender, charming Radharani became very agitated at heart. Although She did not ask Her gopi-friend to bring Krsna, She perspired and the hairs of Her body stood erect in ecstasy.

Vacika: as previously explained, the verbal request to send the message may be divided into two types: 1. *kvacya* (the straightforward request), and 2. *vyangya* (the request expressed in words containing a hidden meaning).

Radharani to Visakha: My friend, you are My own life-breath moving outside My body. Within you great expertise and eloquence reside. you are not unqualified as I am. For this reason I request you to speak with Krsna and make Him become pleased with Me.

Vyangya: the *vyangya* request is of two kinds: 1. *sabda-vyangya* (where the hidden meaning is contained in the words); and 2. *artha-vyangya* (where the meaning itself has a hidden intention).

Radharani to Vrnda: My dear doe-eyed friend, I do not wish to learn any art or become skilled at any particular thing. I only wish to learn from the beautiful-eyebrowed gopis the art of tying braids. (the treasure of who is Kesava).

O gopi-friend, my heart has no desire for the best ruby. It only wishes to wear a beautiful diamond (Krsna) in the middle of this necklace.

Artha-vyangya: This kind of request may be presented in various ways, for example: 1. As a rebuke to the husband or another person; 2. As praise of Lord Krsna or others; 3. As a description of a certain place or thing.

Radharani to Visakha: I have offended the creator Brahma, and for this reason My heart is not at all attracted to My husband.

This forest by the Yamuna's shore is now violently attacking My eyes and causing Me great distress. O friend, why do you not instruct this forest to not attack Me in this way?

Radharani to Visakha: My friend, you are My won life-breath situated apart from My body. Although chaste girls will never glorify another man, I must ask you: How much sweetness is in this Krsna, the Prince of Vraja? Even from a far distance, His bodily splendor crushes My eyes with flood of nectar.

A *gopi* to her friend: My dear friend Candala, now that the rains of childhood have fallen from me, Vraja's Prince Krsna has become the hero of my heart. My friend you are very expert at delivering messages. Please do not neglect me at this crucial time.

Radharani to Her *gopi*-friend: I have wandered now for a long time to collect flowers in this tree-and creeper-filled Vrndavana forest, and now I am very tired. I shall now go alone into this grove and rest for a moment. In the meantime please go and bring Me a glower (Krsna) from the Yamuna's shore.

Radharani to Visakha: The spring season and the moon have combined to make this forest on the Yamuna's shore very beautiful. My body is also very nicely decorated by it's friend youthfulness. My friend, at this moment what more need be said?

Chapter 8

Srimati Radharani's friends (*sakhi-prakaranam*)

The *sakhis* assist Srimati Radharani in Her transcendental amorous pastimes with Lord Krsna. They are like transcendental jewelry cases in which Srimati Radharani places Her faith and trust. The following is an elaborate description of the *sakhis*.

The *sakhis* are attached to certain groups of *gopi*-friends. They may be divided into different types, such as: 1. *adhika*; and 2. *prakhara*.

In the matter of preme (transcendental love), *saubhagya* (good fortune), *sad-gunya* (transcendental qualities), and in other matters also, the *sakhis* are divided into three groups: 1. *adhika* (superior); 2. *sama* (intermediate); and 3. *Laghu* (inferior).

The *prakhara* (harsh) *sakhi* speaks heavy words which are difficult to contradict. The *mrdvi* (gentle) *sakhi* does not speak harshly at all. The *sama sakhi* stands midway between the *prakhara* and *mrdvi sakhi*.

The *sakhis* may be divided into various types, beginning with *atyantikadhika* (the most-exalted. In each group of *sakhis* the leader is *atyantikadhika*.

Some of the *atyantikadhika sakhis* are *prakhara* (harsh), some *madhya* (partly harsh and partly gentle), and some *mrdivi* (gentle).

Atyantika-adhika: this kind of *sakhis* are independent and not subject to the control of others. They are divided into three groups. Their activities are described in the following way.

Syama says: Nila, cover me with this black cape. Magha, give me this garland of *damanaka* flowers. My friend Campa, anoint my body with this dark *aguru* paste. Bharamaraksi, watch for my elders. Now that evening has arrived this great blinding darkness will aid my swift journey to the forest-rendezvous with Krsna.

Syama and Mangala are the most prominent among the *atyantika-adhika-prakhara sakhis*.

Radharani rebukes Her friends for delaying Her rendezvous with Krsna: Would you torture Me with these delays if your hearts were wounded by cupid's arrows? Look! The debauchee Krsna, who loves you very dearly, and who is now protecting the surabhi cows, has just now entered on the pathway of your eyes.

Radharani and Palika are the most prominent of the *atyantika-adhika-madhya sakhis*.

During a period when she had broken with Krsna because of a quarrel, Candravali said to Padma: Listen, friend. I shall speak to you the truth. Do my ears become tired from drinking the nectar of Krsna's flute-music? If my pride is then crushed, what is the loss? from the other gopis I have heard that you are criticizing Krsna for being too harsh to me. I think that if you glance on Krsna with half of an eye, all your criticisms of Him would at once stop.

Candravali and Bhadra are the most prominent of the *mrdivi* (gently) *atyantika-adhika sakhis*.

apekshika-adhika-trikam (Three types of aspiring to become *sakhi*-leaders): The *sakhis* in the group who are subordinate to the group of leaders, and aspire to become like her, are called *apekshika-adhika*.

One time Lalita sent the *sakhi* Sumadhya for a meeting between Krsna and Radharani, who was staying in a nearby grove. Krsna, wishing to humble the overly-proud Radharani, detained the *sakhi*-messenger sumadhya with His clever, charming conversation. when the tardy sumadhya returned, Lalita upbraided her in the following words: Sumadhya! Do not spend all this time drinking the sweet nectar of talking with this Krsna, the intoxicated king of the cheaters and rogues.

O girl greedy to enjoy pleasant pastimes, have you forgotten that Radharani is languishing in this grove which is filled with the sounds of humming bees?

Lalita addresses Citra: Fool! Be quiet! you have become hypnotized by the mantras of Krsna, the King of the rogues and cheaters. Even though you can directly see Radharani keeping Her vigil in this garden on the summit of govardhana Hill, you waste this precious time by talking to me with all these fancy words.

Lalita is the most important of the *prakhara* (harsh) *apeksika-adhika sakhis* in the group of Radharani's closest friends.

Visakha to Caturika: My dear friend Caturika, please give this garland to Damodara. Although Krsna is now glancing at me, you have neglected to tell Him that I picked the flowers for this garland. This oversight is now torturing me.

Visakha to Campakalata: My friend, why do I avoid hearing your auspicious profound words and instead allow myself to become tormented by the arrogant secrets spoken by Murari? I am now giving Krsna the splendid garland that once decorated the head of Kurangaksi. Krsna, wishing to humble Radharani's false pride, arranged in this way to honor candravali's friend Kurangaksi by wearing a garland once worn by her. Visakha laments that Krsna has impressed her into this unpalatable service.

Visakha is the leader of the *apeksika-adhika madhya sakhis* in the circle of Radharani's closest friends.

Krsna, wishing to curb Radharani's excessive pride, began devoting His attention to Citra. Radharani, filled with jealous anger, rebuked Citra, who defended herself in the following words: My dear angry friend, I have not cast the slightest glance on this Krsna who wears a peacock-feather crown. Be kind to me. don't criticize me for no good reason. If this Krsna, His shark-shaped earrings dancing to and fro as He playfully struts about, tries to flirt with me, then how can I defend myself? How can I escape His clutches?

In the circle of Radharani's closest friends, Citra and Madhurika are the leaders of the *mrđvi apeksika-adhika sakhis*.

sama: the *sama sakhis* have firm faith and love for each other. they are divided into *prakhara*, *madhya*, and *mrđvi* in the following way.

My friend, don't go away, Hari is very happy to see us. Let us pretend that we have become lost. he will then decorate our shoulders with the great bolts of His arms and happily walk with us on the shore of the yamuna.

Syama: Gauri! At this moment where does Hari enjoy pastimes? Gauri: My

friend, the lion is in the cave of Govardhana Hill. Syama: did a lion scratch your waterpotlike breasts that they are marked so? Gauri: I think you have become attracted by the roar of this lion. syama: Tricky dancing-girl! It is you who finds pleasure in this lion's roaring (music of Krsna's flute).

O Indulekha, please give me this pearl-necklace given to you by Krsna. If you are so proud that you will not give it to me, then I advise you to give up your smiling, for I shall leave your company at once.

Laghu-trikam: those *gopis* who have firm trust in their friends and endeavor to please them, are properly known as *laghu-sakhis*. these *sakhis* are also divided into three types.

The most important quality of the *laghu sakhis* is their willingness to help other *gopis*. The *laghu-sakhis* may be divided into two groups: 1. *apeksiki* (inferior); and 2. *atyantiki* (superior).

Lalita is said to be the leader of the *apeksika-laghu sakhis*.

In the presence of Krsna, Lalita-gopi exposes Radharani's love by addressing Her in the following words: Many times You warned me, saying: Do not allow your heart to fall in love with Nanda's son Krsna, for those who love Him shed a stream of tears that never stops. My dear fickle girl, all of a sudden You are knitting Your eyebrows. You seem to give no importance to my words. I ask You: Will You not now cry forever?

The *laghu-prakhara sakhis* may be divided into two types: 1. *yama* (the left wing); and 2. *daksina* (the right wing).

vama: A *gopi* who is always eager to be jealously angered, who is very enthusiastic for that position, who immediately becomes angry when defeated, who is never under the control of a hero and who always opposes Him is called *vama*, or a left wing *gopi*.

This Krsna is an expert cheater who has many mistresses. you should be very harsh to Him. Gentleness will bring you only suffering.

Nandimukhi to Purnamasi: When Krsna ferociously offended Bhadra with many clever insults, gentle Bhadra at first remained pleased with Him. However, when she noticed her crooked-hearted friend, responded by angrily moving her eyebrows, bhadra showed an angry expression on her face, and vehemently knitted her eyebrows also.

Lalita to Krsna: do not approach me. Please keep Your expertise at speaking clever words far away. My friend Radharani has spent the entire night keeping a wakeful vigil in that grove. she must be very tired by now. My Lord, please go to Her and establish Your kingdom of transcendental pastimes with her.

Lalita to Krsna: Among all of these 100,084 doe-eyed *gopis* praised by Your

friend Madhumangala, My friend Radharani is the most worthy and famous in this world. O rascal, cheater Krsna, why are You not content to accept Her? Why do You desire all the other gopis as well?

Lalita is the leader of the *prakhara* (harsh) *vam sakhis*. This description is given.

daksina: A *gopi* who cannot tolerate womanly anger, who speaks suitable words to the hero and who is satisfied by His sweet words is called a *daksina*, or a right-wing *gopi*.

In *Gita-govinda* Tungavidya says to Radharani: Because even though Your lover Krsna remains affectionate to You, You are harsh to Him, because when He bows down to offer respects You remain solid and indifferent, because even though He loves You, You hate Him, and because even though He is friendly and eager to see You, You are averse to Him, therefore everything has become reversed for You. The sandalwood paste anointing You has become like poison, the cooling moon above has become like the blazing sun, Your camphor ointment has become like burning flames, and the happiness of Your playful pastimes have become like a series of painful tortures.

Krsna left the arena of the *rasa* dance and took Radharani with Him into the forest. After some time He abandoned Her, suddenly disappearing from Her sight. Another *gopi* then happened to meet Him. She addressed Him in the following words: O Prince of Vraja, who can say whether You are at fault or not at fault for abandoning this girl? Who can say whether Your actions are auspicious or inauspicious? Still, O *tilaka*-marking of Nanda Maharaja's dynasty, my cruel heart remembers how this girl entered the dangerous forest for Your sake, without caring for Her own self.

Tungavidya addresses Radharani, who has quarrelled with Krsna, and refuses to speak to Him: O slender-waisted Radharani, please do not make meaningless the words I have spoken to our friends. When Krsna heard of Your glories He took shelter of me and begged me to intercede on His behalf. Radharani, look into my face. Please be kind to Him. Accept Him. Overwhelm Him with the auspicious waves of Your crooked amorous glances.

Tungavidya is the leader of the harsh right-wing *sakhis*.

Campakalata to Krsna: Be careful. If my proud friend sees me talking with You in this pathway, she will attack us with disappointed, angry sidelong glances. O Prince of Vraja, listen, and I will give You good advice: Take shelter of Lalita, without her all Your plans will be spoiled.

Laghu-mrdvi: Radharani quarrelled with Krsna and refused to make peace with Him. Citra then appealed to Her in the following words: My friend, I repeatedly place my head at your feet, and beg You to be kind and forgive Your lover Krsna. If You remain displeased and angry with Him, then, when You once hear the music of His flute on the Yamuna's shore, Your peaceful composure will tremble with agitation, Your eyes will become restless, and I will become able to smile at Your defeat.

Atyantika-laghu: Kusumika is the leader of the *atyantika-laghu* (least important) *sakhis*. Because of their very lowly status, these *sakhis* are always very gently

Kusumika to Lalita: O beautiful Lalita, I bow down to offer respects to you, and request that you please give me a letter to convince our dear friend Radharani to abandon the proud jealous anger, that makes Her war on Her lover Krsna. Although She longs to meet Krsna, She puts on an air of angry pride, and remains at home, fearing to come out lest she meet you and become convincer by your arguments to make peace with Krsna. Look! Krsna is gazing at your face from a distance! See!! Struck with wonder, the parrots have become silent, the peacock no longer wish to dance, and our friends, wondering: Who am I? Have forgotten their identities?

In conclusion, the leaders of the *sakhis* are divided into various types, beginning with *prakhara* (harsh). The *sakhis* situated in an intermediate status are divided into nine kinds, and the *sakhis* in the lowest status are divided into two kinds: *sama* and *laghu*.

In each group of *sakhis*, these 12 divisions are present. Now the *sakhis* who carry messages between Radha and Krsna will be described.

The *gopis* who carry messages to arrange for the rendezvous of the youthful divine couple may be divided into the following groups: 1. *atyantikadhika* (who are all *nitya-nayika*, or eternal heroines); 2. *apeksikadhika* (who are mostly *nayikas*); 3. *apeksika-sama* (who are half *nayikas* and half *sakhis*); 4. *apeksika-laghu* (who are mostly *sakhis*); 5. *atyantika-laghu* (who are all *sakhis*). In the first group all the messengers are *nayikas*, and in the fifth group all the messengers are *sakhis*.

Nitya-nayika: the leaders of the various groups of *sakhis* are described as *nitya-nayika*.

Because of the exalted status of the *nitya-nayikas* they do not directly act as messengers. They are very affectionate to the *sakhis* within their own groups.

Although the *nitya-nayikas* do not directly carry messages themselves, sometimes, out of great love for the divine couple, they engage the *sakhis* in their own groups to carry messages, not expressed openly, but couched in various hints.

Pretending not to have travelled a great distance to deliver a message, the *sakhis* speak messages in the form of hints. These hinted messages are of two kinds: 1. *samaksa* (those directly spoken to Lord Krsna); 2. *paroksa* (those not directly spoken to Lord Krsna).

Samaksa: this message is of two kinds: 1. *sanketika* (a message consisting of gestures); and 2. *vacika* (a message consisting of words).

Sanketika: these consist of sidelong glances and other gestures containing hidden

messages.

After enjoying conjugal pastimes with Kṛṣṇa, a certain *sakhī* bore His scratch-marks on her breasts. Another gopi chided her for this, and the *sakhī* defended herself in the following words: My friend, I can see how you are secretly glancing at Kṛṣṇa. If Kṛṣṇa had not taken my hand and led me out of this jungle of thorny creepers I do not know what would have happened to me.

Vacika: these messages may be given to Kṛṣṇa directly in His presence, or they may be given in an indirect way when He is not present.

Once Kṛṣṇa caught a gopi picking flowers in vṛndavana forest. He severely rebuked her for stealing His flowers, and threatened to punish her in cupid's prison. At that moment her friend Syama addressed Kṛṣṇa in the following words: My dear Kṛṣṇa, You are right. This girl is the culprit. She constantly picks Your flower blossoms, day and night. She is my friend, and she will do whatever I say, I give her to You. Take her hand. Take her home with You, and do whatever You like with her.

Radharāṇī to Citra: The creepers rubbing against My neck have broken My necklace. It was Kṛṣṇa's favorite necklace. Come, help Me pick up the scattered pearls. O My friend with beautiful face, good fortune has now appeared before us. I can tell that Kṛṣṇa has accidentally dropped the flute from His hand on the peak of Govardhana Hill. I shall go now, and with an expert stratagem take the flute and hide it on the hill.

Radharāṇī to Kṛṣṇa: According to My request friend Citra has gone to the flower garden on the Yamuna's shore to pick a jasmine flower. O Kṛṣṇa, O killer of Aghasura, as You walk with Me from the cottage, I implore You: Please do not tease My innocent you friend Citra in this way.

..... given by a *gopi* to her *gopi*-friend in Kṛṣṇa's absence, this message, using various tricks or other stratagems, brings the *gopi*-friend to Kṛṣṇa's side.

One moonless night Rāṅgadevī was unable to find her way through the forest to meet Kṛṣṇa at the appointed place. At that time Kālavatī spoke to her the following words: Your dear friend, the crescent moon, who is like a second self to you, has been stopped by the order of the Lord, and does not rise in the sky. I shall now bring auspiciousness to you. Your good fortune is now awakening. These bumble-bees, attracted by the sweet fragrance of Kṛṣṇa's transcendental body, are hurrying to Him. They shall quickly show us the path to the forest-grove where Kṛṣṇa is waiting for us.

Vyapadesa: these are divided into the: 1. *lekha* (letters); 2. *upayana*; 3. *nija-prayojana*; and 4. *ascarya-darsana*.

Lekha: One day Rāsālā-mānjari brought a letter from Radharāṇī to Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa proceeded to make advances at her. She protested, saying that she was simply a

letter-carrier. Krsna replied to her in the following words: My dear proud girl, give up this letter-carrying. Why do you look at Me with those crooked eyes? Allright, if you have a letter from your dear friend, then read it aloud. In this grove there is a cottage, and in that cottage is a soft, very fragrant couch made of flowers. On the pretext of attracting many loudly buzzing bees, this flower-couch bed is calling you to lie down upon it.

One day Rati-manjari gave Krsna a flower-garland, saying it was a fiat from Radharani who personally made it for Him. Taking the garland, Krsna began to make advances at her, clutching the edge of her sari. Resisting, she addressed Krsna in the following words: Merciless boy, be kind to me. Let go of the edge of my sari. Look! The sun is setting. I have to go to evening arati now. It is not Your fault that You cannot understand my dear friend's message and You slight Her valuable gift. You are too unintelligent to understand.

Lalita to Sasikala: Radharani, the daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu, personally said to you: Last night I absent-mindedly left my favorite pearl-necklace in the cottage by the grove of kadamba trees. My friend, please go and fetch it for Me. O Sasikala, why have you come home without fulfilling Radharani's order?

Radharani to Syama and her friends: I have just seen a swan as black as a bumble-bee. I have seen a snake whose face is studded with many suns. It wears many moons around its neck and it spouts all kinds of jewels from the top of its head. Friends, My words have made you so eager to see this wonder that you are trembling as if burning with anger.

I have just seen the swan of Krsna, as black as a bumble-bee. I have seen a flute whose face is studded with many *kaustubha* gems. its neck is decorated with many peacock feathers, and it spouts, from the top of its head, the jewels of sweet musical sounds. Friends, My words have made you so eager to see this wonder that you are trembling as if burning with anger.

The *nayika-prayas* are divided into three types. Because they are not as exalted as the *nayikas*, they sometimes engage in carrying messages.

Lalita to Sambhali: My dear Sambhali, now you have fallen into my hand. please do not be so disturbed. I do not take very seriously your desperate begging to not meet Krsna. You have no come to the edge of the forest-grove. Why are you now stunned and motionless? Dark-complexioned Krsna, the husband of many lionesslike gopis, will now tear away the pearl-decorated bodice covering the elephant's forehead of your breasts.

Once Visakha, speaking false promises, tricked an unwilling gopi-friend into meeting with Krsna in the forest: *gopi*: You always cause me great trouble and suffering. Visakha: With my crooked words I am gradually teaching you what is right. *Gopi*: You have cheated me. Visakha: O proud girl, even though you may try to attack Krsna, striking Him with the movements of the dancing girl of your eyebrows, He will defeat you and bring you under His control. O elephantlike girl, I shall then see the great independent elephant of Krsna enjoy transcendental pastimes with you.

Citra to her friend: Every day you arrange for me to meet Krsna at the cottages in the flower-filled groves on the Yamuna's shore. I am very ungrateful. what can I do for you in return?

The *sama-sakhis* are *nayikas* who carry messages. They are of three types: 1. *prakhara* (harsh); 2. *madhya*; and 3. *mrdivi*.

A *gopi* to her friend: In the past we have always acted as each other's messenger, and today it is my turn to become your messenger. Your trembling left eye is now begging me to find Krsna. O my friend, O *vraja-gopi*, decorate your body and set your eyebrows dancing, for I shall now go to find Krsna.

Describing the activities of Sasikala and Kamala (two friends of rangadevi), Rupa-manjari said to Rati-manjari: "Kamala said: O Sasikala, I shall go now and leave you in Krsna's hand. Sasikala replied: Why do you speak these lies. I am your servant and messenger. It is I who should go, and you who should stay. Look! Krsna has become charmed by the sweetness of the extraordinary love these two *gopis* bear for each other. Simultaneously He embraces them both to His chest, and passionately enjoys amorous pastimes with them both.

Krsna addresses the two *gopi*-messengers Madhavi and Malati: Madhavi, where are you going with My Malati? And you, Malati, where are you going with My Madhavi? My dear extraordinary beautiful and qualified girls, the dark-complexioned young bumble-bee of Krsna shall now take you both to a secluded place, drink the honey of your kisses, and enjoy transcendental amorous pastimes with you.

The intimate, sweet, rare friendship existing among the *sama-madhya-sakhis* is very difficult to understand. Only those learned in the intricacies of transcendental love can understand it.

Krsna said to *gopi*-messenger Mandaraksi: I am very glad to tell you that your friend Radharani said to Me: Mukunda, follow Mandaraksi and quickly bring her to Me in the cottage of creepers in this forest-grove. Appearing like a moon standing between two stars, Krsna then enjoyed transcendental pastimes with Radharani and Mandaraksi.

Sakhi-praya: The *sakhi-prayas* are less important than the *sakhis*. They are engaged in carrying messages, and they are divided into three types.

Tungavidya to Radharani: Exhausted by continually carrying You in His heart, and burning with amorous passion, Krsna yearns to drink from the nectar-filled bimba fruits of Your lips. My friend, You can decorate His lap for a moment. what is the fault? after all, a few pennies from the transcendental opulence of Your moving eyebrows have purchased Him, and now He is like the obedient servant of Your lotus feet.

Visakha to Radharani: My dear passionate friend, are Your eyebrows arched

like this because of fondness for these flowers, or because You know that in this grove by the Yamuna's shore, Vraja's Prince Kṛṣṇa is now hiding?

Saibya to Candravali: Fan Kṛṣṇa with the edge of your sari as He sleeps in this forest-cottage, and I shall bring bunches of lotus flowers newly blossomed in the moonlight.

The *sakhis* may be divided into two groups: 1. those who have some desire to become *nayikas*; and 2. those who do not desire to become *nayikas*, but simply desire the transcendental happiness of friendship with the *sakhis*.

The first group is described where Radharani addresses Lalita's friend Sasikala: Now please bring Me a bunch of peacock feathers (marked with the bodily symptoms of conjugal love) from this grove of *kadamba* trees. Sasikala! Why does My request for a hundred peacock feathers make you suddenly smile with embarrassment? Why do you now bow your head and cover it with your sari in this forest-cottage?

A *gopi* to her friend: Do not repeatedly leave me on the pretext of going to pick flowers in Vṛndavana-forest. I fear that you will suffer in some way when you are alone in the forest. O beautiful-faced friend, I tell you the truth: I simply wish the happiness of your friendship. I have no desire to enjoy amorous pastimes with Kṛṣṇa.

The *sakhis* who are always satisfied by the friendship of the other *sakhis*, and do not aspire to become *nayikas* (direct lovers of Kṛṣṇa), are called *nitya-sakhis*. The *nitya-sakhis* may be divided into two types: 1. *atyantiki laghu*; and 2. *apekṣiki laghu*.

One day Radharani tried to arrange a conjugal meeting between Kṛṣṇa and her friend Mani-manjari. Mani-manjari declined the invitation, saying: My friend Radharani, I have no desire to taste the happiness You enjoy by touching the transcendental limbs of Kṛṣṇa. I simply yearn to expertly engage in Your service. This Mani-manjari has no desire at any time for a conjugal meeting with Kṛṣṇa.

A *gopi* to Kṛṣṇa: My dear Govinda, I request that You please engage me in expertly arranging for Your splendid transcendental conjugal pastimes on the dancing stage of Radharani. This service is the topmost treasure in the exalted kingdom of all the *gopis'* hearts. My heart has no desire to personally taste the nectar of the touch of Your transcendental body.

Nitya-sakhi: A *gopi* to Kṛṣṇa: My friend has not entered this forest grove. Knitting her eyebrows, she became angry with me, and hid in the entrance to the grove. O Kṛṣṇa, O moon of Vṛndavana forest, I request You please pacify her anger.

The *sakhis* who aspire to become *prakhara* (harsh) *nayikas*, act harshly, and the *sakhis* who aspire to become *mṛdvi* (gentle) *nayikas* act gently. I shall not describe them further, for I fear that description would greatly increase the size of

this book. According to various situation of time and place, the prakhara and mrdvi sakhis sometimes act in a way contrary to their actual nature.

Lalita says to angry, jealous Radharani, who has just quarreled with Krsna: Tonight there is a great, fearful darkness. There is a rainstorm showering great streams of water, and there is a fierce whirlwind. Krsna now stands at Your door. Give up Your anger. Be kind. Touch Your lover's neck and embrace Him. this person named Lalita bows down at Your feet, and begs You to accept Him.

Citra to Radharani: My friend with a crooked heart, who glances at Krsna from the corner of Her eyes and pretends to glorify Him, why do You not give up this pretended politeness, and show Your anger towards Him? Even gentle Citra thinks it proper to become angry with Him, just as the cold forest descends on the lotus flowers.

A gopi-messenger may meet Krsna in a secluded place. Although Krsna may appeal for her mercy, He may sometimes be refused and spurned.

A gopi-messenger to Krsna: Krsna, now that I have met You in this secluded place I can give You the message of my dear friend Radharani. Krsna, why do You raise the fearful cupid's bows of Your eyebrows in this way? O Krsna, O moon of Vrndavana, if You neglect my friend and instead try to make advances upon me, I shall give up my life on the spot.

Some of the activities of the *sakhis* are: 1. glorification of mutual love transcendental qualities; 2. creating attachment to the divine couple; 3. arranging for the meeting of the divine couple; 4. presenting their friends before Krsna; 5. speaking joking words; 6. speaking words of consolation; 7 dressing and decorating the divine couple; 8. expertly revealing the actual feelings within the hearts of the Divine couple; 9. covering the faults of the heroine; 10. cheating the husbands and other superiors; 11. giving instructions; 12. arranging for the rendezvous of the divine couple at the appropriate time; 13. fanning the divine couple at the appropriate time; 13. fanning the divine couple and rendering other services; 14. and 15. rebuking the hero and heroine; 16. sending messages; and 17. endeavoring to protect the heroine's life.

Visakha to Krsna: O killer of the mora demon, why are You so cruel to this fawn-eyed gopi? Even though You have thrown her into the ocean of unhappiness, she refuses to give up her intense love for You.

Campakalata to Radharani: O Radharani, are there not many lotus-eyed *gopis* in Vraja-village expert at enjoying amorous pastimes with Krsna? Tell me then, what great austerities have You performed to make Krsna neglect them and love You so deeply?

Lalita to Krsna: When she sees my gopi-friend's beauty, Laksmi criticizes her own beautiful form. When she considers my gopi-friend's cleverness and virtues, Parvati becomes ashamed. In this universe what girl is like my gopi-friend?

She is very exalted and rare. What boy is qualified to meet her?

Lalita to Radharani: My dear friend, this newly youthful Krsna, the moon in the family of Nanda maharaja, is so beautiful that He defies the beauty of clusters of valuable jewels. All glories to the vibration of His flute, for it is cunningly breaking the patience of chaste ladies by loosening their belts and tight dresses.

Lalita and Visakha to Radharani: O slender, beautiful Radharani, your life is not at all barren and useless, for even though all the directions are now anointed by the waves of the sweet fragrance of campaka flowers, the bumble-bee of Krsna neglects those flowers, and prefers to enjoy transcendental pastimes with You and drink the honey of Your lips to His heart's content.

Visakha to Krsna: O black bumble-bee of Krsna, if You decline to enjoy the festive and fragrant mallika flower of Radharani, then what is the use of Your splendid youthfulness? What is the use of Your expertise in enjoying pastimes in the Vrndavana forest?

Rupa-manjari to Radharani: Filling the entire sky, and covering the splendor the nectar moon, the dark cloud of Krsna has now met the monsoon rains of Lalita.

Sudevi to Radharani: Out of respect for You the sun is now setting in the west, and, according to Krsna's desire, it has now become very dark. Just as the cuckoos lament, I repeatedly appeal to You: O charming girl, to delay is fruitless. Now is the time for Your delightful rendezvous with Krsna.

Visakha to Krsna: A host of virtues have worshipped Brahma for the right to live in this girl's heart, and fullness of youth has performed austerities to become eligible to serve her body. She is now intoxicated by the transcendental bliss of the sweetness of freshly aroused love for You. O Krsna, O killer of the Mora demon, I now place this girl in Your hand.

Lalita to Radharani My friend, Your transcendental body is the abode of splendid pastimes and beauty, of which this world does not possess even a pale reflection. Your restless eyes burning with curiosity, do not enter this network of creepers. In this forest wanders a lovely demigoddess decorated with black-mascara, who lures beautiful young girls into her forest-domain.

Lalita to Radharani: O Radharani, O daughter of Maharaja Vrsabhanu, please do not become unhappy to see the sun setting in the west. Delighting Your eyes and dispelling the great darkness of the dust kicked up by these surabhi cows, a moon is now rising to replace it.

While decorating Radharani, Lalita spoke the following joking words: As I draw pictures and designs in musk upon Your forehead, I cannot but think that eventually drops of perspiration will wash them away and use them to decorate the

face of Krsna.

Lalita to Radharani: My dear young friend, do not close Your eyes and shrink from me. Tell me the truth: What girl in gokula is chaste and faithful to her husband? I think You alone walk upon the path of chastity.

Lalita to Radharani: My friend, Your charming youthfulness has now become the kingdom of cupid, who carries a bow of flowers, and Your transcendental beauty sprinkles nectar on the eyes of all the three worlds. In spite of all these virtues, You are married to an old man who cannot properly act as Your husband. O my friend burning with shyness, among all the girls of Vraja, You are the only one who has been cheated in this way.

One time Radharani, returned home forgetting that She was wearing Krsna's yellow cloth around Her shoulders. When Radharani's mother-in-law Jatila saw this yellow cloth instead of the customary cloth of another color, she sensed foul-play, and angrily started at her daughter-in-law. At that time Visakha tried to protect her friend Radharani by speaking the following words to Jatila: At the festival the young girls, their hearts fluttering with happiness, playfully doused Radharani with a strong mixture of turmeric and water, which dyed Her silken shoulder-cloth yellow. That is the reason this cloth is now yellow. O noble Jatila, why do you stare at my friend Radharani from the corner of Your crooked eyes?

One morning Krsna, disguised as a brahmana boy, and accompanied by a gopi, arrived at Radharani's house. The gopi then addressed Radharani's pseudo-husband Abhimanyu in the following words: This dark-complexioned brahmana boy is Gargacarya's student, and He is very expert at performing the *karma-kanda* rituals. I have brought Him to this home so He may direct Radharani's worship of the sun-god. O cowherd Abhimanyu, go now, find a red-eyed, red-complexioned cow (for such cows are very dear to the sun-god), milk the cow, and then return with the milk to offer to the sun-god. Meanwhile I shall make a garland of red lotus flower.

An experienced gopi addresses a newcomer: First fan Krsna with a fan made of lotus-petals and vine-flower petals, then gently massage His lotus feet, then peel some betel-nuts, mix them with camphor, and place them in His mouth. Acting in this way, a young girl can become the intimate friend of Krsna.

Lalita instructs Radharani: My friend, be very respectful to Your lover's cowherd friends, carefully keep the secrets He entrusts to You, and do not press Your own desires on Him when they conflict with His wishes. Acting in this way, You will quickly bring the supremely independent Krsna under Your control.

Rati-manjari to Rupa-manjari: The lake of Radharani, it's lotus-flower eyes filled with darting bumble-bee glances has become unhappy now that the day has ended. The twilight of Lalita has now caused that lake to meet the rising moon of Krsna.

Exhausted and perspiring, Radharani rested on the chest of Krsna, in the forest grove. Waving a fan of vine-flowers, Lalita fanned Her.

One evening Krsna failed to meet Radharani at the rendezvous, and left her unhappily waiting for Him in vain. Afterwards Lalita rebuked Him for this in the following words: My friend Radharani is as beautiful as the moon, and She passionately loves You like the blazing autumn sun. O Krsna, O killer of Putana, why are You so harsh to Her? Why do You torture Her in this way?

One time, as Radharani was stringing a flower garland, Candravali's friend Padma arrived. Radharani greeted her and politely spoke with her for some time. After Padma had left Radharani showed Her flower-garland handwork of Lalita. Incensed at Radharani's polite treatment of Padma, Lalita rebuked Her in the following words: My friend, although You tremble with eagerness to enjoy amorous pastimes with Mukunda, You are nevertheless friendly and polite to Your rival and deadly enemy. Your attempt to master the art of decoration is a hopeless failure. Why are You so foolish that You cannot grasp an opportunity when it presents itself?

Lalita asks a swan to deliver the following message to Krsna: O Krsna, O tilaka decoration of Vraja, You have certainly forgotten Your friends in Vraja. I ask You, in these circumstances, why has Yamaraja, the lord of death and the husband of Dhumorna, not yet killed my friend Radharani? Why is She left to suffer unbearable pain for so many days amidst the fragrant flowers of Vrndavana forest?

After returning to Mathura from Vrndavana, Uddhava spoke the following words to Krsna: When Radharani begins to faint from grief, the gopi Madhavi restore her consciousness by deliberately lying to Her, earnestly vowing that You are arriving at that very moment, by showing Her a jewelled picture of You, or by telling Her that the sound of the bamboos rattling in the wind is actually the sound of Your flute. O king of the Yadavas, in this way Madhavi keeps Her alive.

Within the groups of *sakhis* there is another group of types: 1. *asama-sneha* and 2. *sama-sneha*

The *asama-sneha* and *sama-sneha* *sakhis* may again be divided into two groups: 1. Those who direct their love to Krsna; and 2. Those who direct their love to the gopi-leader of their group.

The *asama-sneha* *sakhis* who feel greater love for Krsna feel great pride in their hearts, thinking "I am the property of Krsna." They love Krsna, take shelter of and worship their gopi-leader, and remain unattached to others.

These *sakhis* direct all their love towards Krsna. They are very eager to carry messages to Him and serve Him directly in various ways. They are known as *Krsna-snehadhika* (those who have great love for Krsna).

Dhanistha to Radharani: When anything other than Krsna enters my heart

or my words, that does not bring me happiness. When You, O my friend, treat me with great respect, that does not bring me happiness. However, just as one may become devastated by staying for a moment under the blazing sun, in the same way I become overwhelmed with happiness by seeing the charming spotted moonlight of Krsna's face.

O beautiful friend, I bow my head before you and before all the demigods also. I appeal to you: please enable me to continually please Radharani and Subala's friend Krsna with my chosen devotional service.

In this way the *sakhis* who have great love for Krsna have been described.

Priya-sakhyam snehadhika: The *sakhi-snehadhika sakhis* love a specific gopi-friend slightly more than they love Krsna. The love of these *sakhis* is eternal. They always think: I am the property of my friend.

A *sakhi-snehadhika gopi* tries to dissuade Vrnda from arranging for a Radharani's rendezvous with Krsna: O Vrnda, don't carry this message. O friend, tell Vraja's Prince Krsna to not come to this rendezvous. This monsoon night is filled with many dangerous poisonous snakes. Why should you not be afraid to go to the forest on govardhana Hill on this night?

Mani-manjari says to the young, inexperienced Catura: Catura, let me teach you what I have learned from my own experience. If you make friends with Radharani, then within that friendship is automatically included ecstatic love for Hari.

The *sakhi-snehadhika gopis* may be further divided into: 1. friends as dear as life; and 2. eternal friends. In this way the learned devotees have described them.

Those who love Radha and Krsna equally: Those who have great love for both Krsna and His dear friend Radharani, are known as *sama-sneha sakhis*.

If She is not together with Krsna, Radharani brings great pain to my heart. O my friend, if He is not accompanied by Radharani, Krsna also brings me great pain. I pray that I shall never take a birth where even for a moment I shall not have the opportunity to drink with my eyes the nectar of the two festive moon of the faces of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna.

The *sama-sakhis* love Radha and Krsna equally. They think: We are the property of Radharani. They may be divided into: 1. very dear friends of Radharani; and 2. dear friends of Radharani.

Chapter 9

Lord Krsna's beloved gopis (*hari-vallabhah*)

The beautiful-eyebrowed girls of Vraja may be divided into four groups: 1. *sva-paksa* (members of the personal party); 2. *suhrt-paksa* (friends); 3. *tata-stha* (neutrals); and 4. (rivals and enemies).

Sva-paksa (the personal party), and *pratipaksa* (rivals and enemies) may be considered the two original divisions of the gopis in the nectar of transcendental mellows. The *suhrt-paksa* (friends) and the *tata-stha-paksa* (neutrals) may be considered to have been manifested from those two original divisions.

The *sva-paksa* will now be specifically described. After that, the general direction of the *suhrt-paksa* and other groups will be summarily presented.

Suhrt-paksa: The *suhrt-paksa* gopis work to fulfill their friend's desires and check any attempt to thwart (nullify) them.

Kundavali enters the assembly of Syama and her friends and addresses them in the following words: My dear Syama, my dear friends, Radharani's friendship for you has astonished the hearts of the entire world. Addressing you by name, She happily gives you this camphor and other fragrant ointments so that when the opportunity arises you may present them to Krsna, who wears a crown of peacock feathers.

One day Candravali's friend Padma informed Radharani's mother-in-law jatila that Radha and Krsna were enjoying pastimes together in Bhandiravana forest. Jatila arrived at that place and saw Radha and Krsna together. At that time the following conversation occurred between her and Radharani's friend Syama: Jatila: Agitated by a foolish girl, I have come here. What am I to believe? Syama, I have firm faith in you. Tell me: What is happening here? Syama: What I tell you is the truth. I am not deceiving you. what you see is Subala, dressed up like a girl, clowning with Krsna, the funny comedian of Vraja village.

The *tata-stha-paksa* (neutral party), which is situated between the *suhrt-paksa* (friends) and *vipaksa* (enemies, will now be described.

Padma says to Syama: My dear beautiful-faced Syama, you feel neither happiness or distress in Candravali's good or ill fortune. You take no account of her virtues or faults, and your mind is unagitated by either love or hatred for her. You appear just like a silent sage, neutral in relation to her.

The *vipaksa* gopis hate their rivals, lie about them, thwart their desires, and bring misfortune to them.

Vrnda to Krsna: O Mukunda, Jatila overheard Subala say: "O Radharani, crooked-hearted Padma saw Hari as He followed with His eyes Your path into the forest, and by a trick she has now brought Candravali to this place". Now, as the sun is rising in the morning, Jatila, seeing on Her body a blue garment (suitable for

remaining unobserved while going to a rendezvous at night), is severely rebuking the stunned Radharani.

Jatila: My dear daughter Padma, from where have you come? Padma: Mother Jatila, I have come from Govardhana Hill. Jatila: Where are the gopis? Have you seen them? Padma: They are in front of the sun-god's temple. Jatila: Such a long time has passed. why has Radharani not come here yet? Padma: Krsna stopped Her as She was coming here. Please go now, find Her, and angrily attack Her.

The *pratipaksa* (enemy) *sakhis* manifest the following qualities in their words and actions: 1. *cadma* (trickery); 2. *irsyā* (jealousy); 3. *capala* (fickleness); 4. *asuya* (envy); 5. *matsara* (hostility); 6. *amarsa* (anger); and 7. *garvita* (pride).

Bhanumati to Mani-manjari: One day Padma said to Lalita: Thinking dark-complexioned Krsna to be a rain-cloud on the peak of Govardhana Hill, and thinking the sound of His flute to be thunder, these unintelligent cows are now fleeing with great haste, O Lalita, you are very intelligent. Why are you fleeing in the same way? Speaking some expert lies, Lalita deceived Padma, and then quickly ran to Radharani's house, to tell Her where she may meet Krsna.

Irsya: After proudly displaying the garland given by Krsna, Padma received the following haughty rebuke from Lalita: My friend Padma, why do you show off this garland of forest-flowers so? Push aside your curling locks of hair, and look at this person stretched out like a blue stick resting on my porch. The person is Krsna bowing down before Lalita.)

Padma addresses one of Radharani's friends who was wearing a jewel necklace given to her by Krsna: Krsna bowed down before me and begged me to take this necklace, but I refused because the jewel in the center is seriously flawed. Such a flawed gem will bring ill luck. What will it benefit you? This necklace is just a serpent about to bite. O my friend, even though you would like to keep this necklace, you should throw it away at once, for your own good.

Accidentally discovering Krsna enjoying pastimes with Candravali, Radharani's friend Padma addressed a firefly in the following sarcastic words: My dear firefly, do not needlessly trouble yourself to try to illuminate this forest-grove. Candravali, who is splendid and effulgent as you are, now stands beside the dark cloud of Krsna, as if she were a brilliant lightning flash.

Rangadevi to Padma: My dear Padma, your friend Saibya has danced very enthusiastically in Bhandiravan forest. Who would not become astonished by her wonderful dancing? In fact, if slender Saibya were beautiful and learned in dancing, I think she would have charmed the entire world.

Padma to Candravali: O charming girl, although Hari decorated Radharani's breasts with a great necklace of very precious jewels, and although He gave you only a few small flowers for your braided hair, still, because your mind is situated

beyond all dualities, and because, like a great sage, you do not make distinctions between good and bad, you do not become angry with Krsna and refuse to enjoy amorous pastimes with Him in this forest.

Candravali to a friend: My friend, even though I have made a great garland of gunja-berries and large, newly-blossomed flowers, and even though you have personally presented this garland to Krsna, the killer of the Mora demon, still, when I see the earring that Krsna has placed on Radharani's ear, my mind knows that you and I are very unimportant in relation to Her.

Garvita (pride): Pride is said to have six features: 1. criticizing others by glorifying oneself; 2. in a crooked manner glorifying one's own love for Krsna; 3. praising one's own pastimes with Krsna; 4. mocking the enemy; 5. pride in one's own skill; and 6. proclaiming one's own superiority.

Ahankara is when one criticizes others by glorifying the virtues of oneself and one's friends.

One time Lalita entered the assembly of Candravali's friends. When Padma said that Candravali appeared like a splendid crescent moon rising in the sky of Krsna, Lalita became angry, and replied: The sky of Krsna is as dark as sapphire and can hardly be illumined by the crescent moon of Candravali which gives only a faint glimmer of light. That sky must remain dark until the rising of the brilliant sun of Radharani removes the darkness before our eyes.

Abhimana is when a gopi crookedly glorifies her own love for Krsna.

Lalita to Candravali: My dear Candravali, your intelligence is very sober, calm, and steady, for when you heard that Hari had jumped into the Kaliya lake, you remained cool, calm, and unmoved. My friend Radharani is not so steady-minded, for when She heard that Krsna had climbed the kadamba tree and was about to jump into the lake, She trembled, wailed aloud, and pounded Her breasts in lamentation.

Lalita's friend Ratnaprabha to Padma: You are fortunate. Your limbs are now filled with happiness because Krsna, with His own hand, has artistically painted so many nice pictures and designs on your forehead. I am not so fortunate. Alas, I am cheated! Whenever Krsna sees the moonlike face of Lalita, He becomes stunned and loses all His artistic power, and cannot draw nice pictures on her forehead. When Krsna draws on Padma's forehead, He is not agitated by amorous desire, and therefore He can draw nicely with a steady hand. However, when He sees Lalita, He becomes filled with amorous passion. (and with a trembling hand cannot draw very nicely. This is a description of Krsna's love for Lalita).

Pride is said to be *darpa* when a gopi praises her pastimes with Krsna.

Once, as Nandimukhi was telling stories from the Puranas, Lalita noticed that the gopis were beginning to fall asleep. At that time she turned to Padma, and

said: O Padma, I think you must be the crest jewel of all pious girls, for only you are able to sleep peacefully in this house during these moonlit autumn nights. I wonder what impious acts I have performed in my previous births so that the tree of *karma* is fructifying to cause this dark-complexioned elephant (Krsna) from Vrndavana forest to completely madden my heart so that I cannot sleep a wink.

Once Padma was waiting in Vrndavana forest to meet Krsna and take Him to rendezvous with Candravali. Just as Krsna was about to arrive, He met Lalita, who began to talk with Him and gradually lead Him away to meet Radharani. Seeing Krsna slip away from her grip, Padma began to lament. At that time Visakha addressed her with the following satirical words of pretended consolation: My friend, please do not sigh in this way. Be content. give up striving for the unattainable. When I see you so disconsolate my heart becomes tortured with compassion. O honest, pious friend, look, the black deer of Krsna has not unwittingly fallen into the hunter's trap of Lalita's crooked words.

Once, as Lalita was picking flowers in Vrndavana forest, she encountered Padma, who addressed her in the following words: On Lalita, I think you are the most fortunate girl in the entire universe, for you constantly worship the sun-god with these fragrant, wonderful flowers. I am not so fortunate. When I make garlands of flowers, Candravali and my other friends take them all and do not leave even a single petal for me to offer to goddess Katyayani.

Once Lalita overheard Padma say: O Nandimukhi, now is the time for Radharani and Candravali to compete. Now we shall see who is better. Lalita immediately emerged from behind the forest-creeper, and angrily addressed Padma: The flag of Radharani's glory and victory dominates the entire universe. Who in Vrajamandala can compete with Her? O Padma, it is only because Her heart melts with compassion for you wretches that you are able to serve Krsna for even a moment.

Sometime the *gopis* speak puns which contain veiled criticisms.

Once, Campakalata addressing Candravali's friend Bhavya, Campakalata insulted the gopi Saudamini in this way: My dear Bhavya, your friend Saudamini is decorated with such nice ornaments presented to her by Govinda. She loves Krsna so much that she becomes very unhappy when she is separated from Him. She is very expert. Her body display the beauty of eternal youthfulness. She is the most saintly and virtuous. Her good fortune is eternal and will never end.

My dear Bhavya, your friend Saudamini wears ornaments that are very displeasing to Govinda. Her absence brings Krsna great joy. She is very expert at quarrelling, and her complexion is the color of iron. She is the least saintly and virtuous. Her misfortune is eternal and will never end.

Rangadevi speaks to Saibya, containing hidden insults directed towards

Khelavati: O Saibya, the dancing of your friend Khelavati is just like nectar. She is so expert that even though she takes many wonderful steps, her necklace and ornaments do not move to and fro, but remain still. Her beautiful complexion eclipses the splendor of golden waves of the yellow pigment haritala. She brings a great festival of happiness to the eyes of all.

Because of their natural gravity, politeness, and other virtues, the leaders of the groups of *sakhis* are not directly jealous of the rival gopis.

Vrnda to Paurnamasi: When she sees the excessive pride of a rival *gopi*, Mangala becomes timid. She at once plunges into the swiftly moving mountain-stream on shyness, the surface of which shines with the bubbles and foam of her rare and beautiful smile.

The *gopis* of lower station are more harsh. They jealously criticize the leaders of the rival *gopis* behind their backs.

Padma, speaking to Campakalata, pretends to glorify Radharani: My dear charming girl, you are lucky, for Maharaja Vrsabhanu's daughter Radharani has now come to the nearby shore of the Yamuna and released you from the great shackles of my words. Sarasvati, the goddess of eloquence who plays in my words, has become plunged into the ocean of embarrassment by your escape in this way. (Padma implies that the goddess Sarasvati is ashamed to see the illiterate cowgirl Radharani).

Those in this world who do not understand the nature of transcendental mellows say that negative emotions such as hatred and envy are always improper in relation to the dear devotees of Krsna.

In Vraja the mellow of transcendental conjugal love is the submissive and dear friend of Krsna, who is more charming than a host of cupids. When Krsna is present, the mellow of conjugal love, incites the negative emotions of hatred and jealousy between the two camps of rival *gopis* in order to please Krsna. When Krsna is absent, these negative emotions are aroused in order to increase the *gopis'* love for Him.

Once, after Krsna had gone to Mathura, and Radharani was afflicted, feeling great pain because of His absence, She happened to see, reflected in a Salagrama-sila, Krsna, with Herself standing by His side. Thinking the girl next to Krsna to be Candravali, Radharani addressed her: O beautiful Candravali, this suffering Radharani can see how fortunate you are to be repeatedly embraced by Hari. I request you, please take from Krsna's neck one of His now wilted flower-earrings and give them to me with your own hands. In this way you will help keep Me alive for a little longer.

Now the difference between the leaders of the groups of *sakhis*, personal friends of the heroine, and the other groups of *sakhis* will be described.

The intimate friends of the heroine are exactly like her in all respects. The other friends of the heroine are a little different from her in some ways.

The neutrals are only slightly like the heroine, whereas the rivals and enemies possess natures radically different from that of the heroine.

Because of their different, contradictory natures, the rival groups of *gopis* are not pleased with each other. They become bitter enemies, unable to tolerate each other.

Radharani to Vrnda: This crescent moon of Candravali is passive, neutral, splendid, cool, and dumb. Her moonlight makes the lotus flower of intelligence and cleverness close its petals. She yearns to meet Krsna. In this pleasant earth who is able to tolerate the sight of this Candravali.

Candravali: Radha! Give up Your name, the name of the sixteenth star. O abode of contrariness, the peaceful, saintly sages are now displeased with You for Your lack of humbleness. Even though Krsna, the crown of all who possess good qualities, and the worshipable prince of Vraja, offers obeisances to You falling down at Your toes, still You will not even lift an eyebrow to acknowledge His presence.

To the extent that the *gopis* have similar natures they are friends, and to the extent their natures are different, they are enemies.

No rival or friend has love of Krsna, or any virtue or opulence even slightly equal to what Radharani possesses.

The leaders of the groups of *sakhis* all possess a similar very exalted nature. It is very difficult for anyone to attain a status like theirs.

If, because of a happy accident, friendship may be established among certain *gopis*, in the same way, according to their own nature, enmity and rivalry may also be established among them.

Chapter 10

That which stimulates ecstatic love

That which stimulates ecstatic love between Lord Krsna and His beloved *gopis* are: 1. transcendental qualities; 2. names; 3. pastimes; 4. ornaments; 5. things in relation to the object of love; and 6. things that have no relation to the object of love.

The transcendental qualities are divided into three broad groups: 1. the qualities of the mind and intelligence; 2. qualities of speech; and 3. qualities of the body.

Transcendental qualities of the mind and intelligence: 1. gratefulness; 2. tolerance and patience; and 3. compassion.

Krsna is so grateful that He allows Himself to become controlled by one who performs even the slightest service. He is so forgiving and tolerant that He smiles patiently even if the greatest unforgivable offense is committed to Him. He is so compassionate that His heart becomes tormented if He sees others suffering even slightly. When I see this Hari, my heart thirsts to be with Him.

Qualities of speech: The first feature of these speeches is that they delight the ear.

Hiding behind a creeper, Radharani eagerly eavesdropped on a conversation between Krsna and His friend Subala. Afterwards Visakha asked Radharani why She was so eager to hear Krsna's words. She said: My friend, the nectar of Madhava's words is filled with an unprecedented sweetness that enchants the ears. I am not satisfied to have once sipped that nectar but I yearn to drink it again and again.

Qualities of body: 1. youthfulness; 2. *rupa*; 3. *levanya*; 4. *saundarya*; 5. *abirupata*; 6. sweetness; and 7. delicateness.

Yuth is divided into the following four parts: 1. *vayah-sandhi*; 2. *navya*; 3. *vyakta*; 4. *purna*.

Previously in *Bhakti-rasamrta-sindhu* these qualities have been described in relation to Kesava. In the following portions of the present book these same qualities will be described as they apply to Krsna's beloved *gopis*.

The junction of childhood and youth: A *gopi*-messenger to Radharani: Dark black without the slightest trace of brown, the hairs on Krsna's chest have become letters written in King Cupid's royal edict. The two restless saphara fish of Krsna's eyes now aspire to churn the waters of fresh youthfulness.

Nandimukhi to Krsna: O Krsna, O king of Vraja, the greedy hunter cupid, clutching his five arrows has climbed the mountain summit of Your sidelong glance, greedy to capture the does of the *gopis*' eyes. Seeing this hunter in Vrndavana forest, the frightened does of the *gopis*' eyes have now become filled with tears.

Seeing Radharani from a distance, Krsna said to Subala: The young king of youthfulness is now entering his kingdom in Radharani's transcendental body. Understanding the king's greatness, Radharani's beautiful hips greet him with the tinkling sounds of a sash of bells. Fearing it's destruction at his hand, Radharani's

waist girds itself with three folds of skin. The two ripe fruits of Radharani's breasts offer themselves as a suitable gift to the young king.

Visakha jokes to Radharani: The bumble-bee of Your sidelong glances now desires to land on the blue lotus flower of Your eyes, the young swan of Your heart now searching for the tender lotus sprout of Your shyness, and a flood of the honey of joking words now rises on the lotus flowers of Your mouth. O beautiful Radharani, I think You are now preparing a great festival of happiness for the pleasure of Madhava.

The age when a girl's breasts begin to sprout, when her eyes become a little restless, she smiles mildly, and the sentiment of amorous love begins to manifest within her, is called the beginnings of youth.

Vrinda to Radharani: Your breasts are now a little raised, Your words a little crooked, Your eyes a little restless, Your hips a little firm, and Your waist a little slender. The romavali line of hairs between Your navel and breasts is now becoming a little manifest. O beautiful-faced girl, Your fresh youthfulness is now perfectly suitable to engage in the service of Hari.

After entrusting her with a message for Krsna, an older, experienced gopi says to her younger sister-in-law: My child, as you wander about searching for Lord Krsna, you restlessly cast a host of glances on the path trod by the surabhi cows, and you are agitated by Krsna's bodily aroma carried in the breeze. The fire of love for Krsna is just now becoming ignited in your heart, and at this stage it is still filled with smoke.

In the stage of *vyaktam* a girl's breasts become clearly manifest, three charming folds of skin appear on her waist, and all the limbs of her body are filled with luster.

Nandimukhi to Indravali: Indravali, your youthful beauty has made you appear like a lake filled with nectar. Your breasts are like two cakravaka birds in that lake, your eyes are like two saphara fish, and the three folds of skin at your waist are like the waves on the water's surface.

Syama to Radharani: O girl with very beautiful teeth, You now wear a pearl-necklace of scratch-marks, and Your lotus flower garland now lies scattered throughout these forest groves. O doe-eyed Radharani, how were You able to bind with a glance the handsome lion of hari, who is like an ocean of chivalrous power, and lead Him into the cage of Your breasts?

Purna: In this stage a girl's hips become broad, her waist slender, her breasts large, and her thighs like the trunks of plantain trees. All her limbs are very lustrous and beautiful.

Vrnda to Lilavati: Your two eyes check the waves of beauty emanating from the playful saphara fish, the beauty of your abdomen eclipses the charming

sweetness of the moon, and your completely sprouted breasts bewilder the beholder into thinking them actually large waterpots. O Lilavati, your youthful beauty is quite unprecedented.

Once, as Candravali was lamenting the good fortune of Radharani, Padma comforted her in this way: What rival young gopi is not afraid of the beauty of your face? What gopi does not become stunned by seeing the showers from the raincloud of your love for Krsna? What girl in Vraja has not become your student in the various arts? O Candravali, expert at relishing the transcendental mellows, you are the reigning queen of the kingdom of this forest grove of Vrndavana.

Of all the beautiful young girls of Vraja, some are especially beautiful.

When a girl's beauty is so great that her unornamented limbs appear as if decorated with various ornaments, such beauty is called rupam.

Vrnda to Lalita: O Lalita, seeing how beautiful Radharani is, even though simply dressed without any ornaments. Padma becomes embarrassed and considers all her elaborate efforts to decorate herself with ornaments to be a useless waste of time.

Krsna to Radharani: Your curling locks of hair make these tilaka decorations drawn in musk useless and redundant. Your eyes are so beautiful that they make the two lotus flowers on Your ears wilt by comparison. The waves of the beauty of Your splendid smile has crushed Your necklace into dust. O Radharani what is the use of You wearing all these decorations. You are already splendidly decorated by the beauty of Your limbs. These other decorations are simply a useless waste of time.

When a girl's limbs appear like the central gem in a pearl necklace, her beauty is called lavanyam.

Krsna to Radharani: O doe-eyed Radharani, the beautiful luster of Your limbs mocks the splendor of jeweled mirrors. Even though Lord Brahma searched the entire universe, he could not find anything as beautiful as You.

Once, as Radharani was enjoying pastimes with Krsna, Visakha addressed Her: My friend, listen, I shall now whisper something in Your ear. Please do not force the moon of Your face to become so pale. Rest it against Krsna. Allow it to be reflected in the sapphire mirror of His chest. No other doe-eyed gopi is reflected there.

When each limb and organ is perfectly proportioned in relation to the whole body, this is called saundaryam beauty.

Krsna says to Radharani: your face is as beautiful as the full moon, Your chest is splendidly decorated with beautiful large breasts, Your arms are nicely connected to Your shoulders, Your waist is the size of my hand, Your hips are broad, and Your gently tapering thighs are very lovely. O Radharani, no other

thing is as beautiful as Your charming transcendental form.

When an object assumes the beauty of another object nearby, that borrowed beauty is called *abhurupata* by the wise.

Pointing to a distant place where Kṛṣṇa was playing the flute, Visakha said to Rādhārāṇī: As it touches His splendid teeth, Kṛṣṇa's flute looks like a crystal wand. where it touches His red lotus palm it looks like a ruby stick, and where it touches His blue lotus cheek it looks like sapphire. Look! In this way Kṛṣṇa's flute looks like these three different jewels.

Kṛṣṇa to Rādhārāṇī: O Rādhārāṇī, when it rests against Your large waterpotlike breasts, this white lotus bud appears like a golden campaka flower. When You hold it in Your beautiful palm decorated with red *sindura*, it appears like a red *kokanada* lotus, and when it is placed in your curling locks of hair it at once appears like a blue *indivara* lotus flower. In this way this white lotus bud, the friend of the bumble-bees, assumes the appearance of these three different flowers.

Bodily beauty so great that it cannot be described is called *madhuryam*.

Visakha to Rādhārāṇī: The chest of Kṛṣṇa, the enemy of Bakasura, eclipses the splendor of the dark rain clouds, His graceful gestures steal away the eyes, and His ever-fresh sweetness makes pious girls falter in their vow of chastity.

When one cannot bear the touch of even the softest object, that is called *mardavam*. *Mardavam* is of three kinds: 1. greatest; 2. intermediate; and 3. least.

Rūpa-manjarī to Rāṭī-manjarī: Rādhārāṇī slept last night on a bed of very fresh jasmine flowers. Although not a single flower was even slightly wilted, Her delicate transcendental body became bruised by lying on that bed.

Lalita to Dhanīṣṭha: Dhanīṣṭha, your large full breasts have become bruised by the touch of your fine silk garments. Friend, your irritated body appears now to be anointed with red sandal paste. This is very astonishing.

The delightful, fragrant lotus flower of Padma's face is decorated with the bumble-bees of her black, curling locks of hair. That lotus flower face is so delicate that if, for even a moment, it is exposed to the faintest sunlight, it at once becomes red with sunburn.

Vṛndā to Kṛṣṇa: Then I said to Rādhārāṇī, O golden-complexioned friend, look at this happy Kṛṣṇasara stage surrounded by these does on the Yamuna's shore. When beautiful Rādhārāṇī heard Your name in this way She at once became flooded with amorous passion.

Pastimes may be divided into two kinds: 1. *anubhava*; and 2. *līla*. *Anubhava* pastimes will be described in the future. Now the *līla* pastimes will be described.

The lila pastimes included: 1. charming pastimes; 2. *tandava* dancing; 3. playing the flute; 4. milking the surabhi cows; 5. lifting Govardhana Hill; 6. calling the surabhi cows; and 7. walking.

The *rasa*-dance and playing games with a ball are prominent among the *caru-vikrida* pastimes.

Syama to Radharani: O playful Radharani, when the demigoddesses from the heavenly planets see lotus-eyed Krsna enjoying charming pastimes in the circle of the *rasa*-dance, they become overwhelmed by waves of amorous passion. Hiding behind a network of creepers, Radharani and the gopis watched as Krsna played ball-games with His friends. Radharani then addressed the gopi: Appearing like a moving braid of hair, Mukunda tosses the red ball in the air and then swiftly pursues it. As His large eyes gracefully dance about, following the movements of the ball, Krsna brings us a great festival of transcendental happiness.

Hiding behind a jungle of creeper, Radharani commented to the gopis as She observed Krsna dancing with His cowherd friends: As Hari dances in the rhythm *carcari* with His friends on the Yamuna's shore, His earrings and peacock-feather swaying to-and-fro, He brings Me great delight.

Lalita to Radharani: O most beautiful friend, please accept the personality of bliss. the borders of His eyes roam from side to side, and His eyebrows move slowly like bumble-bees on His lotuslike face. Standing with His right foot placed below the knee of His left leg, the middle of His body curved in three places, and His neck gracefully tilted to the side, He takes His flute to His pursed lips and moves His fingers upon it here and there.

Visakha, showing where Krsna was milking the cows, said to Radharani: Resting on half His feet, grasping the udder between His thumb and finger, spraying Himself with two or three stray drops, and making a charming stream of milk pour into the pail balanced between His arched knees, Damodara milks the surabhi cow.

Radharani to Visakha: Placing His right hand on His hip, and raising His right; smiling Hari lifts Mount Mandara's brother Govardhana Hill as if it had become a ball. As He lifts the hill the restless bumble-bee of His sidelong glance makes the lotus flower of my heart tremble.

Radharani to Lalita: To the surabhi cows who have strayed far away Krsna calls: O Pisangi! O Manikastani! O Pranatasrngi! O Pingeksana! O Mrdangamukhi! O Dhumala! O Sabali! O Hamsi! O Vamsi-priya! By this Krsna has now stolen away My heart.

Radharani to Lalita: As Krsna walks the great bolts of His arms slowly and happily swing back and forth with great charm, and His peacock feather crown

also moves slightly. His playful motions stun the pride of the leaders of the elephants in the heavenly planets. O My friend, the sweetness of Madhava's graceful movement makes Me mad with happiness.

Of *mandanam* there are four kinds: 1. garments; 2. ornaments; 3. garlands and necklaces; and 4. ointments and cosmetics.

Radharani to Lalita: O beautiful eyebrowed Lalita, do you not see on lotus-eyed Krsna's hips a beautiful garment as splendid as the sunlight? This garment now covers the peaceful composure in My heart.

Krsna to Radharani: All glories to Your wonderful, ruby-red silk sari. O Radharani, this sari has doubled the passionate love I bear for You in My heart.

Radharani to Lalita: why has the kadamba flower in hari's hair become cupid's weapon and attacked Me? Why has Lord Krsna's peacock-feather crown become cupid himself and wounded My heart?

Describing His meeting with Lalita on the pathway, Krsna says to Subala: With her splendid pearl necklace, the pair of earrings swinging at her cheeks, and her glistening golden armlets, this Lalita enchants and delights Me.

Krsna to Subala: In Her hair that seems to be a cluster of moving bubble-bees, Radharani wears a nice garland. On her cheeks are the beautiful signs of her having chewed betel-nuts, and on Her limbs is the fragrance of various perfumes. These decorations of beautiful-eyed Radharani bring great delight to My eyes.

A *gopi* to Krsna: O Damodara, why do the sandalwood paste and other fragrant substances anointing Your body arouse such amorous passion in the *gopis*? Why does Your garland fill them with ecstatic love for You?

Things directly touching the beloved: 1. the sound of the flute; 2. the sound of the buffalo-horn bugle; 3. singing; 4. sweet fragrance; 5. the tinkling sounds of ornaments; 6. footprints; 7. the sound of the lute and other musical instruments; 8. expert artistic craftsmanship.

Vrnda to Radharani and Her friends: the sweet sound of Krsna's flute makes the trees and creepers blossom with happiness. That flute sound is thunder that drowns out the kuhu kuhu chanting of the cuckoos at sunset. That flute sound is a playful breeze that fans the flames of ardent love in the moon-faced *gopis*. That flute sound is a thunderbolt that breaks to pieces the mountain of Radharani's peaceful composure.

As Madhava wanders in this pavilion of madhavi creepers filled with buzzing bees He expertly plays on His flute music very pleasing to the ear. That flute is like a fishhook to catch the fish of the *gopis'* hearts.

Of all these, the nectar flute music from the moon of Krsna's mouth is said

to be the best.

Radharani addresses Krsna's buffalo-horn bugle: Because Krsna's flute has taken birth in a family of pious bamboos, she is very straight, and when she drinks the nectar of the moon of Krsna's mouth, she plays the fifth note with great virtuosity. O buffalo-horn bugle, you have many crooked curves and you are as black as coal. Even though you also drink the nectar of Krsna's lips, the sound you make brings us great pain.

Once, when Radharani had quarreled with Krsna, She angrily said to Lalita: By raining the nectar of this singing, the black cloud of Krsna is now extinguishing the blazing fire of My jealous anger. O My friend, do not become angry with Me. Be kind to Me. Blow the breeze of your charm on this Krsna-cloud and send Him far away from here.

Once, as Radharani was going to the rendezvous in the forest, She said to Lalita: Whose bodily fragrance is now causing the hairs on the creeper of My body to stand up like fresh flower buds? I think Madhava must have been here. This sweet fragrance clearly announces His presence.

Krsna: A very sweet fragrance has suddenly made My heart mad with happiness. Radharani, whose teeth are as beautiful as pomegranate seeds must be nearby, collecting flowers at the base of Govardhana Hill.

Vrnda to Krsna: Radharani walked along the Yamuna's shore as gracefully as a swan. Hearing the cooing of swans nearby, and thinking this was the sound of your tinkling ankle-bells, She began to tremble. She forgot the waterpot on Her head. It at once slipped and fell to the ground.

Krsna: Moving through the air in waves of sweetness, the tinkling sounds of Radharani's ankle-bells silences the cooing of the sarasa birds maddened with amorous passion. That tinkling sound fills My heart with a host of ecstasies.

Radharani: Filled with flower buds bearing the marks of Krsna's fingernails, and decorated with Krsna's footprints displaying the marks of the flag, thunderbolt, elephant-rod, and lotus, these forest of Vrndavana make My heart tremble with transcendental happiness.

Krsna praises Syama's lute-playing: Milking the Vedas of their beauty in order to create the introductory stanza of cupid's romantic drama, Syama's glorious lute-music brings Me great joy.

Radharani: With great artistry Hari has strung this beautiful flower garland on a silken string. This garland must be cupid's quiver filled with sharpened arrows to make My heart tremble in this way.

Things near the beloved: 1. remnants of flowers and other things offered to the beloved; 2. peacock feathers; 3. necklaces of *gunja*; 4. mineral pigments from the hills and mountains; 5. the herd of surabhi cows; 6. the stick; 7. flute; 8. buffalo-horn bugle; 9. glances of the beloved; 10. dust raised by the cows; 11. Vrndavana forest; 12. the residents of Vrndavana forest; 13. govardhana Hill; 14. the Yamuna River; 15. the rasa-dance arena and other places of Krsna's pastimes.

Radharani to Visakha: The sandalwood paste from Krsna's body is a precious jewel that attracts the *gopis*. The name of Krsna, the master of the flute, is a mantra that bewitches the *gopis*. The remnants of Krsna's flower garland is a powerful portion that enchants the *gopis*' heart. Who will not agree that these three things possess inconceivably great power?

One time, in the Nava-Vrndavana section of Dvarka, Candravali said to Radharani: O slender-waisted girl, now that You are staring with wide-open eyes at Krsna's splendid golden *dhoti*, why has your body become covered with upright hairs like blossoming kadamba flowers, and why have Your eyes become filled with tears that seem like broken strands of crystal gems?

Noticing Radharani's symptoms of ecstatic love for Krsna, Mukhara says to Paurnameśī: When She sees a peacock feather, She begins to tremble, and when She sees a *gunja* berry, She cries with tears in Her eyes. I do not know what new thing has entered this girl's heart to make Her dance in this strange and wonderful way?

Seeing the mineral pigments of Govardhana Hill, Radharani said: So lovely that they eclipse the charm of the fireflies' light, these mineral pigments are known to beautify the transcendental body of Krsna, the Prince of the cowherds. These pigments make Me passionately thirst to see Him.

After Krsna had gone to Mathura, Padma wrote to Him the following letter: When Candravali sees the surabhi cows in the barn at sunset, their faces marked with yearning to see You, and their mooing lamenting Your absence, her heart becomes filled with anxiety and she becomes stunned. O king of the Yadavas, in these circumstances, how will she be able to remain alive.?

After Krsna had gone to Mathura, a *gopi* lamented His absence in the following words to her friend: As He delighted us with pastimes on Govardhana Hill, Krsna leaned on this stick, pushing it against the ground and resting His hand and chin upon it. Now that He is gone the sight of this stick violently thrashes my heart.

After Krsna had gone to Mathura, Lalita sent Him the following message: Because Your flute contains the nectar of Your lips, I placed it against Radharani's heart to counteract the unbearable poison of separation from You that burns there. Instead of counteracting the poison, that flute increased it by hundreds of times. O king of the Yadavas, what overwhelming passion does not now strike Radharani's heart?

After visiting the resident of Vrndavana, Uddhava returned to Mathura, and gave Krsna the following report: Now whenever it appears before their lotus eyes, Your curling, dust-spotted buffalo-horn bugle violently devours the vraja-gopis.

Rupa-manjari to her friend: One day as Radharani was drawing dolphins in musk on Visakha's breasts, She happened to glimpse Subala nearby. The sight of Subala reminded her of Krsna. She became agitated with love, the hairs of Her body stood up in ecstasy, and She proceeded to draw on Visakha's breasts a picture of Krsna wearing a garland of forest flowers.

Krsna to Madhumangala: As I was busy killing the demons and protecting My friends and relatives, the fire of separation from Radharani remained somewhat subdued and peaceful, ut now that I see Lalita's intense love for Her, that fire has suddenly become a great conflagration.

Padma to Candravali: My friend, since morning you have been stringing these sumanah flowers. Why do you not have a vaijayanti garland by now? O charming girl, it is already evening, for the thick dust-cloud raised by the surabhi cows has now entered the sky, to the great delight of the peacocks of the gopis' eyes.

Radharani: My friend, I employ newer and newer ropes of hope to keep My life within this body. How many good opportunities have I missed because I am so timid? These blossoming trees in Vrndavana forest remind Me of many pastimes with Krsna. In this way they are violently wounding My heart?

The living entities who have taken shelter of Vrndavana forest are enumerated in the following list: 1. birds; 2. bumble-bees; 3. deer; 4. groves of trees; 5. creepers; 6. tulasi-devi; 7. karnikara flowers; 8. kadamba and other flower.

Purnamasi to Krsna: Seeing Your glistening peacock-feather crown, the peacocks think You are a blue rain-cloud, and they begin to dance with jubilant abandon. Observing this wild dancing, what human resident of Vraja would not become agitated with love for You?

Afflicted by Krsna's absence, Radharani spoke the following words: Although these bumble-bees are sweetly buzzing the fifth note, just as if they were gently playing a lute, still, their humming sounds to Me just like the cracking of thunderbolts. Alas, who will not become the enemy of one checkmated by destiny?

Radharani, unhappy because of her separation from Krsna, addresses the does: O does, I can see that you appear to be stunned, and the grass is falling, half-eaten from your mouths. Is this because charming Krsna has stolen your heart? Is it because you have met the wandering guest of Krsna's sidelong glance, or because you have heard the sweet music of His flute?

Uddhava reads to Radharani the message of Krsna: O red-lipped Radharani now withering away with grief, Nanda's son Krsna, trembling with love for You, humble bows before You and begs from You the following request: Please do not ever look at the groves of madhavi creepers that directly witnessed Our happy loving pastimes on Govardhana Hill.

Searching for Krsna in the forest, Radharani appealed to the plants and creepers in the following words: O Tulasi, you are very beautiful, O jasmine creeper, you are filled with charming blossoms, O land-growing lotus flower, you appear very splendid surrounded by these bumble-bees, O my friends, please quickly tell Me where is Nanda's son Krsna, the king of cheaters?

Abandoned by Krsna in the nava-Vrndavana section of Dvarka, Radharani laments: Krsna, who wears a peacock-feather crown left the arena of the rasa dance with Me. He decorated My hair with *karnikara* flowers, and then He disappeared O My friend, now the sight of these karnikara flowers blooming on the Yamuna's shore makes Me burn with pain.

Some time after Krsna had left for Mathura, a gopi lamented: O my friend, at the gateway of Vraja village, Krsna, whose eyes are like hundred-petalled lotus flowers, planted this kadamba tree when it was a baby sapling with only two leaves. Now the sight of that same kadamba tree in full bloom violently attacks the gopis and causes them great pain.

Radharani, suffering from Krsna's absence, appeals to Govardhana Hill: O Govardhana, you shine very splendidly in this land of gokula, with your many lofty peaks thrusting into the sky, and even touching the planets of the demigods. O Govardhana, please look around in all directions, and tell Me where Krsna, the jewel of the cowherd boys, is now enjoying His pastimes.

One of Radharani's friends: Now that the gopis say Krsna is at the gate about to go to Mathura, the Yamuna's waters are again burning with the poison of Kaliya-naga.

After visiting Vrndavana, Uddhava reported to Krsna: O king of the Yadavas, when the beautiful doe-eyed *gopis* reverentially glance out from Vraja village, the place known as Vamsivata at once carries the rasa-dance arena from a great distance and places it in the troubled courtyard of their hearts. That rasa-dance arena then proceeds to rob the gopis of their senses and cruelly toy with their lives.

Neutral parties: prominent among these are: 1. the moonlight; 2. clouds; 3. lightning; 4. springtime; 5. autumn; 6. the nectarean full-moon; 7. the fragrant breeze; and 8. the birds.

Lalita and her friends entered a grove of creepers so thick that even the moonlight could not penetrate it. Somehow a single moonbeam fell from a *cakora*

bird's beak into this grove. When Lalita saw that moonbeam she at once fainted.

Radharani once mistook Govardhana Hill, a cloud and a lightning flash for Krsna wearing a peacock feather and yellow garments. Lalita then said to Her: Where are the yellow garments You mentioned? Where is the peacock feather? Where is Krsna, the enemy of Kamsa? O eager friend blinded by passion, please do not fall into illusion in this way. Look! What You see is actually a lightning flash, cloud, and rainbow above tall Govardhana Hill.

Vrnda to Nandimukhi: During the monsoon season a certain gopi embraced Madhava When a lightning flash illuminated the beauty of His black Form. She became embarrassed and tightly embraced Krsna as a lightning flash clings to a rain-cloud.

Afflicted by Krsna's absence, and annoyed by the presence of the pleasant spring season, a certain gopi said to her friend: These bees buzzing around the jasmine flowers in Vrndavana forest are very annoying and inconsiderate. My friend, why this wretched, unintelligent spring season want to come to this world now?

A gopi, afflicted by Krsna's absence, said to her friend: Filled with the charming talking of the kalahamsa swans, and bringing an intense sweetness to this Vrndavana forest, this autumn season is like a messenger sent by Hari to rob my peace of mind.

Once Radharani became angry with Krsna and refused to see Him. Later, the sight of the full moon, reminded Her of Krsna and made Her have a change of heart. At that time Visakha said to Her: This nectarean full moon has no power to remove the darkness from Vrndavana forest. O full-moon faced Radharani, how is it then able to remove the dankness of jealous anger from within the cave of Your heart?

Anguished by Krsna's absence, Radharani addressed the fragrant breeze: O southern breeze filled with the fragrance of the sandalwood forest, O bringer of amorous happiness, please give up your contrariness and be kind to Me. O breath of the universe, please place Madhava before Me and make Me breathless.

Krsna to Radharani: My charming beloved, now that the clouds have come, the swans of the beautiful-eyebrowed gopis have angrily left. At this moment only the playful cataka birds remain in this kadamba forest.

Rupa-manjari to her friend: blossoming with youthful beauty, Radharani became frightened when She saw Krsna, because Her elderly relatives were nearby. Only after Lalita encouraged Her with friendship and support, did Radharani become bold enough to glance at Krsna from the corners of Her restless eyes.
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Chapter 11

Anubhava ecstasy

Those learned in the science of bhakti divided the *anubhava* into three main groups: 1. *alankara* (ornaments); 2. *udbhasvara*; 3. *vacika*.

Twenty astonishing *alankaras* (ornaments) are manifested in the youthful lover because of the great intensity of love. They are manifested on the bodily limbs, and seven are manifested spontaneously, without any effort.

Bhava: When amorous love is manifested for the first time in the beginning of youth in the heart, it is called *rati* or *bhava*. In this stage of *bhava* the transformation of spiritual ecstatic emotions are completely absent.

When, even though the causes of material emotional transformation are present, the heart remains unchanged, this state is called: pure goodness or *bhava*. In this state of *bhava* the original emotional spiritual emotional transformation of love for Krsna is manifested in seed-form.

When, in the flower-filled Khandava forest in your father's pasture-land you formerly saw Mukunda, your heart did not tremble, and you did not cry in ecstasy. O my friend, now that you see the same Krsna happily dancing in Vrndavana, why do your eyes move restlessly to and fro, and why have your ears transformed from white *kumuda* lotus flowers to blue *indivara* lotuses.

Hava: That stage where there is a slight manifestation of ecstatic love, where the neck becomes tilted, and the eyebrows, eyes, and other bodily features blossom with happiness, is called *hava*.

Padma to Radharani: O golden-complexioned Radharani, now that springtime, the friend of the cuckoos, has made the *sumanah* flowers blossom on the Yamuna's shore, the creepers of your eyebrows has begun to gently dance, and the bumble-bee of Your eyes, resting now on the flower-bud above Your tilted, stiffened neck, is now moving to and fro between the two creepers of Your ears.

O golden-complexioned Radharani, now that Madhava, the friend of the beautiful gopis brings them transcendental pleasure on the shore of the Yamuna River, the creeper of Your eyebrows has begun to gently dance, and the bumble-bee of Your eyes, resting on the flower-bud above Your tilted, stiffened neck, is moving to and fro between the two creepers of Your ears.

Hela: after *hava* is the stage *hela*, the harbinger of amorous pastimes.

Visakha to Radharani: As you listen to the sound of Krsna's flute, Your

breasts throb and heave with many sighs, Your eyes have become crooked, Your cheeks blossom with happiness, Your belt has slipped, and Your garments are drowned in perspiration. O my friend, do not become careless. Your elderly relatives are now approaching on Your left.

Sobha: In the state called *sobha* the body is decorated with various symptoms of conjugal enjoyment. Krsna to Subala: Grasping a kadamba branch with the budding reddish twigs of her fingers, Visakha left the cottage of creepers at daybreak. Her eyes were rolling and her partly dishevelled hair moved to and fro on her shoulders. This Visakha is now residing inside My heart, and she will never leave it.

Kanti: When beauty increases amorous desire, this stage is called *kanti*.

Krsna to Subala: Charming Radharani is filled with amorous playfulness, and Her limbs are marked with rising youthful beauty. This Radharani enters My heart and drives Me mad with love for Her.

Dipti: If beauty is greatly increased by youthfulness, amorous enjoyment, place, time, various qualities or other things, that condition of increased beauty is called *dipti*.

Rupa-manjari to a friend: Standing in the grove by the Yamuna's shore wonderfully decorated by the moonlight, Her beautiful eyes gracefully closed, Her perspiration carried away by the gentle Malayan breeze, and the splendid necklace broken on Her beautiful breasts, youthful Radharani aroused amorous desires within the heart of Hari.

Madhuryam: When all activities are naturally charming and graceful, this is called *madhuryam*.

Rati-manjari: Slightly tilting her head, fatigued and indolent from the *rasa*-dance, and pressing her bent foot against the ground, this moon-faced gopi jubilantly places her right hand on Krsna's shoulder and her left hand on His hip.

Pragalbhata: Complete lack of shyness in the course of amorous pastimes is called *pragalbhata* by the wise.

Vrnda: Expertly enjoying amorous pastime, Radharani bites Krsna with Her teeth and scratches Him with Her nails, as if She has become His enemy. These activities bring Krsna incomparable pleasure.

When one is always humble in all situations, this quality is called *audaryam* by the wise.

Krsna to Madhumangala: Sincerity has entered the corners of Candravali's eyes, many humble prayers reside in her words, and she is very respectful to Me. Her kind politeness has expertly checked the anger in My heart.

After Kṛṣṇa had gone to Mathura, anguished Radharāṇī spoke the following words: Even though Hari is naturally grateful, even though His heart is pure, He does not remember this land of Gokula. I think His forgetfulness is the bad fruit of the tree of the sins I performed in some previous birth.

When the mind is very steady, this is called *dhairyam*.

Radharāṇī to NavaVṛnda: O My friend, even though He may become indifferent, harsh, or neglectful for thousands of years, never, even after countless births, shall My heart become bewildered and give up the loving service of My dear most beloved Syāmasundara.

Līlā is the imitation of the charming appearance, activities, or other things of the beloved.

Maddened by Kṛṣṇa's absence, the *gopīs* began to imitate His pastimes: Another *gopī* said: Wicked Kālīyā, stand still! I am Kṛṣṇa. She raised her arms and imitated the priceless treasure of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes.

Ratī-manjarī describing Radharāṇī's madness in the anguish of separation from Kṛṣṇa: Radharāṇī anointed Her body with black musk to imitate Kṛṣṇa's dark complexion. She dressed in yellow silk garments, wore a garland of flowers, placed a charming peacock feather in Her braided hair, and played a bamboo flute, tilting it to touch Her shoulder. May this Radharāṇī, who thus imitated the appearance of Kṛṣṇa, protect us.

The graceful gestures of the face, eyes, and other features while walking, sitting, standing, and enjoying various pastimes with the beloved, is called *vilāsa*.

Vīra to Radharāṇī: O Radharāṇī with the beautiful teeth, when Kṛṣṇa stands before You, why do You hide Your smile, pretending to move the pearl decorating the tip of Your nose? From behind that smile the slightly visible splendor of Your charming teeth is now eclipsing the sweetness of the nectar moonlight.

Vṛnda to Radharāṇī: When You see Kṛṣṇa, the youthful Prince of the cowherds, sitting in the pastime-cottage near the kadamba tree, You become full of happiness, and the beautiful waves of the milk ocean of Your glances make the dark Yamuna River as white as the Ganges.

Vicchitti is beautifying the body with various ornaments.

Vṛnda to Nandimukhi: By placing on Her ears red mango-petal earrings that move in the breeze and delight Mukunda's heart, Radharāṇī has made the lotus flower of Her face blossom with happiness.

Vaisampāyana Rasi: Decorated with a garland of amalaki petals around His neck and a peacock feather moving in the breeze, Kṛṣṇa is splendidly handsome.

Some authorities define vicchitti in the following way: Angry at her lover's offenses, a beautiful heroine may have her friends remove all her ornaments.

Jealous and angry Radharani addresses Visakha: remove this tight ring. Throw these two armlets far away. Untie this hard jewel necklace. O My charming friend, these jewelled ornaments are poisoned by the powerful glance of the black snake known as Krsna. I will not allow them to remain and increase My thirst to see Him again.

Hastily preparing to meet her lover, the bewildered heroine may place the necklace, flower-garland and other ornaments in the wrong places.

Lalita to Radharani: You have placed the sapphire necklace in Your braided hair, the lotus flower crown on Your waterpot-like breasts, mascara on Your arms and legs, and musk perfume around Your eyes. In great haste to meet Krsna, the enemy of Kamsa, You have forgotten everything.

Some of the gopis wanted to decorate their faces with cosmetic ointments and to dress themselves very nicely before going to Krsna, but unfortunately they could not finish their cosmetic decorations nor put on their dresses in the right way because of their anxiety to meet Krsna immediately. Their faces were decorated hurriedly and were haphazardly finished; some even put the lower part of their dresses on the upper part of their bodies and the upper part on the lower part.

Some other authorities define vibhrama in the following way: When, out of contrariness, the heroine becomes displeased with her lover Krsna, even though He is very submissive and eager to serve her.

Radharani to Krsna: O Govinda, why ask to braid My hair? It is not worth the trouble. I like it unbraided. Do not wipe the perspiration from My face. It pleases Me. Do not garland My head with these jasmine flowers. They are so heavy they give Me a headache.

Pride, ambition, weeping, smiling, envy, fear and anger are the seven ecstatic loving symptoms manifest by a jubilant shrinking away, and these symptoms are called kila-kincita-bhava.

Krsna to Subala: First I made great happiness appear on the pathway of the gopis' eyes, and then I forcibly placed My hands on Radharani's budding breasts. She responded by knitting Her eyebrows. The hairs of Her body stood up in ecstasy, and Her splendidly beautiful face simultaneously smiled and cried. In My heart I remember Radharani in this way.

May the sight of Radharani's kila-kincita ecstasy, which is like a bouquet, bring good fortune to all. When Krsna blocked Radharani's way to the dana-ghati, there was laughter within Her heart, Her eyes grew bright, and fresh tears flowed

from Her eyes, reddening them. Due to Her sweet relationship with Krsna, Her eyes were enthusiastic, and when Her crying subsided, She appeared even more beautiful.

When the heroine remembers or hears about her lover Krsna, love for Him is aroused in her heart, and she hankers for His association.

Vrnda to Krsna: O Krsna, who is dressed in yellow garments, when Pali asked that she not be told anything that would make her unhappy, then the gopis eloquently described Your glories. As Pali listened, the lotus flower of her face blossomed with happiness her lips became red like bimba fruits, and the hairs of her body stood up, making her appear like a beautiful, blossoming kadamba tree.

When the border of her *sari* and the cloth veiling her face are caught, she externally appears offended and angry, but within her heart she is very happy.

Radharani to Krsna: O Krsna, please do not be so free with Your hands. Even though My braids are becoming loosened and My garments are slipping, Your sole reply is laughter. O merciless one, what are You madly doing at this unsuitable time? I fall at Your feet and request You: Please leave Me in peace, even if for only a moment.

Krsna to Radharani: Please don't knit Your eyebrows. Don't hit Me with Your hands. Don't block Your face, it's cheeks bristling with signs of ecstasy. O beautiful, sweet Radharani, let the bumble-bee of Krsna enjoy Himself by drinking the honey of Your bandhujiva flower lips.

Even though pleased by Krsna's gift, the heroine may pretend to proudly and angrily dislike it.

Pointing to Syama, Rupa-manjari said to Bakulamala: Look! Peacock-feather-crowned Krsna, entreating her with thousands of sweet words, presents a flower-garland to Syama as her rivals stand nearby. Contrary Syama at first accepts the garland, but, even though her heart is pleased with it, she smells it for a moment, and now she throws it away with contempt.

Syama to Radharani: Krsna, the killer of Aghasura, now stands before You, gazing at Your face, and waiting for a response. O mad girl, You glance at Him with a deeply contemptuous smile, and then ignore Him, putting all Your attention into stringing a garland of forest flowers.

A gopi to Gauri: O friend, now that you angrily disdain Hari's many sweet words, do not waste your time trying to teach something new to your nicely trained female parrot. (The parrot was trained to call out Krsna's names, such as: O Krsna! O Hari! O Govinda! The gopi says here that no matter how hard Gauri tries to prevent the parrot from addressing Krsna in this way, she will remain always unsuccessful.

Playful, enchanting movements of the eyebrows, and graceful, delicate movement of the limbs, are called *lalitam*.

Krsna: Angrily knitting Her eyebrows at the creepers whose flowers are cupid's arrows, beautiful Radharani happily moves Her two lotus feet first in one, and then in another direction. With Her delicate hand She brushes aside the bumble-bees attracted by Her sweet fragrance. In this way She enjoys pastimes just as if She were the lovely goddess of fortune descended into Vrndavana forest.

When shyness, anger, and jealousy are not openly expressed in words, but displayed only by action, this is known as *vikrtam* by the wise.

Once Krsna greeted Radharani and began to speak to her. Out of shyness She did not respond. Later Krsna asked the reason for this from His friend Subala, who replied: O Mukunda, listen, and the answer to Your question will come from my mouth. Beautiful Radharani greeted You, but not with words. She greeted You with the brilliant luster of Her cheeks and with the hairs of Her body standing up in ecstasy.

Visakha to Lalita: I jokingly said to Radharani: You are a pious, chaste girl, born in a respectable family. It is not proper for You to look at another man. If You see a man other than Your husband, You should turn Your face away from Him. Radharani took these words seriously, and when Hari glanced at Her, even though She yearned to gaze at Him, She turned Her merciful glance from Him and placed it upon me instead.

Krsna to Uddhava: Even though I expressed My intense attachment for her, angry, proud Satya ignored Me as she decorated herself, not breaking the silence, although she actually yearned to speak. She hid from Me, partly covering her face with the lid of the sapphire jewelry-case. This action reminded Me of the beautiful moon hiding during an eclipse.

Krsna to Subal: When I met Radharani on the Yamuna's shore, I demanded of Her: Thief, return the flute You stole from Me! Radharani did not reply, but simply stared at Me with angry eyes and knitted eyebrows.

In this way I have described the twenty *alankaras* (ornaments of ecstatic love felt by the *gopis*) for Krsna, and manifested on their limbs and hearts. Most scholars mention these twenty, although some others mention other kinds of *alankaras* also. Because Bharata Muni has mentioned only these twenty, I shall here describe only two of the other *alankaras*, which both increase the sweetness of the Lord's pastimes.

When, although fully understanding the situation, the lover, pretending to be ignorant, asks a question of the beloved, this is called *maughdhyam*.

Satyabhama to Krsna: O Krsna, who will want the pearl from my bracelet? What kind of creeper will it sprout? Where will it grow, and what kind of fruit will

it bear?

Great and unfounded fears in the presence of the beloved are called *cakitam*.

Crying: Save me! Save me! This frightening creature is heading towards my *campaka* flower earring! the doe-eyed *gopi*, frightened of a bumble-bee, earnestly embraced her protector Hari.

Ecstatic symptoms that increase bodily luster are called *udbhasvaras* by the wise, and included: Loosening of the undergarments; 2. loosening of the bodice; 3. loosening of the braids; 4. crushing the limbs; 5. yawning; 6. expansion of nostrils. and 7 sighing.

Seeing Her enjoy pastimes with Krsna at Gauri-tirtha, Vrnda addressed Radharani: O Radharani, now that You have met Krsna, Your eyes are full of tears of joy that have washed away Your black mascara. You have become so excited that perspiration has washed away the red kunkuma adorning Your breasts. As You gaze at Krsna's chest, You yearn to embrace it. Your undergarment has also become loosened. I think it wishes to become untied altogether.

Krsna jokingly says to Radharani: O Radharani, the love in Your heart is greater than My love. I shall now prove this fact. Your love is so great that it can no longer be content to remain locked up in Your heart. It is now emerging from Your heart, and in My presence it is pushing aside the red bodice that stands in its way.

Vrnda to Radharani: O golden-complexioned Radharani, Krsna grants liberation to the demons He kills, and therefore it is not at all surprising that Your bound up hair has also attained liberation simply by meeting Him.

Nandimukhi to Vrnda: In this courtyard of Vraja, as this beautiful doe-eyed *gopi* playfully glances at Krsna, the best of the cowherd boys, is it that she has become crushed by violent waves of amorous desire that her body appears to be devastated in this way?

Krsna to Candravali: Noticing that his flower-arrows had become dull, cupid must have studied the art of the invincible yawning weapon from you. O My chaste friend Candravali, I think he must have violently attacked you with that weapon, and that is the reason you are now yawning in the outskirts of Vraja.

Krsna to Subala: When lotus-eyed Radharani breathes, Her ruby-like nostrils flare wide open, and the pearl on the end of Her nose rocks to and fro as if riding on a swing moving in the breeze. This sight has carried Radharani into My heart.

The wise describe the twelve ecstatic symptoms manifested in speech.

Very affectionate words are called *alapa*.

The *gopis* address Krsna: My dear Krsna, where is the woman within the three worlds who cannot be captivated by the rhythms of the sweet songs coming from Your wonderful flute? Who cannot fall down from the path of chastity in this way? Your beauty is the most sublime within the three worlds. Upon seeing Your beauty, even cows, birds, animals and trees in the forest are stunned in jubilation.

Krsna to Radharani: O Radharani, whether You are harsh or gentle to Me, You will always remain My life and soul. Just as the *cakora* bird takes shelter only of the moonlight, in the same way I take shelter of You. I love You only. You have no rival.

Krsna: My dear young girl, please step into My boat. Radharani: What power do I have to climb tree, I mean boat. Radharani: Why should I want to go to the sun? Krsna: All these words I have used mean boat. Radharani: I know all these words are meant to bring us together. I worship the unconquerable Lord Krsna, who happily smiled as Srimati Radharani defeated Him in this playful verbal-duel.

Intoxicated by drinking madhu nectar, Radharani stutters: O Hari, the sound of Your flute ute ute churns urns urns the *vraja-gopis'* heart. Afflicted Lalita ita ita now takes shelter of You and worships ips ips You.

Seeing a *tamala* tree growing beside bandhuka flowers, lotus flowers, and colony of bees, Radharani, bewildered by intense ecstatic love, thought the combination of these things was Her lover Krsna. At that time Lalita spoke to Her: This Krsna You see is not, not Krsna, but a tamala tree. This flute music is not, not flute music, but the buzzing sounds of a bee-colony. This gunja-necklace is not, not a junga-necklace, but a cluster of bandhuka blowers. These two eyes are not eyes, but a pair of lotus flowers.

One day, during a period when Radharani was angry with Krsna and refused to see Him, the following conversation occurred: Radharani: What girl would not yearn for this spring season (*madhava*), filled with so many splendid, blossoming forest flowers? Visakha: O Radharani, You actually desire Krsna. Radharani: Never! Never! My dear enemy, I used the word *madhava* to mean springtime.

Padma addresses a traveller: O traveller, please speak the following riddle to Krsna, the king of Mathura: Where do the phases of the moon hide on the new-moon night? The answer to this riddle is: The phases of the moon hide in the sunlight.

Padma: When she becomes frightened by the sounds of the cuckoos, where does Candravali find shelter? The answer is: Candravali finds shelter in the arms of Krsna.

During a time when Radharani was angry with Him, Krsna tried to appease Her by bowing down to Her lotus feet. When He arose Lalita asked Him: Why did You bow down before Radharani? Neither Krsna nor Radharani said anything, and the silence was finally broken by Vrnda, who said: O Prince of gokula, do not waste Your time with these useless remedies. Lalita has spoken Radharani's thoughts. Lalita is like a vina accompanying Radharani's singing.

Nandimkhi to Purnamasi: When Syamala heard her elderly relatives say: Some cuckoo must have bitten these two splendid large pomegranates and some bumble-bee must have bitten these two red flowers as he drank their honey she quickly tugged her sari with her hand and covered the teeth-marks on her breasts.

Angry Radharani refused to see Krsna. Tungavidya then spoke to Her: My dear charming, bewildered Radharani, you are filled with the beauty of youth and You are as splendid and restless as a lightning flash. In this grove of Vrndavan filled with the buzzing sounds of host of bees, You have now met Govinda, who is very difficult to meet, and whose handsome form astonishes the three worlds. Enjoy transcendental pastimes with the Krsna, the Master of the goddess of fortune.

Visakha to Krsna: O Krsna, this is my fortunate friend Radha, this is my friend Lalita, and I am Visakha, We three have come here to collect many flowers.

Seeing Krsna kiss her rival Lalita, the *gopi* Malati spoke the following words ostensibly addressed to a bumble-bee, but actually meant for Krsna's ear: Look at this splendid blossoming malati creeper in Kamyavana forest! Why do you ignore it and prefer to kiss this mediocre tumbi flower? You must be a very unintelligent debauchee bumble-bee. What further can we say.

These are the *vacika-anubhavas*, Because they increase the sweetness of Krsna's amorous pastimes, they have been described in this book.

Chapter 12

Sattvika ecstasy

Becoming stunned: Krsna to Madhumangala: Radha and five of Her friends are now standing before us. Radha has now dropped Her golden locket. She perspires, trembles, and squints Her eyes. Why has She now become so stunned that She now appears like a motionless wooden doll?

Madhumangala: Frightened by thunder, the firm-breasted vraja-gopi Radharani embraces Hari, and remains stunned and motionless in His arms.

Madhumangala to Krsna: O Mukunda, look at Radharani who now stands

motionless before You. As She gazes with unblinking eyes at Your transcendental sweetness, which has no equal in all the three worlds, Her heart has become struck with wonder.

A *gopi* to her friend: Noticing lotus-eyed Krsna's delay, and considering that He would not come to the rendezvous, Citra became stunned as she waited for Him in the cottage.

Hearing in the middle of the night that Madhava had abandoned her and gone to Gotra-devi, Syamala became stunned. For a moment she became pale and lusterless, and she stared into space without blinking as if she was a demigoddess. (The demigods and demigoddesses do not blink their eyes).

Perspiration: Parasara to Maitreya: When Lord Hari touched the *gopi's* cheek, His arms became like two clouds of perspiration raining upon the sprouting crops of His bodily hairs standing up in ecstasy.

Lalita to Krsna: O Madhava, Radharani is actually a staff fashioned from candrakanta gems. On the pretext of profusely perspiring, She melts whenever the moon of Your face rises before Her. (The *candrakanta* stone melts when exposed to moonlight).

Once, as Visakha was enjoying pastimes with Krsna in the forest, she became frightened by rumor that her husband had left home to search for her. Krsna tried to reassure her in the following words: My dear Visakha, please do not tremble with fear, your husband is far away, and the jungle of trees and creepers around this place is impenetrable. Aside from this, your perspiration has completely washed away all evidence of the dolphins I so carefully drew on your cheeks.

Nandimukhi to Purnamasi: When Pali heard Krsna accidentally addressed her as Syamala, she pretended to meekly ignore it. Nevertheless, the shower of perspiration that moistened her sari testified to her anger.

Hair standing up: When asked about the *rasa*-dance, Purnamasi told Gargi: When the demigoddesses in the sky saw Krsna, in a single moment, kiss an entire army of doe-eyed gopis, they became struck with wonder. Their eyes opened wide and the hairs on their bodies stood up.

One *gopi* carried Krsna through her eyes into her heart. She then closed her eyes and embraced the Lord in her heart as if she was a yogi rapt in meditation. In this way she became flooded with transcendental bliss and the hairs of her body stood erect.

Isvara Puri to his disciples: All the young hairs on Krsna's transcendental body stood up as if craning their necks to see the beauty of the beloved Rukmini. These hairs appeared like many new buds on the blossoming twig of Krsna's body.

A *gopi* to her friend: Agitated by the sweet aroma, a swarm of bumble-bees raced to Pali's mouth. She trembled and the hairs of her body stood up. Even though His exquisite sweetness had made her very shy, she intently embraced Krsna.

Speaking broken words: A *gopi* to Krsna: O cheater Krsna, doe-eyed Radharani is agitated with intense love for You. The hairs of Her body stand up, She breathes long sighs, Her heart is stunned, and She mutters broken, emotion-charged appeals to You. She always thinks of You. She is drowning in the nectar ocean of love for You.

Radharani to Lalita: When I heard the sound of Hari's flute, I became astonished. The hairs of My body stood up and My throat became choked up. Even though you repeatedly signalled Me with your hand, I remained completely unaware of your presence beside Me in the network of creepers.

Krsna to Visakha: How many wonderfully beautiful girls love Me in this village of Vraja? The happiness I experience from the great flood filled with the waves of their splendid amorous joking words is hardly equal, to Me, to the happiness I experience by hearing two or three drops of broken syllables of angry, jealous insults fallen from the waves of Radharani's trembling lips.

When a friend said to her: We shall see Krsna again, Rukmini-devi harshly rebuked her in order to conceal the happiness that showed itself in many broken words.

Krsna to Visakha: My friend, when I joked with Her at Our first meeting, Radharani became so frightened that She repeatedly stuttered. In this way She made a stream of fresh nectar flow by the shores of My ears.

Trembling: One day, as Radha and Krsna's pastimes were suddenly interrupted by Jatila, Visakha then reassured the frightened Radharani in the following words: Kesava has already disguised Himself as a young girl, and aside from that Your husband Abhimanyu is a childish fool easily tricked. Why are You trembling like a plantain tree in a hurricane?

Lalita to Radharani: Why do You tremble so when you meet the cowherd-Prince Krsna? Do not fear. I, the clever Lalita am by Your side.

Krsna to Padma: My dear Padma, the flame of an oil-lamp in a windless place does not waver. If you are actually not angry with Me, then why does your body shake so violently?

Turning pale: A *gopi* to Krsna: Your absence has turned Radharani pale. She now looks like white ivory spotted with kunkuma, and Her face is like the moon. O Krsna, O enemy of Putana, to what else may I compare the pale, doe-eyed Radharani?

One night, when Radharani saw Herself reflected on Krsna's chest, She thought the reflection was another girl, Her rival. At that time Krsna said to angry, pale Radharani: Please tell Me why, as We enjoy these amorous pastimes in the middle of the night in Vrndavana forest, Your reddish face has suddenly become as pale as the full moon in the autumn season?

Vrnda to Purnamasi: One time, as Radharani was enjoying pastimes with Madhava on the shore of the Yamuna, She saw something nearby that She thought might be Her husband Abhimanyu. She suddenly became pale with terror.

Shedding tears: When Radharani saw Her beloved Krsna, Her eyes, from their trembling pupils to the corners, leading to the pathways going to the ears, became filled with tears of joy that flowed like a great stream of perspiration down Her cheeks.

Flushed cheeks, bodily hairs standing up, and tears are considered to be manifestations of transcendental bliss.

A *gopi* to her friend: After waiting all night at the rendezvous place, Indumukhi finally saw Krsna at daybreak. With crooked eyes she stared at His chest, which bore the tilaka pictures and decorations drawn by some other girl. Not saying a word, she released a flood of angry tears.

Krsna appeals to Radharani, angry at Him for enjoying pastimes with a rival *gopi*: Radharani, I have not offended You. Why do You speak these harsh, angry words? Why have You shed these tears, resting like a jewel-necklace on Your breasts?

Moved by jealous anger, the *gopis* shake their heads, sigh, display trembling lips and cheeks, cast sidelong glances, knit their eyebrows, and cry with jealous anger.

To Radharani, who lamented Her separation from Krsna, Visakha said: O beautiful-thighed Radharani, do not stain Your moon-like face with these tears from Your eyes. Hari, who is like an ocean of mercy, will be merciful to You again.

Devastation: Lalita to Visakha: Now that Radharani has directly met Madhava, Her eyes have become fixed upon Him with an unblinking gaze. Her legs are stunned. No sound comes from Her throat, and no breath from Her nostrils. Her heart is washed by the nectar of transcendental bliss. I think just like a great sage, She has attained the meditative trance of *samadhi*.

Purnamasi describes the agony of the *gopis* after Krsna has departed for Mathura: I pray that the serpent of Krsna may angrily bite the chest of King Kamsa, I pray that Hari may again bring the life-giving water of His association to the dried-up pond of Vraja village. Alas! The saphari fish of the *gopis* are now rolling about on the dry ground in agony. The waves of their life-breath are stopping. They are on the verge of death.

Smokey symptoms of ecstasy: A demigoddess travelling in a flower-airplane over Mathura city, addresses her friend: My dear friend, why do your eyes become filled with tears and your cheeks flushed with happiness when you gaze on the Supreme Lord in the courtyard of Mathura city?

The symptoms of ecstasy are manifested in three stages. The first, smokey, is when ecstatic symptoms are partially manifested. The second, burning, is a more complete manifestation of ecstasy, and the last, blazing brightly, is the complete manifestation of ecstasy symptoms.

Burning: A gopi addresses Dhanya: My dear Dhanya, your thighs are stunned, your bodily hairs stand up with happiness, and your eyes are filled with tears. O lotus-faced friend, the blue treasure of Krsna must have secretly fallen into the palms of your lotus hands.

Blazing: Visakha tells Radharani: O fair-faced Radharani, the tears from Your eyes are turning Your black mascara into mud, Your sighs are making Your bodice dance exuberantly, and a network of erect hairs is covering Your body. I think the sweetness of Madhava must have approached Your ears.

Uddhava describes to Krsna the condition of Lalita in separation from Him: Lalita is bathed with the tears from her eyes, ornamented with the pearl-necklace of her perspiration, anointed with the sandalwood paste of her new pale complexion, dressed in the garment of her bodily hairs standing up, and conversing with her friends with the charming eloquent of many stuttering words. In this way the stunned Lalita has decorated herself to meet You again.

Once, when Radharani was in the forest, She became overwhelmed with ecstasy by accidentally hearing the sound of Krsna's flute. A *gopi* friend observed this, and immediately ran to Krsna to give the following report: When Radharani heard the sound of Your flute, She became covered by a monsoon of perspiration. Her tears became like a great river to slake the heifers' thirst, and her body became covered from head to feet with the blossoming flowers of erect hairs. Stunned and pale, She looked so much like Sarasvati, the goddess of learning, that many fools thought She was Sarasvati's deity form, and they began at once to worship Her in order to become great scholars.

Chapter 13

The Vyabhicaris

The 23 *vyabhicaris*, beginning with *nirveda* (disgust), will now, except for *augrya* (fierceness) and *alasya* (laziness), be described.

The *vyabhicaris*, although consisting of seemingly undesirable things, such

as marana (imminent death), are glorious because they increase the gopis' love for Krsna.

Radharani: Desiring the happiness of His association and embraces, My dear friend, I disregard even My superiors and relaxed My shyness and gravity before them. Furthermore, although you are My best friend, more dear to Me than My own life, I have given you so many troubles. Indeed, I even put aside the vow of dedication to My husband, a vow kept by the most elevated women. Oh, alas! Although He is now neglecting Me, I am so sinful that I am still living. Therefore I must condemn My so-called patience.

Lamenting in Krsna's separation, Radharani tells Lalita: My friend, I have not the slightest fragrance of love for Mukunda. When you see me crying, you should know that I cry not for Him, but for My own selfish welfare. Even though I can no longer see Krsna, who plays the flute pressed to His lips, I still remain willing to maintain My insect-life, even though it bites Me from moment to moment.

When Candravali, jealous of Radharani's good fortune, lamented her own inferior position, Padma consoled her in the following words: My dear friend, your face appears faded and wilted with unhappiness. Please do not rebuke yourself in this way. You are very important and famous. After all, who on this earth has not heard of Candravali and Tara?

At the very moment of Radha and Krsna's meeting, Radharani's old mother-in-law jatila suddenly arrived on the scene. Krsna quickly disappeared, and Radharani whispered the following words to Visakha: I did not get the chance to drink the nectar of Hari's words, and I did not get the chance to gaze at His face from the corner of My eyes. After a long time I finally obtained this delightful opportunity to meet Krsna, and now unkind fate, disguised as this old Jatila, has checkmated all My desires.

The *gopis*: O friends, those eyes that see the beautiful faces of sons of Maharaja Nanda are certainly fortunate. As these two sons enter the forest, surrounded by Their friends, driving the cows before Them, They hold Their flute to Their mouths and glance lovingly upon the residents of Vrndavana. For those who have eyes, we think there is no greater object of vision.

Radharani, separated from Krsna by a quarrel, tells Lalita: My mind only considers Krsna's virtues, and completely discounts His faults. It foolishly refuses to become angry with Him and remains always pleased with Him. Even though Krsna ignores Me and passionately enjoys amorous pastimes with other young girls in My absence, still My crooked mind continues to desire Him, What shall I do?

After Krsna had left for Mathura, Radharani told o Her friend: O beautiful-faced friend, I was not able to fully drink the nectar of Krsna's joking words with My ears, I was not able to fearlessly gaze without restriction on His lotus face, and

I was not able to very firmly embrace His chest to My heart's content. Moment after moment My mind remembers all this as it trembles in pain.

Immersed in a lovers' quarrel with Krsna, Radharani said: I will not let Krsna's sweet words enter My ear. I will not look at Krsna when He bows down before Me. I will curse the gopi-friend who comes as His emissary. My heart burns with the fire of anger for this Krsna.

O flute expert at drinking the nectar of the breath from Mukunda's smiling lotus mouth, I offer my respectful obeisances unto you. I beg you, when you touch the charming bimba fruit of Krsna's lips, please whisper in His ear how I am burning with the desire to attain Him.

Gopis to Krsna: Dear Krsna, you are known as Hari. You destroy all the miseries of all living entities, specifically of those who have left their homes and family attachment and have completely taken to You. We have left our homes with the hope that we shall completely devote and dedicate our lives to Your service. We are simply begging to be engaged as Your servants. We do not wish to ask You to accept us as Your wives. Simply accept us as Your maidservants. Since You are the Supreme Personality of Godhead and like to enjoy the parakiya-rasa and are famous as a transcendental woman hunter, we have come to satisfy Your transcendental desires. We are also after our own satisfaction, for simply by looking at Your smiling face we have become very lusty. We have come before You decorated with all ornaments and dress, but until You embrace us, all our dresses and beautiful feathers remain incomplete. You are the Supreme Person, and if You complete our dressing attempt as the purusa-bhusana, or the male ornament, then all our desires and bodily decorations are complete.

Radharani to Krsna: Even though I repeatedly brush him away with My hand, this restless bumble-bee still tries to land on My face. O Krsna, O crusher of the Agha demon, I offer My respectful obeisances to you. Please be kind and merciful to Me and stop this wicked bee.

After quarreling with Krsna and then being rebuked for that by Visakha, Radharani said: My friend, you are right. Bitten by the wicked serpent of pride, I have offended Krsna. I simply hope that Krsna, who wears a crown of peacock feather, will excuse My offense.

Weakness: Vrnda tells Paurṇamasi: After a long water-splashing battle with Krsna and the smiling gopis, lotus-eyed Radharani became very tired and emaciated. In this condition She was not able to prevent Her jeweled bracelet from sliding off Her wrists into the Yamunas water.

Lalita gives to a swan the following message to carry to Krsna in Mathura: Tortured by amorous desires, lotus-eyed Radharani is on the verge of death. all friendly remedies have abandoned her, and now only the friend of Her hope to someday regain You stays to forcibly keep Her alive.

The *gopis* say: Radharani violently throws Herself into the amorous battle trying to defeat Her lover Krsna. However, after only a brief struggle, Her hips are trembling, the creeper of Her arms is slackened, and Her chest is heaving with sighs. How is it possible for a girl to manifest great chivalrous power and defeat Her lover in cupid's battle?

Fatigue: The *gopis* say: Her heart agitated with love for Krsna, Radharani has become exhausted from walking on the path to the far-away rendezvous. After taking two or three steps, She considers Her toy lotus flower to be an unbearable burden, and She sets it down by the road. After three or four steps She sets down the garland of jasmine flowers decorating Her braids, and after five steps, She removes the pearl-necklace from Her neck. After this She rebukes Her hips for being so heavy. But She cannot abandon them, and so She is forced to carry them.

Vrnda tells Purnamasi: The exquisitely beautiful *gopis* became exhausted by performing the hallisa dance with Krsna. They moved with slow gracefulness, resting their lotus hands on Krsna's shoulders. Their curling locks of hair languidly moved on their foreheads, and they became covered with perspiration.

After enjoying conjugal pastimes with Visakha, Krsna says: My dear beautiful-faced Visakha, now your arms move languidly and your cheeks are covered with perspiration. Your charming form has filled My heart with the nectar of transcendental pleasure.

Intoxication: Kundavalli tells Nandimukhi: Without shyly covering Her mouth with Her sari, the young *gopi* Radharani openly drank *madhvika* liquor as She sat by hari. Intoxicated, She stuttered many charming words like a female parrot reciting different phrases by rote.

Pride: Inside a forest-cottage Visakha tells Radharani: Leaving His cowherd friends and ignoring many *gopis* who long for His association, Hari stands at the doorway, gazing at Your face. O Radharani intoxicated with pride, smiling with blushing cheeks, You ignore Him as You casually continue to fashion shark-shaped earrings out of *yutha* flowers. You will not even glance at Him from the corner of Your eye.

Padma defends Candravali's beauty in the assembly of Lalita and her friends: On this earth who is able to properly describe the beautiful moonlight of Candravali's face? Even Krsna, who wears a peacock feather dhoti, comes to this forest cottage to see Candravali's beauty.

After hearing Padma's words, Lalita proceeded to glorify Radharani: My friend, Radharani's splendid beauty eclipses the shining of hundreds of Candravalis.

One of Lalita's friends: The singing of the pigeon *gopis* pleases Krsna only so long as the cuckoo bird Lalita does not sing sweetly.

Satyabhama tells Saci: I know your husband is Indra, king of the demigods. Still, even though I am only a human girl, I shall now take this *parijata* tree from you.

Radharani, in the assembly of Her friends, addresses Krsna's stick, which had been left lying on the ground: The flute does not bow down to offer respects like this, and he has become expert at tasting the sweet nectar flowing from the moon of Mukunda's mouth. O stick, you are wasting your time by bowing down. You will never become eligible in this way to taste even the slightest scent of the flute's rare good fortune.

Laksmana describes her garlanding of Krsna during her svayamvara: My curling hair encircled my face, which was shining with a bright luster due to the reflection of my various rings. My eyes blinking, I first of all observed all the princes present, and when I reached my Lord I very slowly placed the golden necklace on His neck.

Anxiety: A *gopi* said: Stealing the flute from sleeping Krsna's hand, Radharani carried it into the dense darkness of the creeper-jungle of the grove of creepers. When She noticed that the luster of Her face, which eclipses the splendor of the autumn moon, illuminated the entire area, She became frightened, and bitterly criticized the creator Brahma for giving Her such an effulgence.

Vrnda: Her head bent down, and her loosened hair fallen over her shoulder, Pali anxiously stops in the dense darkness, and moved her trembling eyes in all directions. She covers her face and fearfully walks from the forest grove to the village of Vraja.

Because beautiful girls are naturally fearful, a slight cause of anxiety fills them with fear.

Krsna: Learning of My confidential pastimes with her, this fool Abhimanyu must have forced Radha to stay at home, or else he may have taken Her to Mathura, the capitol of the Yadu dynasty.

Rupa-manjari to Kundavalli: When Radha saw the lightning in the sky, She trembled with fear. With restless eyes She flung Herself against Hari's chest, just as a lightning flash enters a dark rain cloud.

Krsna to Radha: Attracted by Your red lotus flower earrings, the best of the bumble-bees hovers around You, followed by Your restless sidelong glances like a swarm of bumble-bee. Jingling Your bracelets, You wave Your creeper-like arms to chase him away. O Radha, your fear of this bee brings Me great delight.

Krsna: My dear thundercloud, you repeatedly confirm the truth of the rumor that you are My dear friend. Your friendship is demonstrated by this loud thunder that makes Radha tremble with fear, and, abandoning all Her pride, place Herself upon My chest.

Agitation: Radha: My dear friend, who is this fearless young man? He is as bright as a lightning cloud, and He wanders in His pastimes like a maddened elephant. From where has He come to Vrndavana? Alas, by His restless movements and attractive glances He is plundering from the vault of My heart the treasure of My patience.

Recognizing that Jambavati is actually Lalita, Satyabhama is Radharani, and the Syamantaka jewel is the crest jewel of Sankhacuda, Krsna speaks to Madhumangala: Now I can understand that this girl Jambavati under the tree is actually Lalita, that this beautiful Satyabhama is Radharani, and this Syamantaka jewel is the crest-jewel of Sankhacuda. These facts have made Me become agitated with extreme wonder.

Kundavali to her friend: O Dhanya, the mascara has fallen from your eyes. O Padma, you absent-mindedly placed your armlets on your ankles. O Sarangi, you only decorated one foot with tinkling ankle-bells. O Pali, your belt is falling, O Lavngi, you unthinkingly decorated your cheeks with the tilaka intended for your forehead. O Kamala, you decorated your eyes with the red lac meant for your feet. Because you are not properly decorated, I request you all: please do not run with great agitation to the far away place where you hear the sweet music of Krsna's lute.

Vrnda says to Radharani, as Krsna is about to leave by chariot for Mathura: One moment You cry bitterly, the next moment You roll about on the ground before the chariot, the next moment You gaze with tear-filled eyes upon Hari's face, the next moment You place a blade of grass between Your teeth; and bow down before Balarama and beg Him not to leave Vrndavana. O Radha, is there any person whom Krsna will not throw into the ocean of His mercy?

Kundavali to Nandimukhi: When the king of Vraja's gatekeeper made the terrible announcement that Krsna and Balarama would leave for Mathura city at dawn, his word became like a thunderbolt striking the pathway of the gopis' ears and filling them with continual agitation.

Madness: Vrnda: When this gopi saw Hari, she became mad with transcendental bliss. She was so bewildered that she addressed a bumble-bee: My dear beautiful-eyed friend, please be kind and check this young boy, as splendid as a dark rain cloud, who has come here to embrace me.

Uddhava, having returned from Vrndavana, speaks to Krsna: Her disheveled hair tossed to and fro, Radha sometimes rolls about on the ground. sometimes She cracks Her finger-joints, sometimes She knit Her eyebrows or gnashes Her teeth, sometimes She curses Kamsa without restraint, sometimes She becomes very agitated by seeing a dark tamala tree, and She swiftly runs to embrace it. O king of the Yadus, in this way Radha is burning in a great fire of separation from You.

Lalita sent the following letter to Krsna in Mathura: O Krsna, her heart flooded by waves of separation from You, my gopi friend flails her limbs, shouts a continual stream of high-pitched nonsense, rolls her eyes, and constantly foams at the mouth. Observing all this, her elders think she has become an epileptic.

A *gopi* informs Krsna of Radharani's sickness: Although Her flower-decorated sick-bed has become fragrant with the aromatic powders anointing Her limbs, the lotus petals and palm-stalks on that bed have all wilted from the intense heat of Her feverish body. She is decorated with lotus stems and blades of grass, and sandalwood powder is placed on Her breasts to reduce the fever. She is given a powerful medicine that makes Her foam at the mouth.

Bewilderment: Radharani tells Lalita and Visakha: When Krsna, as splendid as a slightly blossomed blue lotus petal touches Me with His lotus hand, I feel intense pleasure that makes Me so excited, My friend, that I no longer know where I am, who I am, or what I am doing.

A *gopi* says: My dear friends, Krsna is so nicely dressed that He appears to be the impetus to various kinds of ceremonies held by the womenfolk. Even the wives of the denizens of heaven become attracted after hearing the transcendental sound of His flute. Although they are travelling in the air in their airplanes, enjoying the company of their husbands, on hearing the sound of Krsna's flute, they immediately become perturbed. Their hair is loosened and their tight dresses are slackened.

After hearing Uddhava's report on the condition of the Vraja-*gopis*, Krsna said: Sleeping on a bed of blossoming twigs, and protected by a circle of *gopi*-friends with tears in their eyes, beautiful Radharani is now very thin and emaciated. Her throat quivers as if Her life-breath were moving there.

My dear friend, when Krsna returns home with His cows, the footprint of the soles of His feet relieves the pain the earth feels when the cows traverse it. He walks in a stride which is so attractive, and He carries His flute. Just by looking at Him we become lusty to enjoy His company. At that time, our movements cease. We become just like trees and stand perfectly still. We even forget what we look like.

Death: In this connection death may be attempted, but it is never described as actually occurring.

Radharani to Lalita: O Joy beautiful-faced friend, now that Krsna, the enemy of Mura, has left with Akrura, and is no longer present before us, I bow down before you and beg a favor from you. Near My home is a jasmine creeper whose flowers I repeatedly picked to make earrings for Krsna. I ask you to please take care of that creeper.

Laziness: In this connection laziness is not directly manifest, but is displayed only obliquely.

One time Radharani became frightened to learn that her mother-in-law Jatila was about to interrupt Her pastimes with Krsna in the forest. At that time Rupa-manjari gave Her the following advice: My friend, fill this churning pot to overflowing with yogurt, and then churn it with exaggerated, contorted motions. Let go of a great yawn, and then pretend to faint in the presence of Your mother-in-law. All these pastimes will be like a crown You fashion to place on Hari's head.

Becoming stunned: Kundavalli to Nandimukhi: Hearing the jingling sound of Krsna's ankle-bells outside her door, and eager to run outside to see Him, this beautiful gopi became so stunned with happiness that she remained seated with closed eyes, as if she were tied to that spot.

Hearing from her friend the unpleasant news of Krsna's departure, Candravali, alas, became overwhelmed. The half-strung flower-garland slipped from her hand, and she at once fainted as if dead.

Visakha: Because we please Krsna by speaking charming joking words, we gopis are considered to be very fortunate. Still, I say to hell with our good fortune. It is insignificant in comparison to the good fortune of Radharani, who becomes stunned and rolls about on the ground in ecstasy when She sees Krsna face-to-face.

Vrnda to Purnamasi: As She was enjoying pastimes with Hari at the edge of the forest, Radha suddenly saw Abhimanyu. Stunned with anger, She appeared like a statue of the goddess durga.

Vrnda to Krsna: O Krsna, O killer of the Mura demon, Your absence has so stunned beautiful-faced Radharani that as She talks at night with Her friends She cannot remember whether She took any betel-nuts, whether betel-leaves are in her hand, or betel-nuts in Her mouth.

Shyness: Krsna to Subala: I said to Radha: O moon-faced girl, come sit on this bed. Why not? Your obedient servant begs You. Be kind. In this way I repeatedly appealed to Radha with many sweet words as She stood in the doorway looking like the beautiful goddess of fortune descended into Vrndavana forest.

One time the young *gopi* Malati disguised herself as Radharani's grandmother, and teased Radharani with the following word: My daughter, I see that You are a very expert thief, for You have certainly stolen this priceless necklace from Hari. When Your elders learn of this, they shall punish You very severely. As Radharani heard these words, She turned Her face from Krsna's jewelled necklace.

Hearing Herself being praised, Radharani began to shyly retreat. At that time Vrnda told Her : O Radha, please do not shrink from hearing these truthful words. The moonlight of Your glory illuminates the universe. You are the eternal, transcendental kunkuma powder anointing the chest of Hari.

Radharani, angry at the unfaithful Krsna, told Him: I see on Your chest the red lac from some other gopis' feet, shining as if it were Your love for her outwardly displayed. O cheater Krsna, I suffer when I see this. The sight of You makes Me ashamed of My great love for You.

Concealing one's actual feelings: Mandanika: Krsna reads the words of Sasimukhi's letter as if He were becoming intoxicated by drinking the nectar of a blossoming lotus flower. Carefully concealing the amorous passion in His heart, He smiles mildly. who can describe His expression?

Syamala, who is angry with Krsna, speaks the following words to Krsna's messenger Tarala: Messenger Tarala, don't tell me any more about this rascal Krsna who plays a flute on the Yamuna's shore. I won't approach even the boundary of hearing about Him. My bodily hairs are now standing up, it is because of this world-famous, harsh winter wind.

Speaking to Madhumangala, Krsna describes the symptoms of Candravali's feigned anger: Candravali has not eclipsed the moonlight of her smile, and the sweetness of her words has not turned bitter. What anger is characterized by restless, anxious, warm sighs that make a girl's bodice heave up and down?

Purnamasi: Decorating Herself with the sweet fragrance of musk, lotus-eyed, restless Radharani shyly tries to silence the loud trumpeting of the regal mad elephant of Krsna in the forest garden of Her heart. In spite of all Her attempts, that elephant, sporting on the Yamuna's shore loudly proclaims His victory.

Radharani's messenger tells Krsna: Within Her heart Radharani burns with love for You, although Her outward appearance is calm and peaceful, She is like a sami tree that burns within and blossoms without.

A gopi says: Performing household chores in her husband's presence, and beginning to tremble as she heard the sound of Krsna's flute, Candravali rebuked the sound of the thunderbolt for making her tremble in fear.

Vrnda: Seeing the flower garland she strung with her own hand stolen from her and placed in a rival gopi's braided hair, Candramukhi at first became angry, ut them, flooded by waves of respect for Krsna, became calm and silent.

Lalita to a swan: When the Pulinda girls see a *tamala* tree bear Govardhana Hill, they become reminded of Govinda, and their bodice burn with passionate love for him. They wipe the perspiration from their bodies by standing before the cooling breezes carrying drops of water from the Yamuna river. My dear swan, as you fly through Vrndavana, you will certainly see this Govardhana Hill and Yamuna River.

Suffering from Krsna's separation, Radharani tells Uddhava Even for a moment My heart cannot forget the sweet fragrance of the shower of nectar that was Krsna's words. My heart cannot forget Krsna's splendid peacock feather

crown, His lustrous complexion as enchanting as a dark tamala tree, His charming pastimes, His face that rebukes the shining of the autumn moon, and His eyes as beautiful as lotus flowers. Constantly remembering all this, My heart staggers about in the titillation of love.

Guessing: Madly searching in the forest for Her absent lover Krsna, Radharani says: These restless bumble-bees fly to and fro without drinking the nectar of these flowers. This parrot has become stunned, and will not eat the pomegranate near him. This doe has become pale and declines to eat the green grass beneath her. These are certain symptoms of the fact that Krsna, who walks like the best of graceful elephants, must have travelled down this path.

Radharani: There, in the far distance is Krsna, decorated with a peacock-feather crown, and embraced by the golden-complexioned gopis. No. I think it is not Krsna. It is only a raincloud, lightning, and rainbow resting on Govardhana Hill.

Meditation: To Radharani, who is rapt in meditation on the absent Krsna, Visakha says: You refuse to eat. You have stopped all activities of the senses. Your eyes are fixed on the tip of Your nose, and Your minds fixed on a single thought. You are now silent, and You see the entire world as a void. Friend, please tell me, have You become a mystic yogini, or are You now rapt in meditation on Krsna?

Noticing Krsna rapt in thought, Purnamasi said: Murari's eyes move restlessly, and His repeated sighs have wilted His flower garland. I wonder: What fortunate beautiful girl in gokula is object of His deep meditation?

Nandimukhi to Purnamasi: Now that the moonlight of Radharani's youthful sweetness illuminates Her transcendental body and breaks apart whatever remains of Her childhood, the lotus flower of Her rival Padma's face begins to wilt, and the bumble-bee of Padma's heart languishes in despair.

My dear Candravali, please do not become unhappy to see Radharani's good fortune. After all, those learned in astronomy know that the star of Radharani has great power over the dark moon of Krsna.

Let Krsna tightly embrace this maidservant, who has fallen at His lotus feet. Let Him trample Me or break My heart by never being visible to Me. He is a debauchee, after all, and can do whatever He likes, but He is still no one other than the worshipable Lord of My heart.

Princess Rukmini writes in a letter proposing marriage to Krsna: Brahma, Siva, and all the worshipable leaders of the demigods all worship Your lotus feet, what to speak of ordinary kings, who possess only a slight quantity of pious karma. O Krsna, O lord of the universe, O ocean of sweetness, O jewel among men, what unmarried young girl like me would not yearn to serve You?

Satisfaction: The gopis, who were mostly all followers of the Vedas in their

previous births, became very happy to see Krsna again. When the gopis had Krsna in their company, not only all their grief, but their lamenting in the absence of Krsna was relieved. They felt they had no desire to be fulfilled. Fully satisfied in the company of Krsna, they spread their cloths on the ground. These garments were made of fine linen and smeared with the red kunkuma which decorated their breasts. With great care they spread a sitting place for Krsna. Krsna was their life and soul, and they created a very comfortable seat for Him.

Visakha to Padma: Radharani is eternally situated in the full bloom of youth. Her beauty astonishes all the doe-eyed gopis. She possesses a host of extraordinary transcendental virtues. The Supreme Lord loves her alone and desires no other girl. What other girl is like Her in this world?

Happiness: Seeing their beloved Krsna, the gopis' eyes blossomed wide with happiness. The slender gopis rose to greet Krsna as if He were their life and soul.

As She gazes upon the form of Krsna, Radharani speaks with Lalita: Is this a nectar moon to make the lotus flowers of the gopis blossom with happiness? Is this a regal festival of youthfulness appearing in Gokula? Is this a garden of lowers to delight the cuckoo bird of My heart? O slender-waisted Lalita, this person I see now is sprinkling My eyes with waves of nectar.

Nava Vrnda describes Radharani's meeting with Krsna: As Radharani gazed at lotus-eyed Krsna, Her eyes became flooded with tears, and She soon found herself unable to see Him at all. The creepers of her arms became stunned and lost all power to embrace Him, and Her voice became choked up and unable to reply to His words. These symptoms of doe-eyed Radharani's ecstatic happiness became obstacles in Her meeting with Krsna.

Eagerness: To the friend who is decorating her with ornaments and cosmetics, one of the women of Mathura city said: Stop! Let my red foot remain undecorated with red lac! What is the use of all this decoration? My charming friend, I shall now turn outside, for the sweet words of Mathura's women makes me think that perhaps Krsna, the cupid of Vrndavana forest, is now walking past my doorstep.

A gopi to Krsna: Radharani eagerly wits for You. She constantly meditate on You as She decorates Her limbs and carefully prepares the bed. Whenever a leaf flutters She thinks You have come. She yearns to enjoy hundreds of pastimes with you. She refuses to spend the night without You.

Harsh punishment: Radharani's grandmother Mukhara tells Krsna: Restless libertine Krsna, it is not proper for You to stand so close to my young granddaughter Radharani. you obviously have no fear of violating religious principles. Although even at noontime this old lady cannot see very well, still she can be very harsh. O son of Nanda, if You do not leave my doorstep at once. Then I am not to be blamed for complaining before the king at Mathura. How far do You think mathura is on this path?

Anger: Smarting from His joking insults, Rukmini-devi tells Krsna: My dear Lord, You have advised me to select one of the princes such as Sisupala, Jarasandha or Dantavakra, but what is their position in this world? They are always engaged in hard labor to maintain their household life, just like the bulls working hard day and night with the oil-pressing machine. They are compared to asses, beasts of burden. They are always dishonored like the dogs, and they are miserly like the cats. They have sold themselves like slaves to their wives. any unfortunate woman who has never heard of Your glories may accept such a man as her husband, but a woman who has learned about You-that You are praised not only in this world, but in the halls of the great demigods like Lord Brahma and Lord Siva-will not accept anyone beside Yourself as her husband.

Lalita to Radharani: My child, reclaim Your heart from this Krsna who is fond of gazing at the breasts of young gopis from the corner of His eyes, and whose heat is as hard as a glistening black stone. Do we chaste, respectable, pious girls attracted to enjoy amorous pastimes with Him, not know that the libertine Krsna will contaminate us with many sins, and then, without doubt, simply leave us for good?

Envy: In the middle of rasa-dance, Krsna left with the most fortunate *gopi*, Radharani. Finding Krsna's footprints, Candravali addressed the other gopis: O friends, just see?! At this particular spot we do not see the footprints of that *gopi*. It appears that because there were some pin-pricks from the dried grass, Krsna took Her on His shoulder. O, She is so dear to Him.

My dear *gopis*, what auspicious activities must the flute have performed to enjoy the nectar of Krsna's lips independently and leave only a taste for the gopis for whom that nectar is actually meant. The forefathers of the flute, the bamboo tree, shed tears of pleasure. His mother, the river, on whose bank the bamboo was born, feels jubilation, and therefore her blooming lotus flowers and standing like hair on her body.

O charming friend, do not become very proud that you are always drinking the nectar of Krsna's lips., After all, you only take the remnants of what Krsna's flute drinks. What are you in comparison to that fortunate flute?

To Padma, who is very proud of her expert garland-making, a *gopi* says: O charming one, my friend Visakha is more expert than you at making beautiful garlands of forest flowers. When Visakha makes a garland she becomes overwhelmed with love for Krsna, and if the flood of her tears does not spray upon her hands, at least they block up her eyes.

Fickleness: Resisting Krsna's advances, Lalita says: O elephant-Krsna, please play if you like for a long time with the other, beautiful, blossoming lotus flowers growing in this lake of *gokula*, but do not touch with Your hand this delicate, unblossomed lotus.

Surrounded by many beautiful-eyebrowed gopis in the midst of the jubilant rasa-dance festival, and blinded with love, Radharani tightly embraced Krsna's chest, Saying, on the pretext of singing His glories: Your lips are as sweet as nectar, She passionately kissed Him. I pray that Lord Hari, whose smile enchants the heart, may protect you.

Radharani to Lalita: This crooked heart forest-flower garland refuses to ever leave Hari's neck, the abode of all our happiness. I curse that unqualified garland to meet its destruction on Krsna's chest.

Sleep: Vrnda to Nandimukhi: Exhausted from enjoying many amorous pastimes, His bandhuka-flower petal abdomen moving as He breathed, holding His stick and His pearl necklace, holding the beautiful-eyebrowed gopi's undergarment, and resting on Her beautiful, auspicious waterpotlike breasts, Hari, the hairs of His body standing up in ecstasy, peacefully slept on a flower-decorated bed on Govardhana Hill.

Lalita asks a swan to deliver the following message to Krsna: her hair decorated with freshly fragrant madhavi flowers, and Her eyes like flower buds closed in the happiness of sleep as She rest in Your lap in the forest-cottage terrace aromatic with the lotus flowers growing in the nearby Yamuna River, when will I serve Radharani by fanning Him with a bunch of budding twigs.

Rupa-manjari to rati-manjari: Her nipples illuminated by the kaustubha gem, her left arm placed around Krsna, and saying in Her sleep, Don't follow My path. Let Me go to the Yamuna alone. Exhausted, lotus-faced Radharani fell deeply asleep in the cave.

Vrnda to Nandimukhi: When doe-eyed Radharani saw the hairs on the cheeks of vraja's prince Krsna standing up as He enjoyed the pastimes of sleep, She thought He must be awake. Even though, as She sat on the edge of the bed, She yearned to taste the happiness of stealing the flute that had already slipped from His garments, She did not take it.

Vrnda to Purnamasi: Even though it interrupted the pleasure of His sleep, peacock-feather crowned Krsna glorified the lion's loud roar, for it quickly awakened frightened Radharani, and impelled Her, with restless eyes, to tightly embrace Him, pressing the regal mountains of Her breasts against His body.

Rupa-manjari says: Even though the hairs of Her body were standing up in ecstasy as She enjoyed transcendental pastimes with Hari on the summit of Govardhana Hill, still Radharani took time to playfully wipe the perspiration from Lalita's brow, decorated with curling, dishevelled hair.

The beginnings of love: Gazing at Radharani's beautiful face, Krsna says to Sasimukhi: This girl is very sweet and charming My dear Sasimukhi, please do not say that there is any ferocity in the girl I now see in this forest-garden. I have now become absorbed in meditation on this girl who looks at Me with crooked eyes

and a bent smile as She listens to My words by your side.

Meeting: Vrnda to Purnamasi: Seeing Krsna, whom She yearned to see for a long time, and at the same time seeing Her husband Abhimanyu stuttering and red with anger, lotus-faced Radharani became stunned. Motionless, and staring without blinking, She appeared just like a statue.

Purnamasi: The hearts of all the gopis burned with pain by the thought that Krsna was carrying the heavy burden of Govardhana Hill, and at the same time they became filled with a great festival of happiness by seeing their beloved Krsna day and night. In this way two contradictory emotions were simultaneously present in the gopis' hearts.

Vrnda describes to Kandalata the meeting of Padma with Radha, Krsna, and Their gopi friends: As Madhava displayed His deep love for Radharani, Lalita attacked padma with insults. Lotus-faced Padma replied by anxiously scratching the ground with her big toe. She began to perspire with anger.

Separated from Krsna by a lover's quarrel, Radharani says: fortunate are the doe-eyed girls who enjoy transcendental pastimes with youthful Krsna. When Lalita sees how fickle I am that no longer I am angry with Krsna, she will rebuke Me. Oh, My heart yearns to embrace moon-faced Govinda. Fie! I curse the crooked destiny that has created this poison named jealous anger.

Nandimukhi says: The violent ax-strokes of the *gopis'* logical arguments were not able to cut down the tall, strong tree of jealous anger and pride that grows on the shore of Kamala's heart. The swiftly flowing mountain streams of the gopi-messengers' pleading words were not able to carry that tree in their currents. The faint breeze of Krsna's flute, was, however able to completely uproot that tree in a single moment.

Chapter 14

Steady ecstasy (*sthayi-bhava*)

This context of the mellow of conjugal love, *sthayi-bhava* (steady ecstasy) is defined as *madhura-rati* (charming amorous pastimes).

Sthayi-bhava is described in the following statement of Govinda-vilasa: Aroused by the darting tongue of the black snake of their ecstatic love for Him, the *gopis* have mortally wounded Lord Krsna with the wonder of their sidelong glances. With restless glances from the corners of His reddish, rolling eyes, Lord Krsna has also shattered the hearts of the chaste *gopis*. I pray that Lord Mukunda may grant auspiciousness to You.

After seeing Radharani at the dana-ghata near Govardhana Hill, Krsna told Madhumangala: Who is this girl near Govardhana Hill that wounds Me with the sharp arrows of her sidelong glances shot from the trembling bows of Her eyebrows above these jewel earrings?

In ascending order, from lowest to most exalted, the stages of *ecstatic sthayi-bhava* love for Krsna are:

Abhiyoga: An outward display of love, either by oneself or someone else.

Radharani tells Visakha: When I saw Hari in the forest by the Yamuna's shore, His restless sidelong glance bit the delicate creeper-blossom of My lips, arousing intense love for Him within My heart.

Krsna tells Subala: My dear Subala, who is this girl on the Yamuna's shore? Her restless glances creating lotus flowers everywhere, She has enchanted the bumble-bee of My heart.

Radharani's gopi-messenger tells Krsna: O Prince of Vraja, when chaste and saintly Radha drinks the madhvika nectar of Your words, She becomes intoxicated with love for You. In this condition She remains unaware of how Her loosened undergarments are beginning to slip from Her.

Visaya (sense-objects): 1. sound; 2. touch; 3. form; 4. taste; and 5. fragrance are the five objects of the senses. These sense-objects inspire *sthayi-bhava* in the heart of the lover.

After hearing the sound of Krsna's flute, Radharani tells Lalita: My friend, what is this sound moving among the kadamba trees that has now entered the pathway of My heart? I cannot understand it. It has forced Me into a condition very abominable for a respectable married woman.

Radharani to Her friend: Since I have heard the name of a person called Krsna, I have practically lost My good sense. Then, there is another person who plays His flute in such a way that after I hear the vibration, intense madness arises in My heart. And again there is still another person to whom My mind becomes attached when I see His beautiful lightning effulgence in His picture. Therefore I think that I am greatly condemned, for I have become simultaneously attached to three persons. It would be better for Me to die because of this.

A *gopi* to her friend: Darkness now holds me in its grip and swallows up my body as I walk to Vraja-village in the evening. When this unknown person touches me, I become frightened. I become Very alert, and the hairs of my body stand up because of anxiety. Look! My anxiety does not stop for even a moment.

Lalita tells a swan to deliver the following message to Krsna in Mathura: My dear Murahara, killer of the Mura demon, simply by once seeing Your attractive,

playful form from a distance, my friend Radha has forgotten what is auspicious and what is not. She has become like a moth, entering the fire of love for You, and repeatedly, hopelessly burning in it's flames.

A *gopi* tells her friend: My dear charming friend, because your bodily hairs are now standing up, your limbs are trembling, and waves of intense love splash within your heart, therefore it is clear that, unobserved by anyone, you must have taken some small portion of chewed betel-nuts ejected from Krsna's mouth, and placed them in your own.

After receiving a garland once worn by Krsna, a *gopi* tells her friend: My friend, where are the beautiful and happy trees whose flowers made this incomparable *vaijayanti* garland? Even though it is an old garland, it is still so fresh that swarms of bumble-bees are attracted to it. The sweet fragrance of this flower garland is now paralyzing my heart with overwhelming feelings of love for Him.

Extraordinary, eloquent words may also quickly create the sentiment of *sthayi-bhava*.

Sambandha (relationship): Noble family, beautiful form, and other good qualities may also arouse *sthayi-bhava*

Rebuked by her friend for falling in love with Krsna, a *gopi* spoke the following words in her own defense: Krsna is so strong He lifted the great Govardhana Mountain as if it were a toy ball. He is so handsome He appears like an ornament decorating the earth planet. He took a very high birth in the palace of the king of the *gopas*. He has millions of transcendental good qualities, and His extraordinary pastimes astonish the entire world. My dear foul-mouthed friend, what girl is able to keep her peaceful composure when she sees this Krsna?

Abhimana: The thought "There may be many objects of beauty in this world, but among them only one specific person is the object of my desire" is called *abhimana* by the wise.

Nandimukhi jokingly explained that Radharani need not choose Krsna, for there are many other qualified men for Her to choose, and Radharani insists that She desires Krsna only: Nandimukhi: On this earth many men are filled with waves of charming sweetness. There are many men who are crest jewels of many expertness, and who are sought by many virtuous girls. Radharani: My friend, any of these men who does not wear a peacock-feather on his head, does not place a flute to his lips, and does not decorate his body with mineral pigments, I do not consider as important as a blade of grass.

Foot prints, the land of Vraja, and the dear devotees are some of the causes of *sthayi-bhava*.

Pada: Radharani to Visakha: My friend, whose footprints are these, marked

with the signs of the chariot-wheel, lotus flower, and thunderbolt? These footprints on the shore of the Yamuna agitate My heart and make the hairs on the creeper of My body blossom with happiness.

A *gopi* says: Filled with unprecedented sweetness, this land of Vraja maddens my heart with transcendental bliss. His handsome form like an ornament decorating the three worlds, a certain king of amorous heroes enjoys transcendental pastimes in this Vraja. Those persons who are filled with intense ecstatic love of Krsna are called *priya-jana* (the dear devotees).

Forbidden to see Radharani, whom her elders thought insane because She had become paralyzed with ecstatic love of Krsna, a certain *gopi* tells her friend: Even though my elders have forbidden me to see Radharani, the abode of all auspiciousness for my eyes, O slender friend, my heart still thirsts to see Her, as She enjoys transcendental pastimes in the role of a beautiful motionless statue.

Upama (similarity): When two things share some similar features, this similarity is called *upama*.

Observing Krsna through a window, a *gopi* says: My heart beautiful-faced, slender-waisted friend, is this a charming fresh raincloud descended to the earth, or is this a teenage boy imitating the dancing of His cowherd-king father in the assembly that has entered the pathway of my eyes?

Vrnda: My dear beautiful friend, this fresh raincloud looks just like your lover Krsna. This rainbow looks like His peacock-feather crown, and this lightning flash like His yellow garments. I can see that as you hear these words your thoughts become fixed on Krsna and your eyes filled with tears.

Svabhava: Internal ecstatic emotion, which ignores external events, is called *svabhava*. This ecstasy is of two kinds: *nisarga* and *svarupa*.

Nisarga: When by briefly hearing about Krsna's transcendental attributes and handsome form, one's eternal love for Him is aroused, this is called *nisarga*.

Princess Rukmini says: My elder brother may rebuke me, my friends leave me, my father may become embarrassed, and my mother may cry many tears, still, now that I have heard about the transcendental qualities and handsomeness of Krsna, the leader of the Yadu dynasty, I shall give my heart to Him. My friend, I refuse to even give it to this Sisupala, the king of the Cedis.

A *gopi* says: Dark-complexioned Krsna may be ugly, or He may be the crest-jewel of all handsome men. He may be devoid of all good qualities, or He may be the best of all virtuous men. He may hate me, or He may be an ocean of mercy to me. Let Him be whatever He may be, He shall always remain my heart and soul.

Svarupam: Causeless independently perfect ecstatic love is called *svarupam*. It is divided into three types.

Krsna-nistham (Faith in Krsna): Krsna-nistham is easily attainable by those persons free from all demonic qualities.

Seeing Krsna disguised as a woman in one of His pastimes, a demigoddess, who happened to fly nearby in her flower-airplane, said to her friend: This is not a gopi who makes the hearts of all of us demigoddesses tremble with ecstatic love, but it is Krsna playfully disguised as a woman. Who else but Krsna or the sun-planet could remove the darkness of everyone's eyes in this way.

Lalana-nistham: In *lalana-nistham svarupam* the devotee loves Krsna, even without seeing or hearing Him.

A *gopi* says: In Vraja there is a person who wears yellow garments and has a complexion the color of a dark raincloud. Very expert at hiding, He remains always unseen and unheard in all the three worlds. My mind is now breaking apart with the desire to attain Him.

Ubhaya-nistham: *Ubhaya-nistham svarupam* ecstatic love is directed to both Krsna and the beautiful-eyebrowed *gopis*.

Seeing Krsna disguised as a *brahmana* priest at the surya-puja ceremony, Radharani said to Lalita: My friend, this person must be Hari disguised as a *brahmana*, for otherwise how would it be possible for this person to make My heart melt with ecstatic love? Just as only moonlight, and nothing else makes the Candrakanta jewels melt, in the same way only Krsna makes My heart melt with ecstatic love.

The different kinds of spontaneous ecstatic love described here, which begin with *abhiyoga*, and are displayed to enhance the Lord's transcendental pastimes, are primarily manifested among the beautiful-eyebrowed girls of Gokula.

Three kinds of *sthayi-bhava* are manifested among Kubja and her associates, the queens at Dvaraka, and the goddesses of Gokula respectively.

These three kinds of *sthayi-bhava* are like a jewel, a *cintamani* jewel, and a Kaustubha jewel respectively. The first is not easy to attain the second is very difficult to attain, and the third may be attained only by the Vraja *gopis* and no one else.

Sudharani: *Sadharani* love for Krsna is generally not very intense. It is inspired by directly seeing Krsna, and it arouses the desire to enjoy pastimes with Him.

Kubja to Krsna: My dear friend, kindly remain with me at least for a few days. Enjoy with me, You and Your lotus-eyed friend. I cannot leave You immediately. Please grant my request.

In Radharani love a lack of intensity creates a limited desire to enjoy amorous pastimes. This places distinct limits on sadharani love.

Samanjasa: When the lover considers herself Krsna's wife, when her thirst to enjoy amorous pastimes is aroused by understanding His transcendental qualities and other glories through the medium of hearing and the other senses, and when that thirst is very strong and only slightly weakened by other things, that love is called *samanjasa*.

Queen Rukmini to Krsna: O Mukunda, You delight the heart of all people. No one is Your equal in noble birth, good character, handsomeness, knowledge, youthful vigor, wealth, and strength. O lion among men, what intelligent, virtuous girl would not choose You as her husband?

Because of limited desire to enjoy amorous pastimes, *samanjasa* love cannot completely subdue Krsna and bring Him under its control.

The sixteen thousand queens used to exhibit their feminine characteristics by smiling and moving their eyebrows, thus throwing sharpened arrows of conjugal love just to awaken Krsna's lusty desire for them. Still, they could not arouse the mind of Krsna or his sex appetite.

Samartha: When the desire to enjoy amorous pastimes is so great that the lover and beloved become one, the love is called *samartha*.

Aroused either by *lalana-nistham* or *Krsna-sambandhi*, *samartha* is the most intense kind of love directed towards Krsna. The slightest scent of *samartha* love makes one forget everything except Krsna.

Observing the activities of a certain young *gopi*, Vrnda informs Krsna: A certain *gopi*, who considered herself Your most dear lover, was surrounded by elderly relatives who prevented her from going to be with You. Imagining that she heard the sound of Your ankle-bells far away, she became like a madwoman loudly calling "O Krsna".

The pastime-waves of this *samartha* love fill everyone with wonder. In *samartha* love the desire to enjoy amorous pastimes is constant. It never diminishes or becomes interrupted.

In *samartha* love the lover strives only to make Krsna happy. In the other previously described kinds of love, however, there may sometimes be the endeavor for one's own personal happiness.

This *samartha* love is the most exalted kind of love for Krsna. Liberated souls and exalted devotees attain the *samartha* love.

Uddhava: Among all the loving entities who have accepted the human form of life, the *gopis* are superexcellently successful in their mission. Their thought is

thoroughly absorbed in the lotus feet of Krsna. Great sages and saintly persons are also trying to be absorbed in meditation upon the lotus feet of Krsna, who is Mukunda Himself, the giver of liberation, but the gopis, having lovingly accepted the Lord, are automatically accustomed to this habit. They do not depend on any yogic practice. The conclusion is that one who has attained the gopis condition of life does not have to take birth as Lord Brahma or be born in a brahmana family or be initiated as a *brahmana*.

The most intense form of this *samartha* love is called *prema*. The various stages gradually leading up to *prema* are: *sneha*, *mana*, *pranaya*, *raga*, *anuraga* and *bhava*.

In this way love for Krsna progresses through various stages of intensity, just as sugar goes through the stages of *bija* (sugar-cane seed); *iksu* (sugar-cane stalk), *rasa* (sugar-cane juice), *guda* (molasses), *khanda* (syrup), *sarkara* (almost at the point of becoming granulated), *sita* (granulated sugar), and *sitopala* (rock-candy).

That pure love for Krsna which is manifested in six stages beginning with *sneha*, is generally known as *prema* by Vaisnava scholars.

Lord Krsna reciprocates the love of His devotees. In whatever way they love Him, He also loves them in the same way.

Prema: When love for the Divine Couple remains always constant and unbroken, even when there is ample cause to break that love relationship, such constant love is called *prema*.

Radharani to Nandimukhi: Even though I repeatedly rebuked Him with many harsh words, such as: I curse You because, even though I am trying to follow the religious principle of chastity, You continue to harass Me, dark-complexioned Krsna would not give up blocking My path. O My charming friend, even though these actions may bring down upon Me the great calamity of My husband Abhimanyu's wrath, still My love for Krsna remains eternally unbroken.

Vrnda to Kundalata: My friend, who can understand the great love that exists between Candravali and peacock-feather-crowned Krsna? That love remains firm and strong and does not wilt, even though every day it is forced to see Radharani's beauty, love and other virtues, which chase away all other prospective lover.

Prema is said to be divided into three kinds: *Praudha*, *madhya* and *manda*.

Praudha (fully developed love): *Praudha prema* is said to be that kind of love which, by a delayed rendezvous or other disappointment, brings suffering to the thoughts of the lover.

Krsna to Madhumangala: My friend, please go to the forest cottage, and tell

My grieving beloved: O Kamala, please do not make much of My delay in going to meet with you. Please do not disbelieve Me when I say that I could not go to you immediately, for first I had to remedy the havoc caused by a wicked demon who was like a sharp-lance pointed at the head of Gokula Village. Now, I shall with great haste and love, quickly arrive at your flower-decorated bed.

Madhya: *Madhya prema* enables the lover to tolerate the existence of a rival.

Krsna: Even though I search for charming, graceful Candravali on this autumn night so suitable for happy amorous pastimes, still, tossed to and fro by the waves of wonderful pastimes enjoyed by cupid's army, Radharani patiently waits for Me, with Her heat of sweetest honey.

Manda: That love which, because of constant intimate association, neither scorns nor yearns after the beloved, is called *manda prema*.

The wife of a priest tells Krsna: Please pacify Satyabhama's proud, angry friend Asokalata, and accept her back in Your association. Those who love You should not be chastised for small faults.

Praudha prema is also described as that state of love where separation from the beloved becomes unbearable.

Anguished at Her separation from Krsna, Radharani tells Lalita: Give Me this charming picture of Krsna you have drawn. If you repeatedly show Me this picture to pacify My anger at Krsna's absence, I shall take it home, cover My ears, and pass the time angrily gazing at it.

When the lover is able to bear the beloved's absence only with great difficulty, that love is called *madhya*.

A *gopi* says: O beautiful-faced friend, will this long day ever come to an end? Will the auspicious beginning of night ever come, bringing with it the sight of Krsna, the prince of Vraja. His curling locks of hair covered with the dust upraised by the cows, His face as beautiful as the moon, and His handsome form dispelling the suffering felt by our eyes?

When the lover may sometimes forgetful, that state of love is called *manda*.

A *gopi* says: I was so absorbed in jealous anger towards my *gopi*-rivals that I forgot to string a garland of forest-flowers for Krsna. The cows are now mooing announcing Krsna's return. O my friend, what shall I do now?

Sneha: When the lamp of the heart burns with intense love, that state is called *sneha*.

The love that makes the heart melt with emotion is called *sneha*. In this state the lover never becomes satiated by continually seeing or associating with the

beloved.

The *gopis'* hearts melted with love for Krsna. Their restless lotus eyes yearned to continually drink the sweet nectar of his charming, handsome form.

Vrnda to Radharani: Even though the two cakora birds of Your eyes continually drink the flood of nectar-moonlight from Hari's face, they somehow or other never become satiated. I think this is because, on the pretext of shedding many tears, these two intoxicated *cakora*-eyes repeatedly vomit out whatever nectar they drink.

The heart may melt from *anga-sana* (the touch of the beloved's body); *viloka* (the sight of the beloved); or *sravana-adi* (hearing about the beloved or perceiving Him in some other way). This melting condition of the heart is manifested in three stages: *kanistha* (the initial stage); *madhyama* (the intermediate stage); and *srestha* (the most intense stage).

One of Pali's friends tells Krsna: Madhava, You are like a nectar-sweet cloud and Pali is like an ocean of feminine beauty. how is it possible that this ocean of beauty will not melt in Your embrace?

Syama's friend Bakulamala tells Krsna: O Mukunda, when the sun of Your face rises before her, the butter of Syama's heart begins to melt. This is not very surprising. When the moon of Syama's face rises before You, the candrakanta jewel of Your heart at first begins to melt, but then becomes a hard stone again. This is very surprising indeed. (A candrakanta jewel melts in the moonlight. It was, therefore, very surprising that the melting candrakanta jewel of Krsna's heart again becomes hard, stunned by Krsna's overwhelming love for Syama).

Visakha tells Krsna: O Krsna, O killer of the Madhu demon, when the sound of half Your name approached lotus-eyed Radharani's ears, tears at once stream from Her eyes washing all Her limbs, and Her intelligence becomes bewildered, intoxicated by drinking the honey-nectar of amorous passion. In that intoxicated condition She stumbles about, yawns, and becomes stunned and motionless.

Noticing that Radharani began to cry as soon as She stepped on the pathway previously traversed by Krsna, Nandimukhi told Her: Now that you have stepped on the pathway travelled by Krsna, Your limbs have begun to tremble. Will Your heart now become flooded with love for Him? Will it not begin to melt with love for Him?

Sneha is said to be of two kinds: love that is like butter; and love that is like honey.

When the lover is overwhelmed by awe and respect for the beloved, that condition is called *sneha* like butter. Just as butter is not very palatable by itself, but becomes palatable when mixed with other foods, in the same way this *sneha*

like butter is not palatable by itself, but becomes so in conjunction with other conditions of ecstatic love. Just as butter is hard and cool, in the same way this sneha is hard and cool with respect and awe for the beloved. For these reasons this kind of sneha is compared to butter.

Candravali's friend Padma addresses Lalita and the assembly of Radharani's friend: Whenever Candravali arrives, Krsna, the killer of the Madhu demon, at once respectfully embraces her from a distance. With her very pure love she brings Krsna completely under her control. She appears like a white monsoon cloud depleted by showering a great rain of transcendental pastimes with Krsna. To what other object may I nicely compare my friend Candravali?

Vrnda to Nandimukhi: Krsna placed Candravali's left arm around His shoulder. Thinking her left arm inferior, Candravali retracted it and placed her right arm there. As Candravali danced with Krsna she became filled with awe. Tears streamed from her eyes, and she moved her feet very awkwardly, causing Radharani's amused friends to smile.

Understanding of the beloved's exalted position creates awe and respect in the lover. This understanding and its accompanying awe are both present in ghrta-sneha.

Madhu-sneha (love like honey): *Madhu-sneha* is characterized by intense feelings of possessiveness towards the beloved. *Madhu-sneha* displays great sweetness. It contains within it the nectar tastes of various kinds of loving mellows. It is filled with an intoxicating, ardent passion. Because it is like honey it is called *madhu-sneha*.

Krsna to Subala: Radharani is like a nectar-statue fashioned from the intense sweetness of love, filled with all transcendental virtues, and softened by the great heat of ardent passion. When Her name enters the abode of My ears I become immediately filled with incomparable bliss and I forget the existence of the entire world.

Mana (pride): When intense condition of love manifesting ever-fresh sweetness to the lover, also displays contrariness and impoliteness, this feature is called pride and anger.

In the midst of Their amorous pastimes, Radharani rebuked Krsna: Beautiful Radharani knitted Her eyebrows and told Krsna: O hero of the cowherds, please stop breathing on Me with the wind from Your mouth. You are covered by dust raised by cows, and that dust makes My eyes tear.

Krsna to Kundavali: When I accidentally said the word Radha, Candravali became tortured with pain, as if violently wounded at heart. However, in order to pacify My embarrassment and bewilderment, she doubled the smile on her lotus face and spoke words filled with sweetness. In this way Candravali astonished My cowherd friend.

Knitting her eyebrows on her forehead, this *gopi* stared at Hari, and the two bumble-bees of her eyes drank the nectar of His lotus face.

Having lost the dice-game in which an embrace was the winner's prize, the doe-eyed *gopi* stared at Madhava with crooked eyes, and stopped Him with her hand when He tried to embrace her.

During the *rasa*-dance one *gopi*, absorbed in the anger of love, bit her lips, knitted her eyebrows, and gazed at Krsna from the corner of her eyes, as if striking Him.

When Krsna said, My dear passionate friend, now you can embrace Me in this pathway, Mangala's lips curled with distaste, and she struck Him with her flower-garland.

Rupa-manjari to Rati-manjari: When, I order to taste the happiness of touching Radharani's nipples, Kesava, His hairs standing up with excitement, dallied for a long time as He slowly painted pictures on Her breasts with perspiring finger, restless-eyed Radharani anxious that someone would intrude on Their pastimes, suddenly pushed Him away, pressing Her left breast against Him.

Claiming that He was a government-appointed toll-collector, Krsna demanded payment from the *gopis* when He met them in Vrndavana. The *gopis* accused Him of lying, and He replied that He was speaking no lie. Lalita then spoke to Him: O Krsna, O enemy of the Agha demon, by drinking the nectar of Your *bimba*-fruit lips, the tongues of these thousands of saintly *gopis* have become very pure and chaste. How is it possible for them to speak lies about You? My dear Krsna, why is it that Your reddish hand is not able to tolerate the fact that these beautiful-eyebrowed *gopis*' undergarments are tightly tied? and their other garments are also.

Rupa-manjari: Her tilted neck resting on Krsna's shoulder, her breasts touching His body, and the hairs of Her body standing up in ecstatic bliss, beautiful-faced Radharani knitted Her eyebrows and gazed at Her lover with crooked eyes. She took Krsna's yellow garment, more splendid than gold, and wiped the tears of joy from Her face.

During the *rasa*-dance, one *gopi* jubilantly placed Krsna's lotus hand in hers, and another *gopi* placed her arms around His shoulder anointed with sandalwood paste.

A *gopi*-maidservant gives Candravali the following advice: Do not shyly move back when lotus-eyed Krsna places bells around your ankles. The tinkling sounds of those bells will shame all your swanlike rivals.

Visakha asks Radharani: My friend, what do You tell Krsna when You strongly embrace His shoulders with the two creepers of Your arms, and, lowering

Your cheeks, whisper secrets in His ear?

Satyabhama to Krsna: My dear, if Your words are true and You intend to keep Your word, then You should bring this parijata tree to decorate the garden in my palace.

A *gopi* says: Resting the two flower-buds of her breasts on His charming chest, my friend Candravali paints many designs in kunkuma dots on the forehead of Krsna, the killer of Kamsa?

Radharani considered Herself Krsna's most beloved *gopi*. She had become proud and had left the rasa-dance with Krsna. In the deep forest She said: My dear Krsna, I cannot walk any more. You can take Me wherever You like.

As Krsna was about to speak the secret of their nocturnal pastimes, Beautiful-eyed Candravali knitted her delicate eyebrows and quickly covered His mouth with her hand.

As Tara was painting a picture on His Srivatsa-marked chest, Krsna playfully threw the paintbox in the waters of the Yamuna as a joke. Tara glowered at Him with knitted eyebrows and crooked eyes. Embracing Him, she finished the half-completed picture using her *kunkuma*-anointed nipple as a paintbrush.

Vrnda to Nandimukhi: Defeating Krsna in the gambling match where a kiss had been wagered as the prize, Syama gazed at Him with crooked eyes. She bound His neck with the creeper of her left arm and drank the nectar of His lips.

Rupa-manjari to a friend: Removing His yellow cadar, Krsna showed the scratch-marks on His chest to the *gopis*. Shaking Her head and knitting Her eyebrows, the small hairs on Her breasts standing up, Gandharvika angrily covered Krsna's cloud-dark chest with Her hands.

When, even though there is cause for great suffering within the heart, great love impels the lover to feel happiness indeed.

Observing Radharani's activities, Lalita says: Even though the blazing hot sunshine resembles a hailstorm of swords, and even though the rough, uneven slope of Govardhana Hill where She stays because Radharani, placing Her lotus feet on a bed of blue lotus flowers, sees the cowherd prince Krsna, She does not feel any suffering, but instead remains motionless with joy.

A *gopi* prays to the moon: O moon surrounded by stars on the fourth night of the month of Bhadra, O Lord who causes great tidal waves in the ocean of amorous desire, I respectfully offer arghya water to you and I bow down before You. I pray that by your mercy my desire to become the beloved of youthful Krsna will actually become fulfilled.

Nila-raga love is free from any obstacles or diminution. It is not displayed

for public view, but is carefully hidden within the heart. This is the opinion of saintly devotees. Nila-raga love can be very clearly seen in the relationship between Krsna and Candravali.

Bhadra tells Krsna: O king of Vraja, even though kind, pure-hearted Candravali is completely enchanted by your transcendental virtues and loves You deeply, she has so expertly displayed so many convincing signs of not loving You that even her friends are convinced that she is quite indifferent to You.

A *gopi* tells proud Bhadra, who has recently quarreled with Krsna: Formerly, you would never leave Krsna's side to go into a slightly dark charming forest-grove even in the daytime. Such a grove would frighten you. Ah, proud Bhadra, you are now caught in a dark night in a doubly darkened forest of black tamala trees, eagerly searching for Krsna, the killer of the mura demon.

A *gopi* tells Krsna: Krsna, when my friend Syama hears Your name, she becomes stunned, and when she sees a snake she becomes maddened with happiness, reminded of Your snakelike arms. She continually imagines that she sees You. I cannot properly diagnose her condition. I do not know whether she deeply loves, or virulently hates You.

Manjistha-raga love is eternal and can never be destroyed. It is independent, without any basis, other than itself, for its existence. It eternally increases and becomes more and more beautiful and splendid. The love of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna is the prominent example of *manistha-raga*.

Paurnamasi to Nandimukhi: The peerless, jubilant festival of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's mutual love is eternal. It is never bound by the confines of a single particular birth. Whatever destiny may bring to that couple. Their love never wavers. That love is supremely independent and has nothing outside itself for its cause. Those lovers relish the nectar of Their association in spite of any fears of discovery by hostile elders. That astonishing, blissful love eternally increases in its beauty and opulence.

Radharani to Paurnamasi: Then you advise Me to give up My love for this Krsna, who defeated the Mura demon. My dear affectionate friend, let Me ask a benediction from you. Please bless Me so that this evening I may become a bumble-bee resting in Krsna's forest-flower-garland, and attracted to the sweet fragrance of His mouth.

The same varieties of love manifested by Candravali and her friends are also manifested by Maharaja Bhisma's daughter Rukmini and the other queens of Krsna who are her followers.

The same varieties of love manifested by Radharani and Her followers are also sometimes manifested in Srimati Satyabhama and Srimati Lakshmana.

In this way there are many different kinds of love manifested by the

beautiful-eyebrowed *gopis* in Gokula. These *gopis* are divided into *atma-paksa* (allies), and *vipaksa* (rivals) and other ways also.

That love, which even though continually experienced remains always dear and ever increasingly fresh and new is called *anuraga*.

Seeing Krsna from a distance, Radharani told Vrnda: Krsna now continually walks on the pathway of My eyes. I have never before seen such sweetness. My eyes are hardly able to drink even a drop of His charming handsomeness.

Radharani: O slender friend, who is this Krsna that when His name enters My ears I lose all composure? Lalita: O girl blinded by love, what is it that now continually plays within Your heart? Radharani: Don't make fun of Me! Lalita: O bewildered girl, I have now placed You in the hand of this Krsna. Radharani: It is true. it is true. He has now appeared before Me like a lightning flash appearing in the courtyard of My eyes.

Kundalata tells Krsna: O Krsna, O subduer of the Agha-demon, what are these unprecedented waves of amorous pastimes where You and Your beloved Radharani strive to conquer each other? I can see now that Radharani has firmly chained the elephant of Your heart with the shackles of Her love, and You have also bound the deer of Her heart with the ropes of the transcendental bliss of Your love.

Lovelorn Radharani tells Lalita: O slender-waisted friend, I think birth as a bamboo-rod is the best of all noble births. I shall therefore perform many severe austerities in this birth so that in My next birth I shall become a bamboo-rod flute able to drink the sweet nectar of Krsna's bimba-fruit lips.

Lalita addresses a traveller on the pathway to Mathura: O traveller to Mathura, please recite this message in a loud voice before Krsna, the king of Mathura. Tell Him: A beautiful *vraja-gopi* has given me this message to repeat to You. She says: O supremely independent Krsna, if You leave the capital city of Mathura, then please definitely come here to *Vraja* at once. Why do You repeatedly torture My anguished friend Radharani by appearing before Her for one fleeting moment here and another fleeting moment there?

Vrnda to Krsna: O my Lord, you live in the forest of Govardhana Hill, and, like the king of elephant, You are expert in the art of conjugal love. O master of the universe, Your heart and Radharani's heart are just like shellac and are now melted in Your spiritual perspiration. Therefore one can no longer distinguish between You and Radharani. Now You have mixed Your newly invoked affection, which is like vermillion, with Your melted hearts, and for the benefit of the whole world You have painted both Your hearts red within this great palace of the universe.

That exalted state of love which is very difficult even for Krsna's queen to again, and which is understandable only by the *gopis*, goddesses of *Vraja*, is called

maha-bhava.

Maha-bhava love is filled with sweet nectar that charms the heart.

During the *rasa* dance the *gopis* manifested a nectar river of love for Krsna. The broken cooing of the awakening swans in that river was the sound of the *gopis* voices choked with ecstasy. The waves and whirlpools of that river were the *gopis*' trembling motions. The playful fish in that river were the *gopis*' bodily hairs standing up with happiness. The currents in that river were the *gopis*' tears. The cooling spray in that river was the *gopis*' becoming stunned with joy. The lotus flowers growing in that river were the *gopis*' transcendental bliss.

This ecstatic love manifests the following features: Inability to tolerate the eyes blinking; agitation of the heart; perceiving a *kalpa* to be as long as a single moment; during a period of happiness becoming depressed because of apprehension of future suffering; becoming bewildered and forgetting everything, even one's own self; perceiving a single moment to be as long as a *kalpa*; These are the beginning of a list of many features of ecstatic love manifested in both *yoga* (meeting the beloved) and *viyoga* (separation from the beloved).

The *gopis* saw their beloved Krsna at Kuruksetra after a long separation. They secured and embraced Him in their hearts through their eyes, and they attained a joy so intense that not even perfect *yogis* can attain it. The *gopis* cursed the creator for creating eyelids that interfered with their vision.

During Krsna's meeting with the *Vrajavasis* in Kuruksetra, some of the women of Dvaraka remarked: See how the waves of the *gopis*' love for Krsna are drawing everyone. They make the heads of the great Kuru kings reel and they make all the beautiful girls in the heavenly planets waver in their chastity. These waves of the *gopis*' love are now splashing against the transcendental handsomeness of Krsna.

Paurnamesti tells Nandimukhi: As the rasa-dance was performed in the autumn moonlight, the night suddenly became as long as a night of Brahma. This did not at all surprise the gopis. They remained unaware of the transformation, for they were so splashed with transcendental happiness that, for them, the great kalpa seemed as long as a single moment.

Dear Krsna, we carefully hold Your delicate lotus feet upon our hard breasts. When You walk in the forest, Your soft lotus feet are pricked by small bits of stone. We fear that this is paining You. You are our life and soul, and our minds are very disturbed when Your lotus feet are pained.

My dear Uddhava, just as great sages in *yoga* trance merge into self-realization, like rivers merging into the ocean, and are thus not aware of material names and forms, similarly, the *gopis* of Vrndavana were so completely attached to Me within their minds that they could not think of their own bodies, nor of this world, nor of their future lives. Their entire consciousness was simply bound up in

Me.

Dear Uddhava, all of those nights that the *gopis* spent with Me, their most dearly beloved, in the land of Vrndavana seemed to them to pass in less than a moment. Bereft of My association, however, the *gopis* felt that those same nights dragged on forever, as if each night were equal to a day of *brahma*.

Lord Siva tells Parvati: O Parvati, if all the happiness and pain in the spiritual worlds of Vaikuntha, and in the millions of material universes consisting of three planetary systems, were added together they would barely equal two drops in the oceans of bliss and pain that spring from Radharani's love for Krsna.

NavaVrnda: The desire tree of Sri Sri Radha Krsna's transcendental bliss eternally shines with great splendor. Radha and Krsna's sweet words are the warblings of the cuckoo birds on the tree branches. Their transcendental beauty is that tree's trunk, Their amorous desires that tree's many new shoots, Their perspiration it's pear-fruits, and Their tears it's honey. Although remaining in one place, that tree trembles with amorous passion.

Among Radharani and Her friends transcendental happiness is not limited to *modana*, but also includes the charming, opulent, transcendental pastimes of *hladini-sakti*.

During the meeting Krsna, His queens, and the *vrajavasis* at Kuruksetra, one of the women of Dvaraka says: Filled with waves of love the astonishing river of Radharani entered the sea of Krsna at Kuruksetra. Seeing this, Bhadra became stunned and could not speak, Kalindi shed many tears, Satyabhama cheerfully laughed and joked, and grave, profound Rukmini turned white.

Eclipsing Parvati, who because she is non-different from him is half of Lord Siva's body, eclipsing Laksmi, who, because of intimate friendship with her lover, reclines on His chest, eclipsing Satyabhama, who, because of her great good fortune, is like a lotus flower that attracts the bumble-bee of Krsna's heart, and also eclipsing Candravali, who, because of her charming sweetness is the life and soul of Krsna, the ruler of Mathura, look, the ocean of Radharani's love now splashes it's waves against hari.

When a lover is separated from the beloved the condition of happiness becomes transformed into bewilderment. Overwhelmed by feelings of separation, the lover manifests the ecstatic symptoms known as *suddipta sattvika*.

Having returned from visit to Vrndavana, Uddhava tells Krsna: Wonderfully overwhelmed with intense love for You, Radharani trembles, loudly grinds Her teeth, stutters with a choked up voice, cries so many tears that She makes Gokula appear like the mother of all rivers, eclipses the kantaki fruits with the sight of Her bodily hairs standing up, and stands with a complexion turned pale-white.

The *anubhava* ecstasies described by the learned devotees include: fainting

caused by remembering the beloved; eagerness to accept any unbearable suffering to ensure the happiness of the beloved; agitating the entire universe; crying like a bird; wishing that the elements of one's body may associate with the beloved after death; transcendental insanity. These forms of bewilderment primarily appear in Radharani, the queen of Vrndavana. They are very unusual, and they are manifested from sansari-moha.

A gopi says: Even though tightly embraced by Rukmini-devi in a jewelled palace in Dvaraka by the sea, Krsna, remembering the fragrance of Radharani's transcendental pastimes in the vanira grove by the lovely shore of the Yamuna, suddenly fainted.

Radharani to Uddhava: If Mukunda returns to Vraja village we would become very happy, but if His return made Him slightly unhappy we would not feel any happiness. If Krsna does not come here from Mathura city, we will suffer intensely, but if not returning brought happiness to His heart, it would also bring happiness to our hearts.

Nandimukhi informs Dvaraka's king Krsna of Radharani's activities in Vrndavana: My Lord, when Radharani's sighs of love for You travel in all directions, they make the entire universe cast out all its happiness and become overwhelmed with pain within the heart. These sighs make the human society cry out with grief. They make the lower forms of life, sustained by the serpent Ananta, perspire with anguish. They make the residence of Vaikunthaloka abandon all spiritual bliss and weep.

Suffering from Krsna's absence, Radharani tells Visakha: I don't know how this weak chest is able to bear this great fire of suffering harsher than a host of submarine volcanoes spitting fire. If the smoke from this fire were to emerge from My heart in the form of a sigh, it would set the entire universe ablaze.

While visiting Dvarka, Nandimukhi tells Purnamasi: When Krsna left for Dvaraka, Radharani wrapped Herself in His garments and sat down by a charming creeper in a grove on the Yamuna's shore-filled with longing. She shed tears and sang in a shrill, choked-up voice. When the fish in the water heard Her they became anxious, thinking the singing to be the warbling of a predator crane or pelican.

Radharani tell Lalita: Now that I am separated from Krsna it is just as well that My body die and the various elements that compose it enter into the reservoirs of the respective elements. I bow My head before the creator Brahma, and beg that after My death the water in My body may become the space that enables Krsna to travel from one place to another. I pray that the air in My body may become the breeze created by the palm-leaf used to fan Krsna.

When the ecstatic emotion of enchantment gradually progress, it becomes similar to bewilderment. Then one reaches the stage of astonishment, which awakes transcendental madness. Udhurna and citra-jalpa are two among the many

divisions of transcendental madness.

Uddhava tells Krsna: Agitated by Your absence, What astonishing condition has Radharani not attained? Imagining that She will meet You, She dresses and decorates Herself nicely and carefully arranges a bed in a forest-cottage. When You do not come She feels You are unfaithful, and She becomes angry and ferociously criticize the dark rain-cloud. Yearning to meet You, She staggers out into the frightening darkness to search for You.

Radharani's manifestation of *udghurna* after Krsna had gone to Mathura city is clearly described in the third act of Lalita Madhava.

Citra-jalpa: These are conversation with the beloved in the company of friends. These conversations contain veiled anger, intense love, and great longing within the heart.

Citra-jalpa contains countless manifestations of wonderfully astonishing love for Krsna. Nothing is more astonishing than even a brief summary of *citra-jalpa*.

Prajalpa: This consists of inauspicious, scorn-filled, envious, angry, passionate, mad words hurled at the beloved.

Radharani: Bumblebee, you are accustomed to drinking honey for the flowers, and therefore you have preferred to be a messenger of Krsna, who is of the same nature as you. I have seen on your moustaches the red powder of kunkuma which was smeared on the flower garland of Krsna while He was pressing the breast of some other girl who is My competitor. You feel very proud because of having touched that garland, and your moustaches have become reddish. You have come here carrying a message for Me, anxious to touch My feet. But My dear bumblebee, let Me warn you-don't touch Me! I don't want any messages from your unreliable master. You are the unreliable servant of an unreliable master.

When the lover displays her intelligence by crookedly criticizing Krsna for His mercilessness, cheating, fickleness and other faults, such talk is called *parijalpita*.

Radharani: Your master Krsna is exactly of your quality. you sit down on a flower, and after taking a little honey you immediately fly away and sit in another flower and taste. You're just like your master Krsna. he gave us the chance to taste the touch of His lips and then left altogether. I know also that the goddess of fortune, Laksmi, who is always in the midst of the lotus flower, is constantly engaged in Krsna's service. But I do not know why she has become so captivated by Krsna. She is attached to Him although she knows His actual character. As far as we are concerned, we are more intelligent than that goddess of fortune. We are not going to be cheated any more by Krsna or His messengers.

Vijalpa: Crooked words openly displaying envy and secretly containing

pride and anger towards Krsna.

Radharani: You foolish bumblebee, you are trying to satisfy Me and get a reward by singing the glories of Krsna, but it is a useless attempt. We are bereft of all our possessions. We are away from our homes and families. We know very well about Krsna. We know even more than you. So whatever you make up about Him will be old stories to us. Krsna is now in the city and is better known as the friend of Arjuna. He now has many new girl friends, who are no doubt very happy in association with Him. Because the lusty burning sensation of their breasts has been satisfied by Krsna, they are now happy. If you go there and glorify Krsna, they may be pleased to reward you.

Ujjalpa: When, impelled by jealous anger born from pride, the lover calls Krsna a cheater, and enviously rejects Him.

Radharani: I can understand that you are expert in reuniting two parties, but at the same time you must know that I cannot place My reliance upon you, nor upon your master Krsna. We left our families, husbands, children and relatives only for Krsna, yet He did not feel any obligation in exchange. He has left us for lost. Do you think we can place our faith in Him again? We know that Krsna cannot be long without the association of young women. That is His nature. He is finding difficulty in Mathura because He is no longer in the village among innocent cowherd girls. He is in aristocratic society and must be feeling difficulty in making friendship with the young girls. Perhaps you have come here to canvas again to take us there. But Why should Krsna expect us to go there? He is greatly qualified to entice all other girls, not only in Vrndavana or Mathura, but all over the universe. His wonderfully enchanting smile is so attractive and the movement of His eyebrows so beautiful that He can call for any woman from the heavenly, middle of plutonic planets. Maha-Laksmi, the greatest of all goddesses of fortune, also hankers to render Him some service. In comparison to all these women of the universe, what are we? We are very insignificant.

Sanjalpa: cutting, ironic rebukes filled with ingratitude and other similar sentiments are called *sanjalpa* by the wise.

Radharani: My dear bumble-bee, do not place your head on My feet. You are just trying to pacify Me by your behavior as a flatterer, and therefore you have put your head under My feet. But I know the trick you are trying to play. I know that you are a messenger coming from a great tricker, Krsna. Therefore, please leave Me. We abandoned our husbands, children, and other relatives for Krsna's sake, and now He has left us. Why should we be interested to hear about this fickle-minded Krsna?

Angry, frightened words impelled by harshness, lust, and mischief, where loving attachment is completely inappropriate, are known as *avajalpa*.

Radharani: Krsna advertises Himself as magnanimous, and He is praised by great saints. His qualifications could be perfectly utilized if He would only show us

mercy, for we are downtrodden and neglected by Him. You poor messenger, you are only a less intelligent servant. You do not know much about Krsna, how ungrateful and hard-hearted He has been, not only in this life, but in His previous lives also. We have all heard this from our grandmother Purnamasi. She has informed us that Krsna was born in a *ksatriya* family previously to this birth and was known as Ramacandra. In that birth, instead of killing Vali, an enemy of His friend, in the manner of a *ksatriya*, He killed him just like a hunter. A hunter takes a secure hiding place and then kills an animal without facing it. So Lord Ramacandra, as a *ksatriya*, should have fought with Vali face to face, but, instigated by His friend, He killed him from behind a tree. Thus He deviated from the religious principles of a *ksatriya*. also, He was so attracted by the beauty of Sita that He converted Surpanakha, the sister of Ravana, into an ugly woman by cutting off her nose and ears. Surpanakha proposed an intimate relationship with Him, and as a *ksatriya* He should have satisfied her. But He was so henpecked that He could not forget Sita-devi and converted Surpanakha into an ugly woman. Before that birth as a *ksatriya*, He took His birth as a brahmana boy known as Vamanadeva and asked charity from Bali Maharaja. Bali Maharaja was so magnanimous that he gave Him whatever he had, yet Krsna as Vamanadeva ungratefully arrested him just like a crow and pushed him down to the patala kingdom. we know all about Krsna and how ungrateful he is. But here is the difficulty for us to give up talking about Him. Not only are we unable to give up this talk, but great sages and saintly persons also engage in talking about Him. We gopis of Vrndavana do not want to make any more friendship with this blackish boy, but we do not know how we shall be able to give up remembering and talking about His activities.

Abhija-pita speeches are filled with remorse. They sound like the plaintive wailing of birds and they are free of all crookedness.

In my opinion, one should not hear about Krsna, because as soon as a drop of the nectar of His transcendental activities is poured into the ear, one immediately rises above the duality of attraction and rejection. Being completely freed from the contamination of material attachment, one gives up attachment for this material world, family, home, wife, children and everything materially dear to every person. Being deprived of all material acquisitions, one makes his relatives and himself unhappy. Then he wanders in search of Krsna, either as a human being or in other species of life, even as a bird, and voluntarily accepts the profession of a mendicant. It is very difficult to actually understand Krsna, His name, His quality, His form, His pastimes, His paraphernalia and His entourage.

When, out of loathing for the beloved, the love speaks crooked words that bring pain to the beloved and pleasure to others, such words are called *ajalpa*.

Please do not talk any more about Krsna. It is better to talk about something else. We are already doomed, like the black-spotted she-deer in the forest who are enchanted by the sweet musical vibration of the hunter. In the same way, we have been enchanted by the sweet words of Krsna, and again and again we are thinking of the rays of His toenails. We are becoming more and more lustful

for His association; therefore, I request you not to talk of Krsna any more.

In *pratijalpa* the lover respectfully worships the messenger sent by her beloved. The lover humbly admits the impropriety of her strong, difficult-to-abandon enmity towards her lover.

My dear friend, I welcome you, Krsna is so kind that He has again sent you. Krsna is so kind and affectionate to Me that He has fortunately sent you back, in spite of your carrying My message against Him. My dear friend, you may ask from Me whatever you want. I shall give you anything because you are so kind to Me. you have come to take Me to Krsna because He is not able to come here. He is surrounded by new girl friends in Mathura. But you are a tiny creature. How can you take Me there: How will you be able to help Me in meeting Krsna while He is taking rest there with the goddess of fortune and embracing her to His chest?

Madana is the topmost of all kinds of ecstatic love, and it is the supreme expression of *hladini-sakti*. Madana is eternally manifested within Radharani.

Purnamasi to Nandimukhi: I offer my respectful obeisances to the astonishing moon of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's conjugal love. Since it's very beginning that moon has never waned, but remains always full. It is full of duplicity, it melts the candrakanta jewels of the hearts, it's charming splendor eradicates all fear, and rising in the evening, it manifests the transcendental opulence of eternal newness.

Radharani addresses Krsna's garland of forest flower: O garland of forest flower, why do you constantly hate these pure-hearted doe-eyed *gopis*? Why, as you embrace Krsna's form, from His head, to His broad chest, to His feet, do you contemptuously consider us *gopis* as unimportant as so many blades of grass.

When Krsna travelled in the Vrndavana forest with Balarama and His boy friends, the reddish powder fell on the ground of the Vrndavana forest. So the lusty aborigine girls, while looking toward Krsna playing His flute, saw the reddish kunkum on the ground and immediately took it and smeared it over their faces and breasts. In this way they became fully satisfied, although they were not satisfied when their lovers touched their breasts.

Radharani to Lalita: What severe austerities must this delicate, pure-hearted *malati* have performed in her previous births so that she is now able to embrace this tamala tree that so resembles Krsna, the Prince of Vraja?

In the direct union of lover and beloved the wonderful sentiments of *madana* (conjugal love) become manifested. At that time thousands of eternal pastimes are manifest.

This *madana* transcendental conjugal love is not at all like ordinary material lust. Even great sages are not able to perfectly or very elaborately explain this transcendental madana conjugal love.

Vaisnava literature explains that *raga* (attachment) is present even in the *purva-raga* (preliminary sentiments of love) felt by Radharani and Her followers toward Krsna.

The varieties of transcendental ecstatic love felt by the goddesses of Vraja are beyond the perception of material logic and speculation. The description of them presented in this book is a brief outline only. It is not complete.

In the general beginning stages of transcendental conjugal love the manifestations of love are only dimly presented. This stage is called *dhumayita* (smoke-filled). The next stages of *rati* and *prema*, showing the sentiments of transcendental love more clearly are called *jvalita* (shining). The next five stages display transcendental love even more clearly, and therefore they are called *dipta* (shining brightly).

Sometimes, according to place, time, and person, this transcendental love becomes manifested as it's opposite. Some of the Lord's conjugal lovers experience the varieties of love to the stage of *prema*.

Others attain the state of *bhava*. The *narma-vayasya* friends attain up to *anuraga*, and Subala and his associates attain up to the stage of *bhava*.

Chapter 15

Varieties of conjugal love

Ujjvala (transcendental conjugal love) is divided into two parts. love in separation; and direct enjoyment of conjugal pleasure.

Love in separation is divided into two kinds: love in separation of the youthful couple who have not yet met each other directly; and love in separation of the youthful couple who have already met each other.

The yearning to embrace and enjoy amorous pastimes on the part of the couple who have not yet met, becomes the source of their intense pleasure.

Just as one cannot redden cloth or some other object without the use of red, in the same way the happiness of conjugal love cannot reach it's fullness without there having been separation of the lovers.

That love born from seeing, hearing about, or other kinds of contact before the couple have formally met, is called *purva-raga* by the wise.

This presents a number of varieties, among which are: directly seeing

Krsna; seeing Krsna in a picture; and seeing Krsna in a dream.

Happening by chance to see Krsna, Radharani tells Visakha: With a charming necklace of pearls on His chest and yellow garments the color of molten gold, and His glistening smooth abdomen like a brother to the blue lotus flower, this youth now fills the entire universe with amorous passion.

Gazing at Krsna's picture, Radharani said: O transcendental, splendid youth, I see in this charming picture, Your form shines like the flames of a submarine volcano. Please cool My eyes. We are simple and honest. Ah! Ah! Why is it that we do not know who You are?

Candravali tells Padma: My friend, in a dream I saw a river that flowed with water as dark as a buffalo. By this river's shore was a grove of madhavi creepers filled with buzzing bees. In that grove was a handsome dark-complexioned, amorous youth wearing a yellow garment around His hips. Desiring to enjoy with me, He called me to Him in a wonderful way.

The source of hearing include: hearing from the mouth of a troubadour; hearing from the mouth of a gopi-messenger; hearing from the mouth of a gopi-friend; and hearing from songs.

A young girl addresses Princess laksmana: O Laksmana, why did the hair of your body stand up in this extraordinary way when you heard this expert troubadour recite a virudavali poem narrating Krsna's victory over Magadha's king Jarasandha?

Vrnda to Krsna: Taravali listened very intently, looking down as I repeated Your message. The hairs on the creeper of her body stood up in ecstasy, and her throat became choked with emotion. She would not tolerate any conversation that was not about You.

Visakha tells Krsna: O Krsna, when my friend Radharani hears about You from my mouth Her eyes become agitated like the eyes of a maddened *cakora* bird. As She continually hears about You day after day, She has gradually become very thin and emaciated, like a river drying up in autumn season.

Princess Laksmana asks her friend: With tears in his eyes Narada sang the glories of someone as he played the vina in the royal assembly. My friend, please tell me who was Narada describing in that song? The description of that person brought tears to my eyes.

In the beginning of the raga stage of transcendental love the doe-eyed *gopis* become extremely beautiful.

The mature stage, where the couple is fully able to enjoy amorous pastimes, is called *praudha*.

A girl asks her friend: My dear young friend, why do you leave Vraja just to enter it again, place your eyes a hundred times in half hour at the kadamba forest on the edge of Vraja village, and emit numberless sighs from fear of your elders?

Visakha tells Kṛṣṇa: When, even from far away, Rādhārāṇī hears one of the syllables of Your name, She trembles and madly cries like a *khanjana* bird, and when She happens to see a beautiful dark cloud in the sky, She becomes very eager to embrace it in Her arms.

In *udvega* (agitation) the mind and heart tremble, the lover sighs with a warm breath, becomes stunned, is filled with anxiety, sheds tears, becomes pale, and perspires.

Visakha asks Rādhārāṇī: My dear friend, how has this host of anxieties broken the peacefulness of Your heart? Why is Your red sari sprinkled with many tears? How has this trembling stolen away the steadiness of Your body? O Rādhārāṇī as fair as a golden *campaka* flower, please tell the truth. It is not auspicious to conceal things from friends.

The inability to sleep is called *jagarya*. Becoming stunned, drying up, and disease are some of the symptoms caused by *jagarya*.

Rādhārāṇī addresses Visakha: My friend, sleep momentarily showed Me a certain dark-complexioned person dressed in splendid yellow garments, and then at once left as if angered. O My friend Visakha, I am now filled with anxiety. Please convince this girl sleep to return to Me. No one except her has the power to capture the thief who has stolen My sleep.

In *tanava* the bodily limbs become thin and emaciated. *Tanava* causes weakness and bewilderment, among other things.

A *gopi* tells Visakha: O Visakha, by once hearing the sweet sound of Kṛṣṇa's flute, you have suddenly become thin and emaciated like the crescent moon in its fourteenth phase, and the bracelets are falling from your wrists, which have now become too thin to support them.

Rādhārāṇī laments: Dancing a *tandava* dance with His friends, Hari played under this kadamba tree on the Yamuna's shore. Hiding behind some creepers, I watched Him for a moment, then left. O My friends, what shall I say? Fate has cast Me into a blazing fire of lamentation.

When the lover is unaware of desirable or undesirable external conditions, does not respond to questions, and neither sees nor hears what happens, that state is called *jadima* (becoming stunned). In this *jadima*, the lover may suddenly and unexpectedly rebuke others, become motionless, sigh, or become bewildered.

A *gopi* addresses Pālī: You suddenly cry out without any reason, you do not

hear the word of your friends, and you constantly sigh like a bellows. O lotus-faced pali, I think the honey-nectar of the sweet sound of Krsna's flute must have been poured into the drinking-cups of your ears.

In *vaiyagrya* the lover, agitated by the great depth of love, becomes intolerant. In this condition the lover manifests illogic, loathing, depression, envy, and other similar conditions.

Paurnamasi tells Nandimukhi: This mystic-yogi withdraws his consciousness from the sense-objects and fixes it on the Supreme Lord in the heart. This young girl, however, draws Her consciousness from the heart and fixes it on the objects of the senses. The great yogi yearns to see the Supreme Lord for a brief moment in the heart, and this charming girl wishes that the Supreme Lord may leave Her heart, and stand before Her.

Not obtaining the object of desire, the lover attains the condition of *vyadhi* (disease). *Vyadhi* is characterized by paleness and fever, chills, longings, bewilderment, sighs and withering of the body.

Bhadra's friend tells Krishna: O Murahara, when Bhadra heard that You had extinguished a forest fire, she placed You in her heart to extinguish the forest fire of amorous passion that burned there. Your presence only doubled those painful flames, and now she appears pale and white, as if burned to ashes.

When the lover is bewildered, imagining the absent beloved always present at all times and circumstances, that condition is called *unmada* (madness). Some of the symptoms of that condition are: hatred of what is ordinarily considered pleasant and desirable; sighing and considering the blinking of the eyes to present a very formidable period of separation from the beloved.

After seeing a picture of Krishna drawn by Visakha, Radharani said: As splendid as sapphire and decorated with a peacock feather, the young man in this picture came out from the picture and gazed at Me with moving eyebrows. His glance made Me mad with love for Him. I madly laughed. To Me the moon appeared as hot as fire, and fire as cooling as the moon.

Seeing everything in the wrong way is called *moha*, or bewilderment.

Visakha tells Krishna: Jatila said: Why does my daughter-in-law Radha continually sigh and never breath through Her nose? Why does She stare at me with crooked eyes? Fie on Her! Give me some Krishnatila so I may wash my hands. O infallible Krishna, as soon as the syllables krs-na entered Her ear, She at once began to tremble. O Acyuta, You are undoubtedly the cause of Her sudden bewilderment.

If the beloved does not respond to the lover's love letter invitations and remains aloof, then the lover, impelled by the tortures of cupid's arrows, may resolve to commit suicide.

When the lover decided to commit suicide, she distributes her favorite possessions among her friends. She experiences for the last time the sound of buzzing bumble bees, the gentle breeze, the moonlight, the kadamba flower, and other favorite things.

Vrnda to Purnamasi: Radharani gave a farewell embrace to the budding jasmine creeper She had planted on the Yamuna's shore. She placed the farewell gift of Her very beautiful diamond necklace in Lalita's hand, entered a *kadamba* grove filled with buzzing sounds of bees, and at once fainted, only to be reawakened by He dear gopi-friends chanting the name of Hari.

Radharani said to Her constant companion Visakha: My dear friend, if Krsna is unkind to Me, there will be no need for you to cry, for it will not be due to any fault of yours. I shall then have to die, but afterwards please do one thing for Me: to observe My funeral ceremony, place My body with its arms embracing a tamala tree like creepers so that I may remain forever in Vrndavana undisturbed. That is my last request.

The yearning to associate with the beloved and the endeavor to attain that association are called *abhilasa*. In that condition the lover decorates herself very nicely and displays strong attachment to her beloved.

A friend addresses Satyabhama: O rascal Satyabhama, even though it was only Subhadra who, out of friendship called you to leave your father's home and visit Devaki's palace, still you made a great endeavor to decorate yourself very nicely. I think a secret ulterior motive hides in your heart.

Continual planning of various methods to obtain the object of desires is called *cinta*, which causes: tossing about on the bed; sighing; and the lover imagines to see the absent beloved.

A friend addresses Princess Rukmini: O lotus-faced Rukmini, your continual sighs wilt your bimba-fruit lips, your emaciated body tosses about on the bed like a moving stick, and your eyes constantly sprinkle mascara-blackened tears. Nothing will obstruct your marriage tomorrow.

Remembrance of the beloved's features, qualities, and activities, is called *smrti*. Some of the manifestations are: trembling; becoming overwhelmed; sleepiness; and sighing.

A friend addresses Satyabhama: The regal elephant of Krsna now sorts in the lake of your mind. O Maharaja's Satrajit's daughter, that Krsna-elephant repeatedly splashes the lotus flowers of your eyes. He has slackened the lotus stems of your arms and made the cakravaka birds of your breasts tremble.

Glorification of the handsomeness and other transcendental qualities of the beloved is called *guna-kirtanam*. In this activity the lover trembles, her bodily hairs

stand up, her voice becomes choked, and she manifests other ecstatic symptoms also.

Princess Rukmini writes in a letter to Krsna: O king of Mathura, all young girls become overwhelmed with thirst to taste the sweet honey of Your transcendental handsomeness. Indeed, even if You yourself taste some of that honey Your bodily hairs stand up in ecstasy. Now that I have smelled the fragrance of that honey from far away, the bumble-bee of my mind can no longer remain peaceful and composed.

The general, common manifestation of ecstatic love is called *sadharana-rati*, which contains six charming manifestations of love culminating in *vilapa* (lamentation).

Describing the Lord's queens at Dvaraka: All these women auspiciously glorified their lives despite their being without individuality and without purity. Their husband, the lotus-eyed Personality of Godhead, never left them alone at home. He always pleased their hearts by making valuable presentation.

In addition, learned devotional scholars describe another set of ecstatic manifestations, manifested in *sadharana-rati*. During the stage of *purva-raga* (preliminary attachment) in *sadharana-rati* there may be giving of love-letters, garlands, or other objects. These may be given directly by Lord Krsna to His *gopi*-beloved, or they may be given by a friend.

The *kama-lekha* (love-letter) reveals the author's love for the beloved. The letter may be given by a young girl to a boy, or by a boy to a girl.

Messages written without the use of letters, but written instead in scratch-marks resembling a half-moon or other shapes on reddish, newly sprouted twigs, are called *niraksara*.

Krsna to Subala: With the tip of her fingernail Visakha scratched the half-moon in this newly sprouted twig. How is it possible that this scratched amorous half-moon has violently forced its way into My heart?

A message written in letters, in the Prakrit language, and by the author's own hand, is called *saksara*.

Sasimukhi delivers to Krsna the following letter from Radharani: My dear Krsna, over a very long period You repeatedly wounded My heart, and now the powerful, infamous cupid has entered into the wound You created. Now I see You everywhere, in all directions, but I cannot find that cupid anywhere.

Such a letter may be written on a large flower petal with red ink made from lotus-filaments, or with black ink made from musk. The letter is then sealed with red *kunkuma*.

Vrnda said to Radharani: My friend, Krsna, the Prince of Vraja, sends You this wonderful, expertly strung garland that clearly proclaims His great artistic skill. When Radharani heard these words She began to perspire. I think that, on the pretext of perspiration, what actually occurred is that all the peaceful composure of Her pious chastity at once flowed out of Her bodily limbs.

Some other authorities list the stage of transcendental conjugal love in the following way: falling in love by seeing the beloved; feeling anxiety; deciding to pursue the beloved; insomnia; becoming thin and emaciated; becoming oblivious to everything except the beloved; becoming shameless; madness; fainting and deciding to commit suicide.

In this way the various stages of *purva-raga* (preliminary attraction) may be understood. We shall now give a single example to illustrate this.

Vrnda addresses Radharani: Overwhelmed with bliss from tasting the fragrance of His own sweet flute-music, Krsna has now stopped playing His flute. He has forgotten to decorate Himself with many kinds of flower ornaments. He no longer thirsts to enjoy charming pastimes with an army of gopis. My friend, He is now simply allowing the restless wind of His heart to be drunk by the restless serpent of Your eyebrows. (the serpent is said to maintain itself by drinking the wind).

Mana (anger) is defined as that thing which prevents a loving couple from seeing each other, embracing, or fulfilling each other's desires in various ways.

Mana is, at last, a manifestation of love. It is divided into two varieties: based on a specific cause; and for which no cause may be found.

When the lover gives special attention to a certain beloved, then all the rivals of the beloved become jealous. In this way what was once love becomes jealous anger.

Without love there cannot be fear for the loss of the beloved, and without love there cannot be jealousy. For this reason, this fear and jealousy are manifestations of love.

As He slowly entered the palace, Krsna, who is feared by fear itself, and who is the descendant of Maharaja Yadu, affectionately meditated on His angry Queen Satyabhama. Meanwhile, hearing how her rival Rukmini had obtained a parijata flower from Indraloka, Queen Satyabhama, who was very proud of her opulent beauty and youthfulness, became overwhelmed with jealous anger.

Still, if a girl loves Krsna in her heart, she will be unable to tolerate the Lord's giving special attention to one of her rivals.

Because, except for Satyabhama, the queens did not love Krsna very intensely, they did not become jealous when they heard that Krsna had given a

parijata flower to Queen Rukmini.

In three ways the lover may learn of Krsna's giving special favors to a rival: by directly hearing; by directly seeing; and by inferring from some evidence.

The lover may hear from the mouth of a dear friend, a parrot, or someone else.

Vrnda addresses Sasimukhi: Sasimukhi, please do not believe these lies that a hard hearted friend has told you of affectionate Krsna's supposed unfaithfulness. Staying in the forest, your beloved Krsna is now completely shattered because He is unable to see your face. O beautiful goddess, please be kind to Him, and relieve the suffering in His heart.

After hearing her friend describe Krsna's gift of a parijata flower to Queen Rukmini angry Satyabhama said. Alas what painful news has fallen into my ears! My friend, please do not torture me with these joking lies. Even though I am present, still Krsna prefers to give the flower of the heavenly *parijata* tree to this Rukmini. Fie on this Krsna!

When Syamala became jealous after hearing a parrot narrate Krsna's infidelities, Krsna tried to appease her: This forest-parrot simply repeated the words of some cruel-hearted gopi fond of quarrels. My dear Syamala, please do not put such faith in these meaningless words of a bird. Please do not immerse your heart in this jealous anger. I am very distressed by this. Please be merciful to Me.

Bhoganka: This consists of signs of conjugal pleasure visible on the limbs of the lover and the rival.

After spending an entire night waiting in vain for Krsna to arrive at the place of rendezvous, tired Candravali fell asleep. At daybreak Krsna arrived, speaking many excuses to justify His absence. Candravali's friend Padma then rebuked Him with anger: O cheater who sports on the Yamuna's shore, what is the use of Your speaking all these sweet words? Tired-eyed, angry Candravali now sleeps in the nearby forest-cottage. As for You, You should leave this place at once, for Your forehead reflects something of the charming, artistically drawn dolphins that decorated the body of Candravali's rival.

When Krsna arrived at daybreak at the place of rendezvous, angry Radharani addressed Him: Ah Krsna, You have arrived an eye-blink-late. I know that Your eyes are red because so much flower-pollen has fallen into them, and I also know that Your lips are wounded because they are parched by the cold forest winds. Don't shrink from Me. After all, I, who have been crushed by fate, shall not criticize You.

When the beloved accidentally speaks the name of the lover's rival, that activity brings intense jealous anger to the lover. That activity brings suffering harsher than death.

Bilvamangala Thakura: Leaving the grove named Radha-mohana (the enchantment of Radharani), Krsna arrived before Candravali. Krsna: O Radharani, all blessings be upon You. Candravali: O Kamsa, all blessings be upon you. Krsna: Bewildered girl, where do you see Kamsa? Candravali: Why do You address me Radharani? At this point Krsna bowed His head and smiled with embarrassment. I pray that Lord Hari may protect you all.

One time Krsna accidentally addressed Candravali as Radharani. At the time Candravali's friend Padma rebuked Krsna: Aha! It is actually the many moons of Candravali who shines before You with a splendid light, O cheater, where do You see the sixteenth star named Radha? O black-complexioned one, you should leave this place at once, for my friend, the moon-like Candravali has turned red, and she is not about to give up her glistening anger.

Svapna: This may be caused by hearing Krsna, or His comedian-companion Madhumangala, talking in their sleep.

As he slept by Candravali's side in the bed, in the middle of the night Krsna began to speak in His sleep. He said: Radha, I curse You, that You never leave Me alone. You stay in My heart. You stay outside Me. You are in front of Me. You are behind Me. You are in this cottage, and You are in the forest by Govardhana Hill. You follow Me everywhere. When Candravali heard these words she became angry and turned her face from Krsna.

Siabya to a friend: Look at how Candravali's face burns with pain and anger. She heard Madhumangala say in his sleep: Krsna has just cheated Padma's friend Candravali with many clever sweet words. O, now to Radharani. Madhavi, what do you think?

Padma to Krsna: Don't lie. You left my friend Candravali all alone in that cave with a haste that revealed Your intention to cheat her. O king of cheaters, I followed You thin for a long way, and finally, when I heard the suspicious tinkling sounds of a sash of bells I directly saw You with Radharani at the shore.

Padma to Candravali: My friend, early in the morning I fashioned this *gunja*-necklace, and with the yearnings of love I placed it around the neck of the Prince of Vraja. Look! Lalita now wears that same necklace over her heart! That sight makes my own heart brightly burn.

Love may be causeless in two ways: ;Manifested without a cause; and manifested with the faint reflection of a cause.

The progress of loving affairs between young couples is by nature crooked, like the movement of a snake. Because of this, two types of anger arise between young couples-anger with a cause and anger without a cause.

Arriving at the rendezvous three hours late, a *gopi* defended her tardiness in

the following words to the angry, suspicious Krsna: If you are even a little suspicious of me, then do not glance on me with smiling eyes. O master of Vraja, I expertly cheated my husband, and, decorated with splendid ornaments travelled a long way on the path to get here, but the moonlight did not appear until the middle of the night, and then a thick mass of clouds unexpectedly appeared and covered the moon.

Radharani to a friend: During Our midday pastimes, I wanted to pick some flowers and so I left Him. O My friend, when He finally saw Me, He was very agitated. He became very silent and His face was as expressionless as the moon. When I anxiously placed a handful of flowers on His toenails, that deity moved His eyebrows with feigned anger and suddenly smiled.

As Radharani saw Krsna returning to Vraja village from the forest, She suddenly, for no reason, became overwhelmed by jealous anger. Seeing this, Her friend Syama said to Her: Krsna stands for a moment at Your doorstep, gazing at You with amorous love from the corner of His eyes. O Radha, O friend completely devoured by pretended jealous anger, why do You simply stare at Him from Your window? Crush the jealousy in your heart. Come outside and please the Lord of Your life.

One time Radharani sent Krsna to pick some flowers. He returned to find Her blazing with jealous anger for no good reason. He said to Her: O passionate Radha, it is by Your order that I picked these flowers. Why are You suddenly cold and silent for no good reason? Give up this trick and tell Me which flower I should place on Your ear.

When Radha and Krsna became simultaneously jealous and angry with each other, Vrnda told Them: Krsna, why do You bow Your head in silence for such a long time, Radha, why are You so silent and averse to Krsna? My dear friends, whose smiles have been stolen away, there is no good reason for You to quarrel with these playful, harsh words.

One time, wishing to end Their quarrel, Krsna spoke to Radharani and Her friend Visakha: My friend, now that you have both come to the forest-grove's entrance by the Yamuna's shore, You must certainly be tired of Our quarreling and not seeing each other. Let Me place this round pomegranate in Your hand. The hairs on Radharani's body then stood erect with joy and a smile sprouted on Her face. Smiling and laughing, Krsna embraced Her.

Jealous anger manifested without any cause, becomes spontaneously pacified in the natural course of events, and the quarrelling couple naturally smile at each other and renew their original friendship.

Krsna said to the angry Radharani: O Radha, if you are so angry with Me, then why do Your cheeks blush with so much happiness? When the beloved Radharani was unable to conceal a smile when She heard these playful words, Krsna, the prince of the gopis, proceeded to kiss Her.

Speaking sweet words is called *sama*.

Krsna appeases Radharani after a quarrel: O beautiful Radha, the truth is that even though I have grievously offended You still, You are the sweet shelter in which I repose My most ardent love. When Radharani heard these words She bowed Her face, and the stream of Her tears filled the two festive cupid's pitchers of Her breasts.

The quarrel may be ended in tow ways: by speaking crooked sarcastic words pretending to glorify the beloved; and by the rebukes of friends or other persons.

Krsna to Radharani: O Radha your eyes are as charming and playful as two restless fishes, Your breasts are like two handsome turtles, Your lips are two sources of ever-increasing transcendental bliss, the three folds of skin at Your waist are very lovely and graceful, and the loveliness of Your face has defeated a host of goddesses of fortune. O proud, angry girl even though You possess such ravishing beauty, still Your heart is polluted with jealousy.

By speaking crooked sweet words the hero may also end the quarrel.

Krsna to Radharani: It is not a fault for You to be harsh towards Me and affectionate to everyone else. I am not worthy to receive Your kindness. You are so beautiful that You eclipse the young girls of the heavenly planets, making them seem like corpses. O beautiful-faced one, among the affectionate young girls of Vraja you alone are the Supreme object of worship.

Bhadra, who has quarrelled with Krsna, is addressed by her friend: O beautiful Bhadra, your lover Krsna has killed the Sankhacuda demon, and He has vowed to protect everyone from all kinds of fearful dangers. It is not very proper for you to neglect Him in this way. When Bhadra, who had quarreled with Krsna, heard these words, a single tear, unobserved, glided onto the tip of her nose, and shone there like a beautiful pearl-ornament.

Ending a quarrel by cleverly pretending to give a gift to the beloved is called *dana*.

One day Krsna told jealous, angry Padma: I have a friend named cupid. When he heard you were My beloved, he gave me a sapphire necklace to give to you. That necklace shall now enjoy a festival of happiness by touching your breasts. Saying this, Krsna placed His hand on Padma's breasts. She abandoned all jealous anger and smiled broadly at the joke as amorous Krsna passionately kissed her.

Nati is ending a quarrel by humbly falling at the beloved's feet.

Vrnda to Kundavali: When Krsna, more handsome than a host of cupids,

offered respectful obeisances, placing his peacock feather on the ground before Her feet, beautiful Radharani, raining a monsoon of tears from both eyes, proclaimed the end of the hot summer season of Her jealous anger.

When a lover refuses to speak sweet words or adopt other means to placate the angry beloved, but instead the lover neglects and disdains the beloved, and remains silent refusing to speak to Him, such activity is called *upeksa*.

In the first of these verses, Vrnda tells the *gopis*: Krsna is the dear son of the cowherd's king, he is the foremost of heroes, and He is more handsome than a host of cupids. My friends, it is not good that Radharani is so harsh to Him. Look, here She comes in the distance. Why is She so hard-hearted to Krsna?

In the second of these verses Krsna tells Subala: Even though I repeatedly bowed down before her, I was unable to convince Padma to abandon her jealous anger. She said to Me: I firmly vow to never speak to you again, and as for the tears I am shedding now, that is only because some flower pollen has fallen into my eyes.

Some learned scholars interpret the word *upeksa* to mean pausing in the midst of decoration the doe-eyed *gopis*, and speaking crooked words that mean something very different from their face-value.

Krsna said to Candravali: Here is a vana-malati flower in your braid, and a mali flower in your left ear. What flower shall I place in your right ear? As Krsna said these words He smiled, and on the pretext of smelling all these flower-decoration with His nose, He kissed the blossoming-cheek of Candravali.

When fear, or a similar emotion suddenly ends a lover's quarrel, that is called *rasantaram*.

When an unexpected accident ends the love's quarrel, that is called *yadrcchikam*.

The *gopis* say among themselves: Even though Krsna spoke sweet words, and tried many other very effective tactics also, He was unable to convince Bhadra to abandon her jealous anger. Look! Frightened by the sound of thunder, Bhadra now voluntarily embraces Krsna.

Krsna to Subala: My friend, when all my sweet words and other expert tactics proved useless, the demon Arista emitted a fierce roar that acted just like a charmed mantra to quell the flames of Visakha's jealous anger.

When the lover deliberately plots to have fear or some other strong emotion suddenly end the lover's quarrel, that is called *buddhi-purvam*.

Vrnda to Paurnameśi: Closing His eyes and contorting His face, Krsna said: Oh! I have been bitten by a ferocious five-headed snake! Radharani became very agitated and immediately gave up all Her jealous anger. As She repeatedly said:

What shall we do? What shall we do? Handsome, smiling Krsna suddenly kissed her.

Nandi to Paurnameśi: After offending Her, Krsna tried to appease Radharani by giving Her a flower garland. When He saw She angrily threw the garland away, Krsna pretended to become overwhelmed with grief. Closing His eyes and contorting His face, He pretended to faint, falling to the ground. Agitated Radharani at once bent down and held His neck with both hands, as Krsna suddenly smiled and kissed Her, drinking the nectar of Her *bimba* fruit lips.

Sometimes, without any particular scheme launched by the beloved, the jealous anger of the beautiful-eyebrowed *vraja-gopis* becomes pacified by: the influence of a particular place; the influence of a particular time; hearing the sound of Krsna's flute.

Vrnda to Bhadrā: When Candravali saw Vrndavana forest filled with many blossoming flowers and buzzing bees, and when she saw her smiling-eyed beloved Krsna under a *kadamba* tree, she suddenly lost all her jealous anger, and her eyes became filled with thirst to enjoy with Krsna.

Vrnda to Krsna: When angry Radharani heard the *gopi*-messenger say: The charming, nectar autumn moon now bathes the forest on the Yamuna's shore with splendid moonlight, angry Radharani suddenly became pacified, and, with the luster of Her smile, indicated that She had suddenly become pleased with You.

A *gopi* to angry Radharani: If You do not voluntarily give up Your stubborn anger, than the victorious sound of Krsna's flute will certainly chase it away.

Radharani to Lalita: O friend, please be kind and block both My ears. In this forest the perfect *yogi* of Krsna's flute now recites a mantra to cleverly exorcise My jealous anger.

When the *gopis* are angry with Krsna, they address Him in angry words, which include the following names: crooked; crest jewel of misbehaved; king of cheater; great demon; harsh; shameless; very misbehaved; a serpent who attacks the *gopis* debauchee; who destroys the *gopis*' religious principles; cheater of the saintly *gopis*; king of debauchees; a flood of the darkness of ignorance; black-hearted; their who stole the *gopis*' garments; and the highwayman who lurks on the roads of Govardhana Hill, the Yamuna's shore, and Vrndavana forest.

When even in the beloved's presence, the lover, out of intense love, is aggrieved with fears of separation in the future, such a state is called *prema-vaicityam*.

Vrnda to Paurnameśi: Even though Krsna stood before Her, Radharani became overwhelmed by the flames of separation born from Her intense love for Him. Placing as straw between Her teeth, She begged: O *gopi*-friend, please show Me where is My lover Krsna. Seeing this, Krsna became astonished.

Even though Kṛṣṇa was standing before Her, Rādhārāṇī could not see Him. Immersed in feeling of separation from Him, She addressed Mādhumangalā: Where is Kṛṣṇa, who responded to the pained cries of the *gopas* frightened of the forest-fire? Have I offended or avoided Him? Is it because some desired *gopi* called Him to a secluded place that lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa has so quickly abandoned Me in this forest?

Sometimes the stage of *anuraga* (the preliminary stage of love) induces the lover to think that the beloved has gone far away, even though He is actually right by her side.

This may be nicely seen in the song of the queens of Dvārakā.

When the young couple, after meeting and establishing their relationship become again separated by one of them moving to a foreign country or distant place, such separation is called *pravasa* by the wise.

Parvasa is further divided in two ways: separation by a small distance; and separation by a great distance.

A *gopi*-messenger tells Kṛṣṇa: O Kṛṣṇa, when You are in the pasture herding the cows, Rādhārāṇī spends Her day, longing to see You again. She fixes Her eyes on the path where You will eventually return with the *surabhi* cows, She engages Her tongue in repeating the two syllables *Kṛṣṇa*, Her ears yearn to hear the sound of Your flute, and Her heart is fixed in the happiness of thinking of You.

Separation by a great distance are three kinds: future; present; and past.

A *gopi* says: My dear girl, following the king of Vraja's order, the gatekeeper in *gokula* has announced that Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma will depart for the city early tomorrow morning. Oh, my wicked left eye is now quivering and my heart throbbing. I cannot foresee what will happen in the future.

Syāma laments: The sun has now risen and Gandinī-devī's son Akrura stands on the chariot happily reciting prayers for a safe journey. Alas, when the horse begin to gallop, they will break only the earth with their hooves, and not you, o my heart.

Rādhārāṇī to Viśakhā: My friend, the extraordinary calamity of Kṛṣṇa's voluntarily leaving us does not bring Me great pain. It is the continually erupting volcano of hope for His return that torments Me within My heart and takes away My life-breath.

Uddhava gives Saibya the following letter from the absent Kṛṣṇa: O Saibya, somehow or other you have been able to tolerate the many painful attacks of the valiant soldier cupid. My dear friend, please simply worship My deity form for two or three days, and I shall then directly appear before these two eyebrows that now

tremble with such love for Me.

The girls of Vraja wrote Krsna a letter, that said: O Krsna, why is it that the constantly shining charming moonlight and the constant breezes on the shore of the Yamuna are not able to cool the burning suffering we feel? When Krsna heard these words within His palace, he began to sigh. Those sighs broke into pieces the pride of His beautiful queens.

Separation forced upon the couple by someone else is called *abuddhi purvaka*. The separation may be forced by destiny imposed by the demigods, or it may be forced by many other ways also.

After hearing the news that the demon Sankhacuda had stolen Radharani, Krsna lamented: O beautiful Radharani, because I agitated with hundred of desires I brought You to this forest of Vrndavana filled with the fragrance of the autumn moon. Nevertheless, destiny disguised as this demon Sankhacuda, has thwarted My plans and carried You far away.

In separation, ten conditions become manifested: meditation; insomnia; agitation; becoming thin and emaciated; withering of the body; abundant talking; disease; madness; bewilderment; and death.

When Krsna, the cupid who enchanted the *gopis'* hearts, left Nanda's home and followed Gandini-devi's son Akrura to Mathura city, Radharani, overwhelmed by His separation, became plunged in the fathomless river of always remembering Him. That river is filled with the water of pain and the many powerful whirlpools of agitation.

Radharani tells Visakha: Girls who can see their lover in dreams are very fortunate. As for Me, since Krsna left, My enemy sleep has also left Me for good.

Radharani to Lalita: Alas! Alas! My heart burns with pain! O My beautiful-faced friend, I am drowning in an ocean of suffering, and I cannot see it's nearer or farther shore. I offer My respectful obeisances to you. I place My head at your feet. Please tell Me how I can obtain a little peacefulness for a moment.

Uddhava tells Krsna: O Krsna, O master of the Yadu dynasty, separation from You has made the rising lotus flower of Radharani's face shrivel and wilt, and Her heart become muddled with bewilderment. Because Radharani refuses to eat, the *cakravaka* birds of Her breasts have withered and shrunk. Because of the fierce heat of burning pain of separation from You, Radharani has become thin and dried up like a small irrigation canal dried up in the summer's heat.

Uddhava tells Krsna: O Krsna, O killer of Aghasura, the calamity of Your absence has withered Visakha. The beauty of her face has become like an *ambhoja* lotus flower wilting in extreme cold. Her lips have become like *bandhujiva* flowers colorless in the piercing wind, and her eyes have become like *indivara* lotus flowers scorched by the autumn sun.

Radharani laments: My dear friend, where is Krsna, who is like the moon rising from the ocean of Maharaja Nanda's dynasty? Where is Krsna, His head decorated with a peacock feather? Where is He? Where is Krsna, whose flute produces such a deep sound? Oh, where is Krsna, whose bodily luster is like the luster of the blue indranila jewel? Where is Krsna, who is so expert in rasa dancing? Oh, where is He who can save My life? Kindly tell Me where to find Krsna, the treasure of My life and best of My friends. Feeling separation from Him, I hereby condemn providence, the shaper of My destiny.

Radharani tells Lalita: The blazing fire of separation from Krsna, the king of Gokula, has broken My heart. That fire is more painful than the powerful drug pita-pata, more distressing than strong dose of poison, more intolerable than Indra's thunderbolt, more sharp than a spear plunged into the heart, and more horrifying than the advanced stages of cholera.

Uddhava tells Krsna: O Murari, Radharani has become mad because of the intense pain of being separated from You. She aimlessly wanders about Her house, laughing for no reason, recounting Your pastimes to conscious entities and inanimate objects alike, trembling, and rolling about on the ground.

A *gopi* says: Radharani has become like a different person. Agitated by the violent pain of Her separation from Madhava, for no reason She suddenly bursts into loud laughter, perspires, growls, becomes struck with wonder, filled with longings, cries, or mumbles unintelligible nonsense.

Lalita writes a letter to Krsna: O Kamsari, Radharani's fainting because of Her separation from You has now become lotus-eyed Radharani's friend. That friend has stopped the ocean of Radharani's misery, removed the disgrace of Her anguish, stolen away Her madness, and covered the waves of Her tears.

Lalita asks a swan to deliver the following message to Krsna: O Krsna, O enjoyer of the rasa-dance, great waves of newer and newer love for You repeatedly splash within the heart of my friend Radha. Fie! Even if You continue to neglect Her, She will probably still remain alive, just as now, when a cotton swab is placed to Her nose it moves a little with Her breathing, to show that She has only fainted and not died yet.

These different states of consciousness are also present in Krsna during the time of separation. The following single example is given to describe Krsna's sentiments during separation.

Uddhava wrote, in a letter to Lalita: Dvaraka's king Krsna does not at all desire the many princesses who wait for Him in jewelled palaces on beds so soft they mock sea-foam, and decorated with camaris and jewelled peacocks. Instead, continually remembering Radharani's artistic expertise at enjoying conjugal pastimes on a stone bed in a cave at the base of Govardhana Hill in Vraja, He faints from moment to moment.

In this way we have described some of the varieties of transcendental conjugal love. There are many more varieties, but we have not described them here, fearing a great increase in the size of this book.

The experiences of these varieties of conjugal love have, for the most part, been all described in a general way.

One exception in this book is the description of *mohanatvam* (bewilderment) where many unusual, exotic details were presented.

Some authorities explain that after *vipralambha* (separation), there is another condition named *Karuna* (pathos). Because we consider *karuna* one of the varieties of *pravasa* it has not been described separately in this book.

After the pastimes directly enjoyed by the gopis with Krsna were described, then the love-in-separation of the beautiful-eyebrowed *gopis* of Vraja was also described.

Actually Krsna eternally enjoys the *rasa* dance and other pastimes with the goddesses of Vraja in Vrndavana forest. Krsna and the gopis are never actually separated at any time.

Krsna, the killer of Kamsa, eternally enjoys transcendental pastimes in Vrndavana with the *surabhi* cows, *gopas*, and *gopis*.

Chapter 16 Conjugal Pleasure

That state which, by glances, embraces, and other activities brings pleasure to the youthful divine couple, is called *sambhoga*. The wise have divided *sambhoga* into two parts: primary and secondary.

In the waking state of *mukhya-sambhoga* is divided in four stages, namely those manifested from: preliminary attraction; jealous anger; the two kinds of *pravasa* (separation by living in a different place, which is divided into pure *pravasa*, where the place is only a little distant, and *su-dure pravasa*, where the place is very far away). Of these four stages of *mukhya-sambhoga*, the first is considered to be brief. The second is considered to be encroached, and the third and fourth are considered to be accomplished and perfect.

When, impelled by fear, shyness, and other reasons, the youthful couple enjoy only very limited transcendental pastimes, that is called *sanksipta*.

Nandimukhi blesses the gopis: May Krsna's hand, which, even though it casually lifted Govardhana Hill, still trembled with fear to touch Radharani's breasts for the first time, protect you.

Even though, at that time when They had just barely met, She covered Her face with Her sari when He tried to kiss Her, and even though She retracted the creeper of her body when He tried to embrace Her, and even though She showed no interest when He tried to playfully converse with Her, still Radharani delighted Krsna, the killer of the Madhu demon.

In *mukhya-sambhoga* the lovers enjoy a host of amorous pastimes, including performing various cheating tricks, and meditating on the beloved. These activities are simultaneously sweet and hot, like the palatable taste of hot, cooked sugar-cane.

All glories to the amorous pastimes of Sri Sri Radha and Krsna. Those pastimes contain a great abundance of transcendental bliss. Those pastimes consist of the nectar of angry words, jealous quarrels, and sidelong glance hints that put an end to all jealous anger.

Gargi to Nandimukhi: My friend, even though Radharani's bent mouth showed Her displeasure, He crooked eyes showed Her anger, and Her impure words showed Her jealousy, Her sweetly beautiful form still delighted the no longer angry Krsna.

When the lover meets the beloved after separation the great pleasure experienced is called *sampanna-bhoga*.

In the evening Krsna, accompanied by the gopas and *surabhi* cows returned from the pasture to Vraja village. As He passed by Radharani's house, Visakha said: O delicate Radha do not be shy because Your elderly relatives are present. Come from inside the house to the porch. All day long You have been morose because of separation from Krsna, and now that charming, smiling Krsna, who enchants the *gopis'* hearts, who is decorated with garlands of gunja, and whose bodily fragrance is licked by the bumble-bees, walks by Your house.

When Krsna suddenly and unexpectedly appears before the dearest gopis, who are agitated with intense passionate love for Him, that appearance is called *pradhurbhava*.

When Krsna left the rasa-lila dance, the *gopis* became very morose, and when they were grieving, Krsna reappeared dressed in yellow garments. Wearing a flower garland and smiling, He was attractive even to Cupid. In this way Krsna appeared among the *gopis*.

While Krsna was residing in Mathura, He appeared in a vision to Radharani, who recounted it to Lalita: Listen, it was not a dream. Friend, do not

disbelieve Me, thinking My mind has become bewildered. Your friend Krsna unexpectedly entered the forest near Govardhana Hill and once again displayed His expertise in a lover's quarrel with Me.

When the lovers meet after separation, the intense love known as *rudha-bhava* becomes a happiness so great that it is a limitless flood of bliss.

When *anuraga* love is present the pain of separation becomes doubled, and the joy that comes from seeing the lover again in the *pradurbhava* appearance becomes a great festival of all happiness that can be desired.

If the youthful couple is separated by fate and it is very difficult for Them to see each other, when they do meet They experience the extreme happiness called *samrddhiman*.

Staying in a palace in the *nava*-Vrndavana section of Dvaraka, Radharani said to *nava*-Vrnda: This body is now scorched by the desire to see Krsna. That desire is a sharp weapon piercing My heart. It is a downpour of pain. O moon-faced, My life-breath yearns to meet Krsna in Vrndavana and enjoy pastimes with Him in a cottage by the Yamuna's shore.

Meeting Her after a long separation, Krsna said to Radharani: I have been searching for some sign of You, and now I have found You. I worship You. You are the goddess of fortune who reigns over all worlds. You are a shower of gold raining upon a person searching the universe for a handful of chick-peas.

When the lover appears in a veiled form, the happiness is called *gauna-sambhoga* by some authorities. Which is further divided into two kinds: where the lovers experience great happiness; and where the lovers experience only a little happiness. In this book only the *gauna-sambhoga* that brings great happiness is described. Other kinds of *gauna-sambhoga*, even if desired by the lovers, are not described here.

The appearance of Krsna in a dream is called *gauna*. Dreams are explained to be of two varieties: general and specific.

The first one has already been described in the explanation of the *vyabhicari-bhavas*. The very wonderful *visesa* variety of dream is practically indistinguishable from wakefulness.

Visesa-gauna-sambhoga is filled with the yearnings of ecstatic love. It is divided into four varieties.

Radharani to Visakha: My dear friend, every night in My dream a certain strong young man, whose bodily luster mocks the splendor of a host of fresh lotus flowers, and who is the crest jewel of all men expert at enjoying conjugal pastimes, enjoys with Me in the forest by the Yamuna's shore and kisses My mouth.

A *gopi* says: O beautiful-faced friend, do not be angry with me. I am not even slightly at fault. I have not extinguished the blazing fire of my jealous anger at Krsna. In my dream a wicked man showered nectar on me, and that nectar extinguished the fire of my anger.

Radharani to Lalita: If that crest-jewel of all hard-hearted men had actually left Me, then death would certainly have come to Me of its own accord. Who would be able to tolerate that situation? Actually, on the pretext of appearing in My dreams, He regularly comes to this land of Vrndavana and brings Me great delight.

Radharani to NavaVrnda: After My repeated attempts over a long time, Govinda finally appeared before Me in a dream, but, alas, no sooner had He entered the courtyard of My eyes, then Akrura, the cruel messenger of King at once appeared on a chariot to take Him away again.

The *gauna-sambhoga* manifested in a dream is just like the same experience when the youthful couple are awake. Sometimes that *gauna-sambhoga* in a dream may continue unchecked for some time as in the pastime of Usa and Aniruddha. In the supremely wonderful dream of the perfectly liberated devotees many very auspicious things may be seen, just as if the seer were awake.

The *gopis*, who are all very dear to Krsna, are situated in the fifth condition of existence, pure love of Krsna, which is above the fourth stage, known as liberation. For this reason it is not possible for the *gopis* to experience a dream that is a product of the material mode of passion.

It is the charming playful nature of love of Krsna that brings one into actual contact with Him on the pretext of seeing Him in a dream.

Now specific charming conjugal pastimes will be described.

These pastimes include: seeing; talking; touching; blocking the path; *rasa*-dance; pastimes in Vrndavana forest; water-sports in the Yamuna River and other places; boating; playful thievery; toll-collecting pastime; disappearing into the forest or other places; drinking madhu liquor; Krsna disguising Himself as a *gopi*; pretending to be asleep; gambling; pulling the garment; kissing; embracing; scratching with the fingernails; drinking from the bimba-fruit lips; and union.

Radharani tells Kundalata: O restless-eyed, as long as Krsna's lotus face, with its blossoming cheeks decorated with swinging shark-shaped earrings, does not become invisible to us, in My heart I am afraid of My superiors, and in My mind arises concern for the good reputation of My family.

Radharani: O king of snakes and debauchees, how can pious and respectable girls tolerate these outrages? Krsna: By biting these girls with His teeth, this snake will attain great good fortune.

Krsna: O Radha, You now manifest the form of Lord Siva. The crescent moon glistens in Your forehead, and Your youthful bodily luster is covered with ashes. Your eyes are like fire. You are worshipped by Kartikeya. You burn cupid to ashes with the flames from Your third eye. O Radha, please place me, the king of snakes, on Your chest.

Radharani: O king of the snakes, why should these mongoose-girls tolerate Your outrages? Krsna: If the Krsna-snake bites these mongeese He will certainly not obtain anything auspicious or good.

Krsna: O Radha, your transcendental form is very beautiful and auspicious. Your forehead shines like the crescent moon. Your youthful luster is very splendid and beautiful. You gaze upon Me with glittering, playful eyes. You are worshipped by Visakha. The spark of Your sidelong glance has aroused My amorous passion. O Radha, please place Me, the king of debauchees, on Your breasts. Teasing the gopis by threatening to take their clothing and ornaments from them, Krsna tells the gopis: How many times have I not taken all the necklaces and valuables from young girls on this Govardhana Hill? Even though these poor doe-eyed girls begged Me with many pathetic words I took everything and left them like naked mendicants. They hid their faces in shame until some far-away fully-grown vine-friend kindly gave them some leaves.

Gopi 1: You look as if you have been poisoned by the touch of the snake-arms of the king snake-debauchees. Gopi 2: Don't insult me! I am pained by the cold. You yourself are unhappy and trembling and your bodily hairs are standing up with the cold.

Blocking the path to Govardhana Hill, Krsna said to Radharani: How will you be able to cross the base of Govardhana Hill, covered with splendid black pebbles, and filled with bamboos and other canes moving in the wind? How will You be able to climb the Hill's tall summit? Don't take this path. Take the path that goes by the Yamuna's shore. That path You can easily traverse.

The exalted Supreme Lord, who maintains the entire world, now stands before You. His bodily luster is the color of sapphire. he holds a staff and He carries a bamboo-flute tucked in His glistening belt. How will You be able to pass through His roadblock? Instead You should take the path that goes by the Yamuna's shore. That path You will be able to traverse.

A demigoddess, travelling over Vrndavana forest in an airplane, tells her friend: Look! There is Krsna, His complexion the color of a dark rain cloud. even though He is a single person, He has wonderfully expanded, appearing between each two gopis, and placed His glistening arm on each gopi's shoulder. Their complexions as effulgent as lightning, the gopis stand between each two Krsnas and hold His hand as He dances with them in the festival of the rasa dance.

Krsna to Radharani: With the song of the bumble-bee, the land-growing lotus flower praises Your feet. The jasmine flowers offer respectful obeisances to

Your teeth with great humbleness. The bimba fruits worship Your lips. Look! This splendid Vrndavana forest is Your obedient servant.

Visakha to Krsna: In the water-splashing battle with Radha, Your garland has become broken, your hero's tilaka marking invisible, and Your hair dishevelled. On the pretext of reflecting the moon of Her face, My friend Radha has entered Your Kaustubha jewel. Don't be afraid. She cannot harm a person like You.

With His palms trembling during the water-pastimes, Krsna delights in covering and uncovering Radharani's face, just like the young cakravaka birds meet in the daytime and separate again at nightfall. I pray that Krsna may protect the entire world.

Radharani to Krsna: What you say is true. There are not many waves on the Yamuna, and this boat is new. O Madhav, I am afraid because You are the restless pilot.

Lila-cauryam is playful theft of flute, garments, flower, or other objects.

A *gopi* says: Silencing Her anklets by placing them on Her arms as golden armlets, and carefully observing Krsna's eyes for any sign of His becoming startled, smiling Radharani stole the flute from Krsna's lap.

Up to their neck in the waters of the Yamuna, the *gopis* said to the garment-thief Krsna: One of us will cover herself with lotus petals, go to Vraja, and return with elderly *gopis* agitated by the narration of Your horrible deeds. By speaking these words, the *gopis* worshipped Krsna, who is a treasure-house of transcendental qualities, and who has stolen the garments of the girls who had followed a vow to worship goddess Uma.

Krsna tells Radharani: O doe-eyed Radha, even though You know better, every day, covered by various disguises, You steal My sumanah blossoms. Now, after a long time, and by the intervention of destiny, you are arrested. What is the use of Your insolent girls? Enter now the prison cell of this cave.

Krsna, pretending to be a toll-collector, tells Radharani: You disrespect the toll-collector, argue with Him, and then refuse to pay the toll. I think You may find Yourself in an amorous battle with this toll-collector by the steep slopes of Govardhana Hill.

Searching for Radharani in the forest, Krsna considers: I think moon-faced Radha may have entered this grove of asoka trees with a desire to enjoy transcendental pastimes here. If this were not so, then how, when it is not the proper season, could the bumble bees proclaim the glories of the fragrant asoka flower, if Radha has not touched them with Her feet.

Vrnda to Purnamasi: Radharani became enchanted by seeing the cheerful,

charming moon of Krsna's face reflected in the goblet of madhu liquor. Even though Krsna repeatedly urged Her to drink, She would not place the cup to Her mouth, but simply continued to gaze at Krsna's reflected face.

Krsna to Uddhava: When Radharani and I had quarrelled, and She was angry with Me, She asked Her friend Visakha: Honest Visakha, who is this dark-complexioned girl? Visakha replied: She is a cowherd's daughter. Radha: Why has She come here? Visakha: She seeks your friendship. Radharani then accepted Me as Her friend, but after repeatedly embracing Me, angry Radharani understood that the girl was Myself disguised as a woman, and this made Her very embarrassed.

Bilvamangala Thakura: Very gently smiling, and the hairs of His body standing up out of unrestrained ecstatic love, Krsna closed His eyes and pretended to sleep so He could eavesdrop on the vraja-gopis playful conversation that was so charming to His ears. Let us worship that pretending sleeping of the Supreme Personality of Godhead.

Vrnda to Kundalata: When Krsna won the gambling prize, He playfully bit Radharani's right cheek. She said, Let us play again, bengali style, and angrily threw the dice. Pretending She had won, Krsna said, My dear beautiful girl, You have won. I shall now do whatever You order. After saying this, Krsna proceeded to playfully bite Radharani's left cheek. At this, as if She had become very angry, Radharani bound Her lover's neck with the creeper-rope of He arm.

Krsna: This jewel is very fortunate. When I madly tugged at Radharani's bodice, and She tried to cover Her breasts in the thick forest-darkness, this jewel, understanding My wishes, smiled, and emitting waves of light, embarrassed Radha.

Rupa-manjari to a friend: Moving Her eyebrows with pretended anger, lotus-eyed Radharani violently resisted the kissing of moon-faced Krsna, who appeared like a bumble-bee resting on a lotus flower moving in the breeze.

One of Radharani's friends says: Radharani's complexion is the color of fresh *kunkuma*, and Krsna is the color of a dark rain cloud. When She madly embraces Him, His splendor eclipses the glory of a tamala tree embraced by a golden creeper.

Syama to Radharani: Friend, these are not Your breasts, rather they are the forehead of the best of elephants, scratched by Krsna with cupid's excellent elephant goad.

Krsna tells Radharani: O Radha, whose thighs are as beautiful as elephant's trunks, do not cover the moonlight of Your face with Your hand. Let the bumble-bee Krsna wandering in this Kadamba forest drink the nectar of the rangana flowers of Your lips.

Vrnda to Kundalata: Now Krsna very firmly presses Radharani to Him with

His arms. She has become very wanton. He intently drinks the nectar of Her lips. She sighs deeply. he expertly celebrates the festival of conjugal love. She fills the forest-grove with the inarticulate sounds of Her pleasure. In this way the moon of Radha and Krsna's conjugal union expands.

In addition to the happiness of samprayoga, learned devotional scholars expert at relishing transcendental mellows know another kind of conjugal pastime known as *lila-vilasa* (foreplay), which provides for the expert lovers a different kind of pleasure.

Observing Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's pastimes, the gopis say among themselves: In response to Krsna's firm embrace, Radharani scratches Him with Her fingernails. When He forcible bites her lips, She resists Him with both arms. When he rips Her garments, She strikes Him with a lotus flower. These pastimes bring to Radha and Krsna a happiness even greater than that of Their direct union.

When Krsna sprinkled Her with joking words, Radharani knitted Her eyebrows, and gazed at Him with a wonder-struck glance from the corner of Her eye. When He tugged at Her clothing She trembled and struck Him with the lotus flower that had decorated Her ear. In this way these pastimes of Radharani and Krsna, the teacher of conjugal pastimes to the girls of Vraja, bring Them a freshly palatable pleasure, greater even than the pleasure of direct conjugal union.

In the beginning of Sri Sri Radha-Krsna's conjugal pastimes various delight-giving obstacles are manifest. The standing of Their bodily hairs with joy obstructs Their firm embraces, the blinking of Their eyes obstructs Their playful glances, Their joking conversations obstruct Their drinking of nectar of each others lips, and Their conjugal bliss obstructs Their playful lover's battle.

O *Gokulananda* (bliss of Gokula), O *Govinda*, O *Gosthendra-kula-candramah* (moon arisen in the family of Vraja's king), O *Pranasa* (master of our lives), O *Sundarottamasa* (crown of all handsome men), O *Nagara-sikha-mane* (crest jewel of amorous heroes), O *Vrndavana-vidhu* (moon of Vrndavana), O *Gostha-yuva-raja-manohara* (handsome prince of Vraja). These are some of the names used by the goddesses of Vraja to affectionately address Their lover Krsna.

Because the sweet nectar ocean of devotional mellows is bottomless and shoreless, it is very difficult to enter. Standing by its shore, I have simply touched it.

This book is a splendid sapphire (*Ujjvala-nilamani*) produced in the mysterious, fathomless ocean of Vrajabhumi. O Lord, I pray that this sapphire may become suitable to decorate Your shark-shaped earrings.